EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF AN AMERICAN CONSULAR OFFICER DURING THE RECENT MEXICAN REVOLUTIONS

By

WILL. B. DAVIS, M. D.

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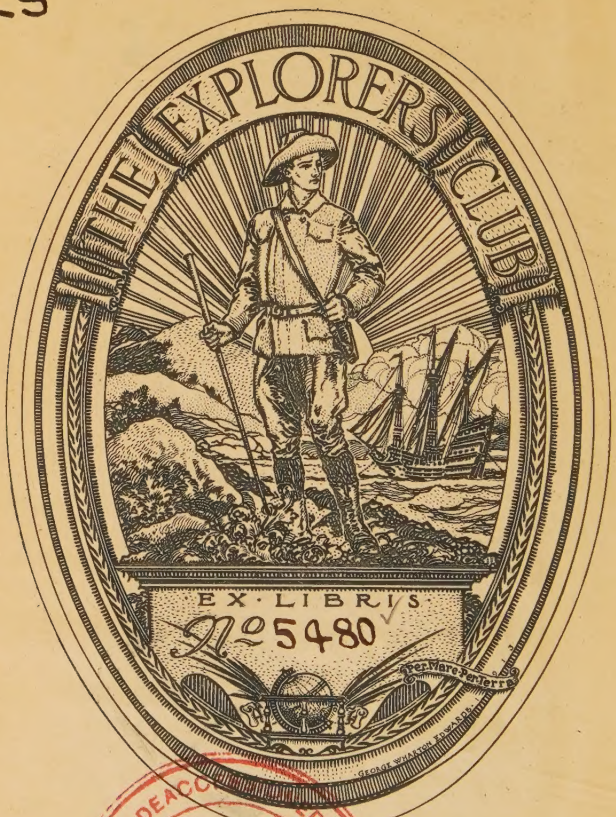

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WILL. B. DAVIS, M. D.

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As Mainly Told in a Series of Letters
Written by the Author to His Daughter

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PREFACE

The Author's daughter accompanied him to Mexico and resided there for several years, when she married and returned to the States. To keep her informed of the progress of affairs in Mexico—in which she had become considerably interested—he wrote to her from time to time, giving accounts of events as they happened down there. On his own return to this country, finding that his letters had been well preserved, and that they were helpful in refreshing his memory about particulars, he decided to make liberal use of them in compiling these chronicles. Therefore the reader is to understand that all unaddressed, and unsigned letters, or parts of letters, made use of in the preparation of these chronicles, were written by the Author to his daughter, Mrs. W. C. Carrington, of Pueblo, Colorado. Such other letters as may appear in these pages, whether copied from those of the Author to other persons, or from letters of others to the Author, will explain themselves.

The publication of these letters is not intended as a contribution to history, nor as even a pretense at giving a full account of the revolutions to which they largely refer, but it is done merely to gratify a personal whim, and afford to any one who may care to do so, the opportunity of living over with the Author, in retrospect, experiences which he and some other Americans had during the most turbulent times of the recent revolutions in Mexico.

WILL. B. DAVIS, M. D.

Chula Vista, California, January 15, 1920.

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CHAPTER ONE

A FEW PRELIMINARY REMARKS WITH SOME REMINISCENTIAL REFERENCES

The Guadalajara Consular District: Its Situation and Importance.

The Guadalajara Consular District is composed, in ordinary times, of the State of Jalisco; but, during the recent revolutions, by force of circumstances, the Territory of Tepic, and the N-W portion of the State of Michoican, were also served by the Guadalajara post.

The State of Jalisco, bounded on the West by the Pacific Ocean, is the wealthiest, and most populous, in the Republic of Mexico: Estimated population, 1,500,000—a thorough census never was taken anywhere in Mexico.

The City of Guadalajara, capital of the State of Jalisco, is second only to the City of Mexico in population, wealth and importance as a commercial and educational center; industrially, it leads every other city in the Republic: Population, 200,000. Guadalajara is situated a little over 400 miles N-W of the City of Mexico, and about 175 miles West of Irapuato—where the Guadalajara branch of the Mexican Central Railroad connects with the main line—(Mexico City to El Paso.) It is also connected by rail with the port of Manzanillo, on the Pacific coast, and by these and several branch roads with many other cities, towns and villages of importance. Because Guadalajara is so far removed—(to the West)—from any of the main routes of travel from Mexico City to anywhere on the Texas border, and there has, heretofore been so little travel via the port of Manzanillo to and from the States, it is not very well known to the outside world; and during times of revolution, not much is heard from that sec-

tion; although, in the estimation of the Mexican people, it is always considered next in importance to the Capital of the Republic, either in times of peace, or of war. Indeed, there has long been a saying among the Mexicans, that "as Guadalajara goes, so goes the Republic."

How the Author Happened to be in Charge of the Guadalajara Consulate, and why he served peoples of Other Nationalties, as well as Americans.

I had been living, and practicing my profession, (that of Medicine,) several years at Guadalajara when, in 1908, that post having been promoted from a Consular Agency to a Consulate, Mr. Samuel E. Magill was sent there as Consul, and I appointed Vice-Consul.

The Vice-Consul did not exercise any official duties at all, except when the regular Consul was absent from the District, when the Vice enjoyed full Consular powers.

Consul Magill left Guadalajara on the 10th of October, 1912, for Hot Springs, Arkansas, and died there January 28, 1913.

Mr. Taft was President at the time, and sent in a nomination for the Guadalajara post to succeed Consul Magill, deceased; but the Democratic members of the Senate had already caucused, and agreed not to confirm any further such nominations made by Mr. Taft, but to hold them over until Mr. Wilson should assume the Presidency, which was to be in March, following.

Early after Mr. Wilson's inauguration, he declined to recognize the Huerta Government, then in power in Mexico.

As the Vice-Consul, under these circumstances exercised all the functions of a Consul, and as I was the only American holding an exequater from a Mexican Government to act in such capacity, in the Guadalajara District, I decided to remain with the Consulate, (giving up my profession,) and to serve, as best I could, my Government, and the fifteen hundred or

more Americans in that District through those trying times, or at least until some more satisfactory provisions could be made.

Soon after assuming full charge of the Consulate, I received instructions from the State Department to extend protection to all foreigners in my Consular District whose Governments did not have official representatives there. This will explain why accounts of some of my interventions in behalf of others than Americans, are included in these chronicles. Thus, without the advantages of special training, and for months at a time entirely cut off from either mail or telegraphic communication with the outside world, I found myself in charge of the American Consulate at Guadalajara, Mexico, with its added responsibilities, during the most turbulent, and trying times of the late revolutions down in that country, first-hand accounts of which it is the purpose of these chronicles to place within the reach of whomsoever may care to read them.

Pre-Revolutionary Anti-American Sentiments Manifested in Mexico.

Up to a year or so before the Madero revolution was launched, nearly all the railroads in Mexico were owned and operated by Americans. All positions requiring mechanical skill or technical knowledge were filled exclusively by Americans. Shortly after the Mexican Government took over the control of the railroads, Señor Yves Limentour, the then Secretary of State of Mexico, inaugurated a campaign to Mexicanize the railroad service. This was undoubtedly done in response to the ever-increasing popular cry of "Mexico for Mexicans."

The Clergy of Mexico had for a long time been preaching to their parishioners that the investment of so much American capital and the influx of so many Yankees into their country was a masked attempt on the part of the Gringos to Americanize Mexico.

Señor Limentour, with the instinct of a demagogue, decided to use the popular sentiment as a means to strengthen both himself and the Diaz regime with the Mexican people. The first step he took to attain his object was to issue a peremptory order to the American employees that each American should train a Mexican apprentice to fill his place. The Americans, rightly interpreting the writing on the wall, did not wait to be discharged one at a time, but quit in a body and returned to the States, where, assisted by their respective brotherhoods, they soon found positions on American lines. The sudden exodus of the American employees, left the Mexican management in a bad plight. There were as yet few Mexicans competent to fill the places left vacant by the Americans. Derailments, collisions and locomotive explosions were a daily occurrence. I was informed that within six weeks after the Americans had quit, no less than twenty-three locomotives were disabled by explosions alone.

The Public became distrustful, and the more timid ones refused to risk their lives on the Mexicanized roads. After the rolling stock was reduced by destruction to the capacity of the few skilled Mexican employees, train service was kept up in a more or less indifferent manner.

The popular slogan, "Mexico for Mexicans," had reached a high pitch long before the beginning of the Madero revolution; and although the anti-American demonstrations at Guadalajara on the 10th and 11th of November, 1910, occurred soon after the first Madera outbreak, they had no relationship to each other whatever.

The anti-American demonstrations at Guadalajara were preceded a week or so before by demonstrations of a like nature in Mexico City, which were inaugurated by the studentry of the capital as a protest on their part against the lynching in the State of Texas of an assassin by the name of Dominguez, which had been done a short time previous.

There is a common saying at Guadalajara, that when the studentry of Mexico City take snuff, the studentry of Guadalajara never fail to sneeze.

Later investigations, however, clearly established the fact that the lynched Dominguez was not a Mexican citizen at all, but a native of New Mexico, U. S. A. Said Dominguez had ridden up to an out-of-the-way ranch; found a defenseless American woman; murdered her; was pursued by a mob; captured; and—burned at stake. His captors would have done the same thing, had the culprit been a Mexican, an American, or a citizen of any other country under the sun; but the fact of his having borne a Mexican name, was sufficient for the Mexicans, in their then state of feeling, and this Texas incident only served to fan into flame the embers of hatred that had been smoldering among them for some time before.

During the anti-American demonstrations at Guadalajara, Mexico, on the nights of 10th and 11th of November, 1910, there was no effort made by either city, State, or National authorities to prevent, or even modify them, until after blood was shed, by the killing of a Mexican boy, by American citizen, Charles B. Corrothers, except that given the American Consulate, which was done by maintaining a body of gendarmes there day and night, and posting—on the occasion of riots—bodies of troops at the street crossings on either side, to prevent the mobs from reaching the Consulate. But notwithstanding, in sight of the Consulate, a contingent of the mobs, headed by the son of a National "Diputado," (Congressman), at one of the street crossings, violated an American flag, by spitting on it, trampling it under foot, and finally burning it, accompanying these acts with anti-American exclamations of the most insulting nature.

Indeed, everything pointed to the contrary—(referring to protection of Americans),—although, at the time, aside from the 200 city policemen, and a reserve of State gendarmes

of about an equal number, there were stationed within the city limits of Guadalajara some 2,500 Federal troops. These demonstrations, first started by the local students, and afterwards joined in by all classes of Mexicans, were, if not actually encouraged by the city, State, and National authorities, at least connived at—by them, the said authorities, severally, and, collectively.

The mounted police following after—(accompanying)—the rioters, and some of the infantry police while on their respective beats, instead of trying to repress the mob's outrages, actually pointed out to them, from time to time, residences of American citizens, in cases where the rioters, through want of knowledge, were about to pass them without doing them violence. Moreover, to my personal knowledge, some of the wealthier classes, from their respective balconies, urged the mobs on by heartily cheering them.

During these demonstrations, there was scarcely an American residence, or business house, which did not suffer damage, from stonings, and smashing doors and windows, and in a few instances, actually shooting into homes occupied by Americans. Aside from the case of Mr. Corrothers—referring to shooting into houses—was that of Mr. Michael J. Slattery, who under date of December, 1919, in answer to an inquiry, wrote to me as follows: "It is true that on the night of November 11th, 1910, our home, which was then located at 442 Lopez Cotillo St., Guadalajara—about five blocks from the central plaza—had several shots fired into it, and nearly every pane of glass in that part of the house fronting the street was demolished by rocks and other missiles thrown by the mobs." Mr. S. is now living in Philadelphia, 830 N. 63rd St.

On the night of the 11th, the second attack was made on the home of Mr. Corrothers. On the night of the 10th, the mobs contented themselves with throwing stones, to which no resistance was being made by any of the Americans—

(They were only trying to keep out of the way of flying missiles)—but on the night of the 11th, after the mobs had fired several shots at his house, Mr. C. returned the fire, instantly killing a Mexican boy fifteen years of age and wounding several of the older of the rioters. The news of this occurrence flew by telephone and otherwise throughout the city. Soon a large crowd of Mexicans had gathered in San Francisco Plaza, and were planning to storm the home of Mr. Corrothers, and lynch him.

The Municipal Jefe Politico, Col. Nicolas España, hearing of these threats, took a coach and hastened to the residence of Mr. Corrothers, and conducted him to the penitentiary; and immediately thereafter, through the city police under his command, dispersed all the mobs, thus putting an end to further outrages. This, in itself, furnished sufficient proof of the fact that such could have been done at any time the authorities might have wished.

Mr. Corrothers was carried to the penitentiary as a precautionary measure, and not as a prisoner. After all excitement over the occurrence had subsided, he was put at liberty, and did not suffer further molestation on account of having tried to defend his family and home.

The authorities knew beforehand of these pending demonstrations, and could have forestalled them, but there was not any effort made to do so. On the contrary; the morning before the demonstrations were scheduled to take place, Governor Miguel Ahumada went to Guanajuatlan, 30 kilometers distant, pretending to spend a few days by way of diversion, thinking perhaps, by this means, to escape direct responsibility; but in the opinion of the writer—and many others—it was a deliberate act of connivance on his part—rather, of licensing—the prearranged performances, and it was so construed, and acted upon, by the studentry and populace of Guadalajara. And these outrages against Americans, were perpetrated during the much lauded regime of Don Porfirio Diaz!

CHAPTER TWO

HOW POPULAR FREE GOVERNMENT IS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO

NOTE:—The Madero revolution; the abdication and flight of President Diaz; the assumption of the Presidency by Francisco Madero; the Assassination of President Madero and Vice President Pino Swarez, (in February, 1913;) the immediate succession of General Huerta to the Provisional Presidency, and his so-called election to succeed himself in the fall of 1913; the refusal of the Washington Government to recognize the Huerta Government at any time; the Carranza counter revolutions; the abdication and flight of Huerta; the succession of General Carranza to the Presidency; already matters of history, will not be the purpose of these chronicles to refer to, except incidentally.

November 1st, 1915.

Early after the so-called Presidential elections in 1913, when General Huerta had been declared elected to succeed himself as President of Mexico, the Charge d' Affairs of the American Embassy, Mr. Nelson O'Shaugnessy, requested me to render him a report as to how said elections had been conducted in my Consular District, to which the following was sent:

Guadalajara, Mexico, October 29th, 1913.

Hon. Nelson O'Shaugnessy,

Charge d' Affairs, Mexico City, D. F.

Sir:—In answer to your inquiry of 26th, I beg to say, that the elections went off quietly here. There were reported to have been cast, in this city of 200,000 population, about three hundred votes. At about 6 o'clock P. M., the Jefe Politico had all the voting booths visited, the boxes containing the votes gathered in, and—that was the last heard of the matter.

I understand that the same procedure was followed throughout this Consular District.

The election judges (as we call them in our country) in no precinct here seem to know any more about who might have received a majority of the few votes cast than some Hottentot, in his native lair, or an Australian boomeranger just emerging from a siesta.

That is all, except to say that the public in general are thoroughly disgusted at what they call a political farce—a travesty on justice—a mammoth stunt of hypocrasy.

I am Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) WILL B. DAVIS,
American Vice Consul.

The foregoing letter gave a fair account of those elections; and if I had written more at length, I do not think I could have added anything material to the subject, except to say (as Mr. O. S. must already have known) that no one but a few local officers and soldiers were seen to enter any of the voting booths during the whole time the polls were open.

November 15th, 1913.

Yesterday, the Legislature of this State refused to return the names of the two men selected by the Huerta Government to be chosen as Senators to the Federal Congress from the State of Jalisco.

Governor Rojas at once called out the soldiery and threatened the whole body of Legislators with immediate imprisonment, if they further refused to return the names submitted as duly and legally elected. The Legislators then "reconsidered" their former action, and voted unanimously in favor of returning the names of the two persons submitted as "legally" elected by the sovereign subjects of the State of Jalisco, to the National Senate of the United States of Mex-

ico. I will add that both the present Governor, and State Legislature, owe their official positions to the Madero regime.

Could anyone imagine anything more ridiculously arbitrary?

Think of it! The Governor and Legislature of the State of Jalisco, themselves chosen during, and continued over from the Madero Government, being compelled, by force of arms, to vote for and elect (?) to the National Assembly persons selected by the chief assassin of President Madero!!

And yet they pretend to maintain a Republican form of Government down here—a Government by the people!!

But this should not impress you as being so strange, for if I remember correctly, you were present "once upon a time" when one of our best friends among the Mexican high officials while ridiculing to us the idea of such a thing as really holding elections anywhere in Mexico, frankly stated in support of his assertion that neither he, nor any of his associates, had ever pretended to do such a thing as cast a vote in all their lives! He laughed at the thought of holding elections in Mexico!!!

I think it was in 1904—while you were yet here—that a Presidential election was being held on a Sunday. I was attending a sick child of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Kipp, a short distance above us on Placeres Street. A vacant house just opposite the Kipp home was being used as a voting booth. I asked Mrs. K. to have the place closely watched, to ascertain as nearly as she could, the number of votes that might be cast. On my last visit about 6 P. M., I asked Mrs. Kipp if a strict count had been kept of the number of voters. She said yes; that she and her servants had kept a close watch all day long, and that not one person had been seen to enter the voting booth. And this, you will remember, was in one of the most populous sections of the city. Just as I was

leaving the Kipp home, I saw the "election judge" (there was only one, and he wore a soldier's uniform) take up his chair, the supposed ballot box and a tripod table and walk away. In all of the papers of the next day there appeared flaming accounts of the elections, telling that Don Porfirio Diaz had been unanimously elected to succeed himself as President!!!

CHAPTER THREE

DEVOTED PRINCIPALLY TO TELLING HOW MEXICAN AUTHORITIES TRIED TO COMPEL AMERICAN CITIZENS TO SUPPORT ARMED FORCES

January 19th, 1914.

I am hereinbelow transmitting a translation, from Spanish, of my correspondence with the Governor of the State of Michoican on the subject of "Protest Against American Citizens Paying Forced Loans to Maintain Federal Troops in the State of Michoican."

Guadalajara, Mexico, January 18th, 1914.

General Jesus Garza Gonzales,

Governor of the State of Michoican.

Highly Esteemed Sir: I have the honor to say to your Excellency, that day before yesterday, I sent a telegram addressed to "The Governor of the State of Michoican," as follows: "Following the instructions of my Government, I formally protest against the forced loan for maintaining a Federal Army—or any other armed force—in the State of Michoican by American property owners." To which telegram your answer was as follows: "By the terms of your message of this date, I suppose that you address this Government in an official character, which you claim, but as your official standing is unknown to me, please address yourself through the proper channels." To this I have to rejoin that, although your Excellency is correct in intimating that I am not officially accredited to the Government of the State of Michoican, the fact remains nevertheless, that no Government has the right to force foreigners to take part, directly,

or indirectly, in armed conflicts, whatever their character. The loan to which I referred in my telegram does not differ in principle from another measure proposed in your State some time since, requiring hacendados to maintain at their own expense, each hacendado, ten armed men, except in its modus operandi. In your proclamation promulgating the act of the Legislature of the State of Michoican as to the forced loan, your Excellency does not only state that it is to be a "forced loan," but also "that said loan is for the purpose of maintaining Federal troops in the State of Michoican," thus leaving no doubt as to the purpose of the loan.

While in principle, the two propositions do not differ, there might be a difference in their ultimate effects in this: That the American property owners might not expose themselves so openly to the vengeance of your enemies in the forced loan proposition, as they would do if caught in the act of maintaining, at their own expense, ten armed men against them.

As for regular taxes levied, although they might be doubled, we might not have the right to make this protest, but in the case of a forced loan, making known beforehand that it is for the purpose of maintaining armed troops in the State of Michoican—yes, your Excellency, we have the right to protest energetically, as foreigners, at such violations of international obligations, and consequently, if the American property owners in the State of Michoican should refuse to comply with your decree in this matter, they will do it advisedly; and if they should be compelled to pay, by force, they will do it under positive protests, reserving not only the right to file claims for specific amounts so contributed, but for constructive damages also.

In addressing myself directly to your Excellency, I followed the instructions of my Government, the same as I had heretofore done with your predecessors in the State of Mich-

oican, regarding other subjects, in thorough friendship and courtesy, and I profess to your Excellency assurances of my highest estimation and respect for yourself.

I hope that it will not prove necessary to press the subject of this correspondence further, either through channels already followed, or others, as from now on, the determination of the matter will remain with the Government of the State of Michoican and the American property owners of that entity; until my Government might take it up with the Federal Government of Mexico; and it was for the purpose of avoiding these molestations that this letter is written—as well as that which causes me to write so fully to your Excellency—notwithstanding your telegram of protest of last Friday.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) WILL B. DAVIS,
American Vice Consul.

I did not hear further from Governor Gonzales on the subject, but the proposed tax was not enforced against the American property owners in the State of Michoican.

I have been informed that this General Gonzales was a graduate of Chapultepec (the so-called West Point of Mexico), which would have caused one to suppose that he must have known he was attempting to violate the rights of foreigners in his State. His telegram to me was of an evasive nature (a la Mexicana), but did not have the effect that I felt sure he expected it would. Other proofs of this Mexican penchant to force foreigners to support their military operations will be given further on; but following our chronological plan, we will now return to the subject of the anti-Americanisms of the Mexicans by episodically introducing some interesting happenings, which will be related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER FOUR

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF OTHER MEXICAN WAYS OF EXPRESSING THEIR ANTI-AMERICAN SENTIMENTS

February 13th, 1914.

I am herewith enclosing a cartoon and comments from a local paper which as nearly illustrates the feeling existing here as could well be expressed.

Admiral Cowls, with several officers from the U. S. S. Pittsburg, spent a few days here (1st to 5th) this month. On the 2d, 106 "bluejackets" also came, and were here two or three days. Some Japanese naval officers, on their return trip from Mexico City to Manzanillo, were here at the same time. The Japanese were profusely entertained—made guests of the city while here. The presence of Admiral Cowls and staff was ignord by everybody except the Americans.

The reference, in the local sheet, under the heading, "El Evangelio del Dia," on the behavior of the American sailors, is a slander. The boys had a good time—were royally entertained by the members of the American colony—went away rejoicing, after two days' rounds of continued feastings, etc., etc., without there having occurred a disturbance. They were a fine lot of young fellows—on their very best behavior—and created a favorable impression among all classes, notwithstanding the deep-rooted prejudice among the natives here against them—expressed in the cartoon and editorial under the Scripturally couched heading, "El Evangelio del Dia."

On another occasion (there had not been any abatement of anti-American sentiment on the part of the Mexican popu-

lation) Japanese Minister to Mexico, Señor Agatchi, and staff, passed through Guadalajara on his way to the Capitol, after having landed at Manzanillo.

The Ayuntamiento (City Council) of Guadalajara prevailed upon Señor Agatchi to delay his journey and spend a day at Guadalajara as the city's guest, when they, the members of the Ayuntamiento, surely did "put the big pot in the little one" in their efforts at entertainment. These and simliar pro-Japanese manifestations were not anything else than so many masqued anti-American demonstrations; for the Mexicans were under the impression that very highly strained relations existed between the United States and Japan in those days.

An amusing incident took place in the dining room of a hotel on the occasion of Admiral Cowl's visit as follows: The Japanese crowd, in charge of their Mexican entertainers, were being conducted to a specially arranged banquet board in the dining room of the Hotel Fenix, when, spying some of the members of Admiral Cowls' staff at tables in a different quarter of the hall, they suddenly broke away from their Mexican guides and went over to greet the American officers. Very warm expressions of pleasure at so unexpectedly meeting each other again, were mutually indulged in. This exhibition of cordiality on the part of the officers of both nationalities was so completely foreign to (beyond the mental horizon of) Mexican expectations that a very visible sense of confusion supervened among them and embarrassed them so that the remainder of their programme of festivities was only mechanically—sans enthusiasm—eked out.

NOTE: During these times (and until its final fall) the Huerta Government found itself in rather a bad way, trying to maintain itself.

The Carrancista forces in the North were making considerable headway, while the Zapatistas in the States of

Guerrero and Michoican were becoming monotonously irritating to the Huerta Government.

The Guadalajara district was yet (and until the following July) under the control of the Huerta Government, with General Mier in charge of the Western Division, with headquarters at Guadalajara.

The continued non-recognition by President Wilson of the Huerta Government; the permitting by the Washington Government of exportation of arms and munitions to the Carrancistas; the Tampico incident, and Huerta's continued refusal to comply with Admiral Mayo's demands, etc., etc., added to the already highly pitched anti-American sentiment, made the life of an American citizen at Guadalajara anything but pleasant. Nevertheless, our personal friends among the Mexicans (and I think such was the case with nearly all my countrymen) continued to treat us with as much courtesy as formerly, though at times with visible effort. There were a few would-be bullies among the Americans, but they were kept curbed by the more sane—and truly brave—members of our colony. The conduct of the Americans throughout all our sequential trials was very commendable.

All Americans were counselled not to discuss either the Mexican or Mexican-American situation in any manner whatsoever, and to keep well indoors at night. This advice was generally heeded.

Such was about the state of affairs at Guadalajara up to the 20th of April, 1914, which was, as everybody knows, the day on which the Americans landed at, and began their occupation of Vera Cruz.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF VERA CRUZ—HOW IT WAS RECEIVED AT GUADALAJARA; SOME INTERESTING INCIDENTS THERETO APPERTAINING

San Diego, California, May 10, 1914.

Quiet reigned all the morning and afternoon of April 20th, 1914, at Guadalajara, but it was an ominous sort of quiet. There seemed to be something in the atmosphere that caused everybody to feel profoundly anxious, but no one could tell another what it was all about.

The oscillations of an earthquake, or threatening behaviors of a nearby volcano would not have produced greater feelings of incertitude than seemed to possess the population of Guadalajara on that day. If the military authorities had received advices from Mexican City or elsewhere, they did not give anything out. But while at supper, at 7 P. M., the writer was hastily summoned by one of the attendants to the patio (an open space), from which could be seen and heard all that was going on in the spacious hall below, the same being the Palacio Cristal, the leading refreshment resort of the city.

The place was filled to overflowing with excited Mexicans; and mounted on a table near the center of the hall, stood Señor Antonio Perez Verdia, waving a paper in one hand and gesticulating with the other, loudly proclaiming the news of the landing of American forces at Vera Cruz.

Señor Verdia harrangued the crowd for some time, not forgetting, in the course of his excited—and inciting—remarks to laud in glowing colors what he was pleased to term the well known valor and patriotism of the noble Mexican,

as well as to luridly anathematise the abominible bragodocio spirit, the treacherous diplomacy and notorious cowardice of the contemptible Yankee! From this, and similar nuclei, aided by later editions of the evening press, the news spread over the city; the streets were rapidly filled with excited throngs, and the night was made hideous (for Americans) by a continuous medley of execratice howls and yells of vengeance, the like of which I never heard before and hope I may never hear again.

Until I had gone to sleep on this and the three night following, I repeatedly heard, among other less distinguishable exclamations, "Muere el Consul Americano" (death to the American Consul)—more distinctly heard by me because uttered especially for my ears.

Through all of each of the four nights that I had to put up with this, I was not sure but I might be hauled out of bed by the mobs. But my concern was more for the Americans living in less protected districts of the city and elsewhere.

The majority of Americans living at Guadalajara quickly took refuge in the British Consulate—some after having been hotly chased by Mexicans.

I did not have a personal enemy among the entire Mexican population; and many Mexicans, by telephone or personal visits, tried to assure me that they would exert their utmost in my behalf in any event. Especially was this the case when, not yet having received instructions from my Government, they were told that I would not abandon my post until such orders were received; or, that I was ordered out by the Mexican authorities. By 8 P. M. (20th) the Mexican population of Guadalajara had given themselves over to processions in the streets and meetings at public resorts, where anti-American speechmakings and expressions depreciatory of American, and lauditory of Mexican, valor and patriotism were indulged in to late hours.

By 10 A. M. (21st) the whole Mexican population seemed to be out and, moved by one sentiment—that of war and vengeance against the Americans—and their frenzy grew with such rapidity that I was fearful of mob violence.

All of our countrymen were advised to remain indoors, and not to expose themselves at windows and balconies. Many Americans were ready to entrain for Manzanillo on the morning of the 22d, when we were informed there would be no train that day, but not until after a large number had gathered at the station.

I sent a note to General Mier as soon as I had learned these facts, asking for an audience with him at the earliest moment he could spare. He appointed 4 P. M. This did not suit me, as the scheduled time of trains for Manzanillo was 8:40, and I asked the British Consul, Mr. Percy G. Holmes, to go at once to General Mier, ascertain first, as to what protection he contemplated giving Americans; and, second, when we might expect a train for Manzanillo to depart.

The Governor answered that all foreigners would be protected; but as to a train for Manzanillo, under no circumstances would he permit a train to leave until he was assured that there were no American men-of-war at that port, or near enough to reach there before such train might begin its return trip—for, as he explained, such might be only furnishing Americans facilities for the transportation of troops to the interior.

The whole of Wednesday was passed in this state of suspense, and it was not until late in the night that we received word that a train would leave Thursday morning (23d) for Manzanillo. All Americans were notified accordingly, and I was kept busy arranging transportation until the train departed, one item being the securing, by paying in advance for same, a special car for the Americans.

The Convoy left Guadalajara at 10:40 A. M., with all the

Americans who could leave then (104 in number), under the charge of Mr. Michael Slattery, of Philadelphia.

At 1:30 P. M., on the 22d, while I was out to lunch, the mobs tore down the Consulate coat of arms from above the door at the entrance on Lopez Cotillo Street, defiled it, and, I was told by several Mexicans, dragged it through the streets all the balance of the afternoon. At 2:20 P. M., after I had returned to the Consulate, the coat of arms on the second story balcony, fronting San Francisco Street, was stoned, several of the missiles reaching the interior of the Consulate. I at once sent a note to General Mier, relating these occurrences, and saying: "As my Government has not ordered me to close this Consulate, and as I have not received any official request on the part of the Mexican Government to do so, I earnestly ask of your Excellency such protection of this Consulate, and of my countrymen and their property that might be expected any civilized Government would extend to defenseless foreigners within its territory," and marked the message "urgent."

General Mier did not answer my note formally at the time, but through one of his aids assured my messenger that he would take necessary steps to comply with my request. I received his formal note of reply the next day, reiterating assurances, etc. Nevertheless that same night—meantime—the Consular coat of arms fronting San Francisco Street, was also torn down and defiled.

Throughout Wednesday and Thursday (22d and 23d), both day and night, demonstrations continued to gather in force. Thursday afternoon and night were especially alarming.

After the departure of the Manzanillo train on Thursday morning I carried such materials as I might need in facilitating the transportation for Americans, to my hotel, for I feared that my goings to and from the Consulate would only

aggravate the already constantly heard exclamations, "Muere el Consul Americano!" By the use of the telephone and our messenger boy (a San Salvadorian) I was able to keep in touch with the Consulate and the Consular Clerk (an American who had been raised at Guadalajara), and in this manner I worked up to Friday morning (24th), when, at 10:30 A. M., I was handed a telegram from Consul General Arnold Shanklin, of Mexico City, dated 23d, which read: "I am directed by the Honorable Nelson O'Shaughnessey, Charge d'Affaires here, that inasmuch as he was last night handed his passport by the Provisional Government of Mexico, he will leave tonight; you are instructed to quit the territory of the United States of Mexico immediately; leaving your Consular office in the hands of the nearest Consular representative of a friendly nation. I leave, with my staff, on the train furnished Mr. O'Shaughnessey."

Guadalajara to Manzanillo

Having been assured that a train would leave at 10:30 that morning for Manzanillo,—I had been at work nearly all night, and up to the time of receiving the above telegram—facilitating the exit of Americans; and had just finished arranging with Mr. D. M. Pyle, by having him sign the voucher and I furnishing transportation money for fifty-one Americans, and telling a half dozen others who were waiting, to hurry to the station—that I would meet them and arrange matters there—when the British Vice Consul came upstairs, panting from hurry and excitement, and informed me that he had just received a peremptory order from General Mier to the effect that I and all other Americans must get out on that morning's train; as afterward he would not promise us any protection whatever. I at once turned the American Consular affairs over to Mr. Holmes; asked him to meet me at the station later, when I would give him written authority "To Whom It May Concern" (which was done);

hurried to my mother's room to warn her that we had only 45 minutes in which to be ready to leave for the railroad station; went to my own room and slam-banged into a couple of valises such things as I could think of at the time; ordered a coach, and we were off. The trip from our hotel to the railroad station—about five blocks—was very trying. Everyone seemed to know that my mother and self were leaving Guadalajara. The menacing countenances and gestures toward us, and the oral insults offered to everything American, were indescribable for their malignity. Fortunately, my mother, then 82 years of age, as you know, though she did not understand the Spanish language, she understood the menacing countenances and gestures quite well enough to make her fearful they would drag me from the coach. At the station it was comparatively quiet on account of precautions which had been taken by order of General Mier. My party consisted of 102 Americans, as ascertained after the departure of our train. From the best estimates I have been able to make—with the assistance of those in our party—there were remaining, after our departure, some 75 American citizens in the Guadalajara Consular District.

I will mention that of these 75 people there were only two full-blooded Americans, and that they were out at mines, where they remained, in comparative safety; the remainder of the 75 being Mexican-American hybrids (or something), who could pass immune through those times—perhaps better in Mexico than in the States; and then there were some hyphenates, of various nationalities, whose pretensions to American citizenship were never in evidence, except when seeking protection from Mexican voracities—Americans for protection only.

It was a great relief to me to receive official instructions to leave Mexico, in whatever pell-mell manner I had to attempt it.

The probable dangers yet ahead, in the 356 kilometers by rail to Manzanillo—our then only exit—and the uncertainty of finding any kind of a vessel in that port on which to at least take refuge presented not a very pleasant prospect. Our people, in transit from Guadalajara to Manzanillo, were reviled by the gathered mobs at every station, and on one occasion we all would probably have been massacred had not the train crew, realizing danger, precipitately pulled the train out of the station and kept going under a full head of steam; but the watchful precautions exercised all along the route by the train crew did not, in this instance, prevent a number of the would-be assassins from piling onto the paltforms of the cars. Two of the more daring ones entered our car.

The menacing demonstrations, accompanied by cries of "Muere los Americanos!" (death to the Americans) by several thousand maddened Mexican rioters, caused not a pleasant experience for us on this occasion—least to our women and children. Several of the ladies fainted. When the train began to make such speed that those of the rioters who had boarded the platforms realized that the convoy was leaving the station, they tumbled off as best they could; but the train had gotten under considerable headway before the two who had entered the car became aware that they had been deserted by their fellows. When they took in the situation they did not lose any time in scrambling out, and jumped from the moving train. When they struck the ground they went tumbling heels over head. Whether they were killed or only injured we never learned, nor inquired.

When we reached Manzanillo, the only ship at anchor in the bay was the German tramp freighter, Marie, Captain Julius Davidson in command. American Vice Consul Richard Stadden, of that port, had already chartered the steamer Marie to convey refugee Americans to San Diego, the nearest home port.

CHAPTER SIX

MANZANILLO TO SAN DIEGO—HOW GREAT INCONVENIENCES WERE DISPOSED OF

In Transit, May 18, 1914.

As already stated, Mr. Slattery represented the party of 104 American refugees whom I sent out of Guadalajara on Thursday morning, April 23d, arriving at Manzanillo at 12 o'clock that night. The last of this party, with the larger baggage, did not get aboard the German S. S. Marie until after 6 o'clock P. M. Friday, 24th.

After having waited for so long a time without avail to have their baggage inspected by customs officials before leaving (a custom practiced at all Mexican ports)—at a little before 4 o'clock the Americans agreed to pay the Jefe Politico at the port eleven hundred pesos (equal to $550 American money) to have the matter attended to, for they had all become convinced—and had been told by other than Mexicans—that they might be held there indefinitely unless this was done—unless they paid graft money to the officers of the port. This arrangement having been consummated, the women and children, the small baggage and a part of the men were permitted to go aboard the Marie at a little after 4 P. M.; but sixteen of the men were held, and later carried by army officials to the American Consulate, where they were forced to witness violation of the American flag and a portrait of President Wilson, which said officers sacked from the Manzanillo Consulate and delivered to the mob, who, in fiendish glee tore them, spat upon them, trampled them under foot and ended by burning them and then throwing the ashes in the faces of the American spectators, accompanying these savageries with exclamations of the most insulting kind.

Vice Consul Stadden had been ordered on Wednesday, 22d, aboard the steamer with warnings not to come ashore again, and therefore he was powerless to be of any assistance whatever to this party of refugees after their arrival at Manzanillo.

All the above-mentioned occurrences were related to me by members of this party of refugees, after I had joined them aboard the steamer. From the experiences which our own party had just had with the rascally officials at Manzanillo, I felt sure that the statements of these Americans were not exaggerated.

To escape the dangers of being indefinitely detained in that notoriously unhealthy port, and to liberate themselves from further fears of being assassinated by Mexican savages were, in my opinion, sufficient reasons for paying the graft money demanded of them by the conscienceless port officials. While the money thus expended may not have been for transportation, strictly speaking, it had been made a necessary expense of embarkation by the greed of those Mexican officials. I considered it so under the circumstances, and therefore returned the money to Mr. Slattery and had him sign a voucher for same.

My party of 102 Americans reached Manzanillo at 2 P. M. Friday, 25th. I had a talk with the Jefe Politico soon after our arrival—before leaving the train, in fact—and he promised me that we should be facilitated in every way in boarding the ship, and would not be unnecessarily delayed. I also received an unsigned note from the Americans then aboard the steamer in the bay, telling me their experiences of the day before, assuring us that we had best pay the grafting Jefe, and several of my party insisted that we do it without too much delay, as it was an absolute necessity; but I felt very averse to submitting to such impositions, and feeling somewhat encouraged by what the Jefe had been so free

in trying to assure me, I delayed until about 3:30 P. M., when I sent Mr. Hoeing to consummate the deal, enjoining him to drive the very best bargain with the thieving Jefe that he could. By this time I had become convinced that the Jefe had premeditatedly lied to me. Our women and children especially were fatigued, hungry and thirsty. We had not had anything to eat since the evening before, except some very indifferent fruits, purchased at the stations along the way. This, added to the fact that we had made the trip in overcrowded day coaches; that we had been compelled to remain in them all night, at Colima, under guard, and that at Manzanillo we could not buy a thing to eat; the Mexicans there absolutely refused to sell us a bite of food, and the only water we had to drink was sent to us, at my request, from the home of the German Consul, Mr. Kaiser, and for which nothing could be said in commendation except that it was wet, and had been furnished us by a gentleman who, in other ways within his limited power, did all he could to alleviate our distress.

The most fearful prospect presented to our view consisted in that we had learned the steamer Marie was bound to sail that evening.

To subject ourselves to be indefinitely detained at Manzanillo (no other boat being in sight or soon due), and at the mercy not only of the insalubrity of that abominably stinking and tropically hot port, but also of the devilish mobs which were hourly growing more menacing, were some of my reasons for finally submitting to the imposition.

Mr. Hoeing soon returned, and told me he had arranged with the Jefe, in 400 pesos. I gave him the money. I think our better bargain over the Slattery crowd of the day before was due to the greater calmness with which the cold-blooded rascality of the Manzanillo officials were met by our party.

My reason for explaining at such length the whyforeness

of these expenditures consists in that the expenses incurred were entirely outside of my Consular District, and was more the affair of Vice Consul Stadden; but he declined to furnish the money, saying that such matters should be presented as claims against the Mexican Government, in like manner as for any other robberies, etc., but I did not view it in that light, and feeling that the Department, after such explanations would reimburse me (which it did), the same as if happening in my own District, I advanced the money in both cases and took my chances with the Department.

At the time of above occurrences, the German tramp freighter Marie was lying in quarantine, with a cargo of 300 Chinese coolies. Not yet having complied with the full time required by the quarantine regulations, said coolies could not be landed, before the boat was to leave that evening, and therefore they were kept aboard ship. The Chinese occupied the lower deck of the steamer—the American refugees the upper.

The Marie left Manzanillo at 7 p. m., April 25th, and it was not until after she had nosed well out to sea, that the Americans felt that they could breathe in safety. They would have felt happy at that time, even had they been on a coal barge—or anything that promised to carry them from those shores, and out of the reach of those menacing Mexican mobs.

At that time of the year, it was quite warm in those Southern latitudes, and consequently,—(although but few of our people were provided with blankets, and none could be procured aboard ship)—sleeping upon the bare upper deck during our first two nights out, was not uncomfortable; but with our progress north, the nights were cooler, and before we reached San Diego, they became uncomfortably cold; but all our people were courageous and they endured every inconvenience or discomfort of the voyage uncomplainingly. The days, however, were pleasant throughout the entire trip,

and those who had suffered from cold during the night, could thaw out the morning after. The only cabins on the boat were officers' quarters, affording ordinarily sleeping room for sixteen persons only. The officers were very kind, and doubled up among themselves, to afford accommodations for our aged and infirm. The dining room was arranged to accommodate sixteen at table, with fixed chairs for that number. The only service people on the boat, were the cook with helper, and a couple of roustabouts. The Captain had taken on all additional provisions that he could procure in the Manzanillo market—which was not much—to feed us until we could reach San Diego.

On our first night at sea, the Americans laid down anywhere upon the upper deck—each as best he could—and went to sleep early, for all of them were experiencing a sense of relaxation following a long state of tension, and an added great fatigue, from travel under very uncomfortable conditions. Breakfast consisting of coffee, bread and butter, was served in the dining room the following morning—and every other morning during the trip—each passenger taking his turn, sitting or standing—mostly standing—while holding his food and coffee cup in either hand.

Early on the morning after sailing, a general meeting was held by our refugees, and an organization formed, by electing Mr. Michiel Slattery as a sort of generalissimo, with powers to appoint service committees, to see that each properly performed the duties assigned to him, and to supervise the enforcement of all rules and regulations that were adopted for our government during the voyage. One of the first resolutions that was proposed, and adopted by unanimous vote, was, "That any person who should be heard to complain of the service on 'this here boat,' should be suspended by a rope over the hatchway until he, such culprit should, by word of mouth—or some sign that could be well

understood—express, indicate, or make known, to the entire satisfaction of his executioners, that he sincerely repented of what he, the culprit, had been guilty by word or deed; and that as to spoken words which should not have been uttered, the culprit, retracted the same, took them back, masticated and swallowed them, and would endeavor to never again be guilty of such misdemeanors, or their like; and that in so far as any deeds of kind would, in penance for same, do and perform double menial service throughout the remainder of the trip." Needless to say, no one was heard to complain, in any manner whatever, of the service, or the ship's accommodations, during the voyage.

One of the most important committees appointed was that of the meal-serving gang. At all meals—excepting breakfast—the Americans would form in two parallel lines on the outer gangway of the deck, and the members of the meal-serving committee would pass along the human lane so formed, those of the advanced guard handing out on either side, plates, knives or spoons—according to what food was to follow—sometimes soup, rice or oatmeal porridge. Next the bread and butter gang would pass along; and another, perhaps, handing out potatoes or eggs, and—(on one or two occasions during the trip)—meat, of some sort. When soup, rice or oatmeal porridge, or anything of a liquid or semi-liquid nature was being served, two of the "waiters" would carry the caldron between them, while a third would ladle out rations to whomsoever, on either side, would hold out his plate to receive it. Our menus were not very extensive at any of the meals, but such food as was served was well cooked, and was quite palatable. However, the eggs—which were served in abundance—had come all the way from China, and when they were not boiled real hard, it was difficult to distinguish the good from the bad ones—before breaking the shell. About every third egg had not yet spoiled. On this

trip I learned that however hard one tried to boil a spoiled egg hard it could hardly be done.

As stated, the Marie was a tramp freighter; therefore no provision had been made in her construction—though a splendidly built vessel—for the personal comfort of others than her limited number of officers; and consequently, she had been provided with only two toilet rooms, on the upper deck. This inconvenience to a passenger list of 300 souls was overcome by assigning the most convenient and commodious of the two to the women and children, and maintaing toilet room committees posted at the doors of each.

On a bulletin board, the names of the officers of our organization, the names of the members of the various committees, and all the rules and regulations, were kept posted; and when an article had been lost or mislaid, or a meeting was to be held, the same was also announced on the bulletin board, as well as such "news" as may have leaked through the atmosphere. (The Marie was not provided with a wireless apparatus.)

On our third day out, there appeared on the bulletin board the following announcement: "A baby girl was born last night to Mr. and Mrs. (I cannot recall the name now), and christened 'Julia Marie,' in honor of our courteous Captain, Julius Davidson, and the good ship Marie. Mother, babe and father doing well." There was general rejoicing over this announcement, which seemed to gratify the officers of the boat as much as it did the passengers.

A few hours before reaching the port of San Diego, a meeting was held, including the boat's officers, when expressions of appreciation were indulged in for the courteous treatment extended by the officers to the passengers. A gold watch which had been purchased from the stock of a jeweler aboard, by general subscription, was presented to Captain Davidsen, by Mr. Slattery, who was also charged with hav-

ing the watch appropriately engraved after we should arrive at San Diego.

On landing at San Diego, we were met by members of the Red Cross Society, who took charge of, and furnished the financially embarrassed members of our party—which included nearly all of them—with hotel and other accommodations for the time, and afterwards, transportation to their respective destinations in the States. But with all this kindness, it made one's heart ache to see so many destitute Americans—men, women and children—gathered in and about the San Diego Red Cross headquarters—(there were many others besides those who came over on the Marie)—during those times. Many of these people had been prosperous before the recent revolutions had begun in Mexico; and some of them had accumulated competencies sufficient to have enabled them to live in comfort the remainder of their lives; but all, except a few, had lost everything, and the "few" who had not, had been compelled to abandon what "all" they may have had left, and flee the country. The greater number of those with whom I have been able to keep in touch since, have fared poorly. Some seemed incapable of readjusting themselves to their changed conditions, and to begin life anew again in real earnest; others were already too old for any kind of undertakings.

The American refugees who landed at San Diego were only a few of the 100,000 others who had to flee from Mexico during those times, many of whom fared far worse in most every way, than did those whom these chronicles tell somewhat about.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I AM ORDERED BACK TO GUADALAJARA; I MAKE THE JOURNEY UNDER DIFFICULTIES, THROUGH A DEVASTATED COUNTRY

While away from my post, I kept as well informed as I could, about the progress of the Revolutions in Mexico.

The Carrancistas, under Generals Obregon and Dieguez, took Guadalajara on the 10th of July, 1914, after having fought their way through the State of Sinaloa and the Territory of Tepic; about the same time General Villa was operating against, and afterwards took, Zacatecas.

General Dieguez, who had been commissioned Military Governor of the State of Jalisco, took up his residence at Guadalajara, where I found him on my return.

General Obregon, with the major part of his army, proceeded on towards Mexico City, which he soon reached, when General Carranza was formally installed as Provisional President, General Huerta having escaped the country just before this took place.

The Huerta Regime at an end, with Carranza in control, and all the recent revolutionary leaders then recognizing him as their Chief, peace prevailed throughout the Republic; and continued until the to-be-expected dissensions among the revolutionists themselves broke out, and culminated in the irreconcilable split between Generals Villa and Carranza, at the convention of Aguascalientes, which was held in November.

Guadalajara, Mex., Aug. 24, 1914.

Though general peace was prevailing at the particular time that I am just now going to tell of, the railroads and equipment of Mexico were in a woeful condition; tracks had

been torn up for long distances in places—ties burned, and the iron rails on either side of the roads could be seen twisted in all manner of shapes—all bridges and culverts were destroyed, most of the rolling-stock had been reduced to junk, and where had formerly stood station buildings, repair shops and round houses, were to be seen so many heaps of ashes!—which leads us to remark, that if actual depressions are not to be found in the regions of "constructiveness" in the Mexican cranium—where distinctive bumps really ought to be; and abnormally developed protuberances actually projecting from the zone of "destructiveness"—where they should not be found at all—then there must not be any truth in the so-called science of Phrenology.

Temporary repairs of the railroads in Mexico had been under way for some time, but lacked much to permit of the resumption of through travel. Such was about the state of affairs down there, when I received instructions from the Secretary of State, to return to my post at Guadalajara.

These instructions were received on the 7th of August, 1914; and after having spent the succeeding 24 hours in trying to ascertain if there was an all-rail service from anywhere on the Texas border to Guadalajara, without avail, I left Pueblo for El Paso, thinking that from there I might better inform myself. Arriving at El Paso on the 10th, I learned that the first train for as far South as Aguascalientes would depart next morning.

Meeting an old acquaintance at El Paso, who told me he had been waiting there over three weeks, hoping to make the trip to Guadalajara, we determined to undertake the journey together; and accordingly crossed over to Juarez early on the morning of the 11th; and by one of us looking after the tickets, while the other was to pass our baggage through the Mexican customs house, we succeeded in getting started on our way that day. It was understood between us

that whichever of the two who should get through with his job first, he was to hasten to the train to secure seats; for the matter of obtaining seats was the great desideratum in undertaking a journey by rail through any part of Mexico during these times; as at best, there were only a limited number of patched-up day coaches, plus box and flat cars, with which to make up passenger trains; and an uncushioned seat in one of the rattle-trap day coaches was considerd a luxury!

It fell to my lot to look after the luggage. On reaching the baggage room, I found it filled with piles of equipage, while crowds of anxious people were standing about, waiting for the complacent-looking customs people to pass them up. I was presently told by several of the would-be travelers, that they had been trying for several days to have their baggage examined. From the leisurely manner in which the inspectors were pretending to be about their business, it did not appear to me that matters would be likely to progress as they should, if left to themselves. Thinking that a few pieces of coin might elicit results more effectually than the vociferations that were being indulged in, I approached one of the inspectors, and convinced him of the merits of our case. He marked each piece of our baggage as "passed," without taking the trouble of having any of it opened to view—whereby I was enabled to reach the train early enough to make a selection of seats. I was joined by my companion about two hours later, he having had to stand in line nearly three hours before securing tickets. By the time the train was ready to start—nearly two hours behind the schedule—our car was packed to full "standing room" capacity, even in the aisle and upon the platforms. With this, hundreds of people were left at the station, either on account of not having been able to procure tickets, or to have had their baggage inspected in time.

With ourselves and luggage crowded on one seat, we traveled sixty hours consecutively, not daring to leave our places except one at a time, for if we had both ventured out together, on returning, we would have found that our seats had been appropriated by others, and our baggage also, with no hope of ever recovering either. One of us would sally out at nearly every station to rustle something to eat, but in the majority of cases without encountering food of any kind. We could only buy, as by chance, a few tortillas here, some frijoles elsewhere, a piece of cheese occasionally, and a cup of coffee at long intervals. By the time we reached Aguascalientes, we were very hungry. While able to secure good beds to sleep upon at Aguascalientes, we found food nearly as scarce as it was on the road from Juarez.

What the people had suffered throughout the devastated country which we had just traversed, could not all be told by one making the journey by rail, but enough could be seen from the train while in motion, and learned by going among the people at the stations, to give rise to sad reflections on the pity of it all; brought about by the so-called Mexican patriot, enlisted under the banner of first one, and then another, self-styled champion of liberty; all of them robbing, right and left, and when unable to carry off, destroying everything on which the people depended for sustenance; each contending faction claiming themselves to be the only true paladins of the people's rights—that they were doing all these things in the holy name—and because they found themselves so thoroughly saturated with the spirit—of Mexican patriotism!

At Aguascalientes, we found that we could not travel further South by rail. Neither could we procure transportation of any other kind ourselves, for all riding and work animals, as well as vehicles of every sort which had not been confiscated by the Huertistas before, had been taken over by

the Carrancistas after; therefore, I made bold to call on the Jefe Politico at Aguascalientes, and ask him to further us on our way. This he did, by furnishing us with a coach, team and driver, as far as Lagos, giving us a letter to the Jefe of the latter place who, in turn, facilitated us on to Leon, whence we traveled by rail, reaching Guadalajara on the evening of August 20—exactly 12 days from Pueblo—a trip which I had more than once made in three days time, before the revolutions, and with Pullman accommodations all the way.

NOTE: In giving the foregoing account of my return trip to Guadalajara, I omitted many things that might have interested the reader, nor detailed any more delays than I felt were necessary to give one a general idea of the actual conditions of the country through which we passed—deplorable, at that time; yet I would add that this was nearly six years ago, and the scourgings have not ceased, although at times, partially abating—abating whiles there might have been nothing for a voracious banditry to feed upon. To think that this has been going on for nearly ten years, at our very back-doors; and that our doors have proven to not have been as strong as they really ought to be, for they have been broken through several times already, and in several places, and our people, in their own homes, and on their own soil, have been forced to take a few doses of Mexican banditry. Perhaps in another ten years, we may become accustomed to it—learn to take it as a matter of course—to treat such incursions as only so many Mexican demonstrations of international amity!

CHAPTER EIGHT

HOW I FOUND THINGS IN MY CONSULAR DISTRICT ON MY RETURN; MY FIRST UNDERTAKINGS WITH THE CARRANZA-DIEGUEZ GOVERNMENT DURING FIRST TERM

Guadalajara, Mexico, Sept. 20, 1914.

After notifying the Department of State of my return, I reopened the American Consulate, when the offices were soon filled by people clamoring for protection, mainly against the Carranza Government in the matter of forced loans.

During my absence, the Consular affairs had been transferred from the British Vice Consul (with whom I had left them) to the French Vice Consul, Eugene Pinzon. Although Señor Pinzon had been very attentive in trying to serve American interests, and had kept complete records of his acts, he had failed—as seemed to have been the case also with other Consular representatives there—to secure satisfactory results in treating with the Carranza Government, represented by Military Governor, General Manuel M. Dieguez, who had advented on the scene, as already related.

Nearly all the members of the local Consular Corps called on me early, and each offered to present me to General Dieguez, but I had gathered that not any of them seemed to be in favor with the local Government. I made no haste in being presented to General Dieguez, preferring to wait until I could inform myself of the changed conditions that had obtained during my absence; and when I did make my first call, I went alone.

I was gratified to find that the former anti-American feeling on the part of the Mexican public had so favorably changed—amounting to a complete revolution of sentiment—

more notably with the Church element, and all those who had anything to lose.

The difference in the deportment of the Mexican people towards the Americans, on the latter's return to Mexico, as compared to that displayed at their departure, was phenomenal; and yet the American army had not evacuated Vera Cruz, nor were they making preparations to do so; of which fact the Mexicans themselves were well aware.

All the Mexican civilians—(all Mexicans, except about the five per cent, who were enlisted under the banner of, and deriving their support from, the Carranza Government)—were praying that the Americans come on, and save them, the Mexicans, from their own people!

All the way from El Paso to Guadalajara, I found that the country had been flooded with revolutionist money—"bliembiques," as the Mexicans called it—and that the exchange rate of the Mexican peso had declined from its old value of two Mexican pesos for one American dollar. At El Paso, I bought at the rate of five to one—its value continued to decline—but until it had reached about fifteen to one, the market people and laboring classes in Guadalajara did not begin to find out that there was anything the matter with the circulating medium of the country. The old National Bank notes, and metallic specie of every description, had disappeared from circulation; nothing was in evidence except revolutionist money; and there were as many different kinds of this, as there had been revolutionist armies in the field; each working their presses to full capacity.

NOTE: This kept up until I felt Mexico the second time (June, 1916) when, in paying for a train to carry the Americans from Guadalajara to Manzanillo, I bought $17,900.00 pesos for $89.50 American money—exactly at the rate of two hundred for one!

The first few months after my return, I noticed great

varieties of jewelry, and many other kinds of costly articles being hawked about the streets, and in hotel lobbies, generally by some go-between, who would claim that the particular offering was the property of "la Senora Fulano de tal" —(Mrs. John Doe)—who, on account of the stress of affairs, was compelled to offer it for sale to secure "con que" (the wherewith) to buy food for herself and children! Where all these things came from, and how so many of them had found their way to the hands of common street vendors was,—like many other things observed about those times,—beyond the writer's ken. Fine opportunities were offered for purchasing these articles at a song, to any one who may have had a safe place for hoarding them; but the "safe place" was the crux.

The feeling of a want of security is what causes markets to sag, generally; and the infamously low price of an ordinarily valuable something, is a fair indication of the depths to which the general feeling of a want of security may have sunken!

The changes in appearances on the streets during business hours were not so noticeable; the American bank, which had closed on the 20th of April (the day of the Vera Cruz incident) never did reopen; and business at other banking institutions seemed negligible; but at the amusement and refreshments resorts—especially in the evenings—could be noted complete transformations in the appearances of the personnel gathered in and about them, as compared to former times.

All the churches—(when speaking of the Church in Mexico, the Catholic denomination is always meant)—including the Cathedral, had remained closed since the advent of the Carrancistas, and it was claimed many persecutions of the clergy had been practiced; all ecclesiastical properties had been confiscated; all secular schools had been permanently closed; and all foreign-born priests, and all classes of sis-

ters and nuns had been deported. The faces of many of the more wealthy and prominent citizens, formerly so frequently seen, were now only conspicuous by their absence; and I was pleased to note as among the latter, the sleek-like embonpoint of Antonio Perez Verdia, whom I had heard so bitterly inveighing against everything American in a harangue to the mobs, on the evening of April 20th, already alluded to.

The itinerary of the flight of those "absent ones" had been first, to Mexico City, then to Vera Cruz (where the Americans were yet in possession), thence to the States, to where those of their description flocked by the hundreds and thousands, from every part of the Rebpublic of Mexico.

Regarding this particular Señor Vardia, who, after all, differed from thousands of others of his ilk only in having given public utterances to his innermost anti-American sentiments, I will relate the following episode: Having used his full powers in trying to incite the mobs against the Americans, after the Vera Cruz incident, and having refugeed to Mexico City just before the Carrancistas reached Guadalajara (Huerta was yet in control of the Capital) he soon became very much alarmed for his personal safety, for with the rapid approach of the Carrancistas from the north, and—as Senor Vardia construed it—his other enemies, the Yankees, at Vera Cruz, he felt that he was in a trap, so to speak, and without hope of escape. About this time, several Americans reached Mexico City, via Vera Cruz, in attempts to return to Guadalajara, and meeting Señor Verdia, he began lamenting his plight unto them. The Americans advised him to go to Vera Cruz—while there was yet time—whereupon Señor Verdia exclaimed: "What; right into the Yankee camps, after talking against the gringoes as I have?—not if I know myself!" But the Americans succeeded in persuading Señor Verdia that he would be safe from all harm—once within American lines; when said Señor Verdia did not allow the loss of any time in

flying right into the arms of those whom he was wont to most villainously assail. Said Señor Verdia, and many others of his stripe, enjoyed every protection at the hands of the Americans; which proved quite a revelation to them; and the treatment they received from the Yankees, contrasted very strikingly with the kind which they and their like had meted out to the defenseless Americans as hereinbefore related.

From what I had been able to gather, it appeared to me that the people connected with the Government at Guadalajara were suspicious of everybody—that they considered all others except themselves, in the light of enemies—and this applied with equal force to the friends and supporters of former Governments, the Church, and the well-to-do, the latter being omnibusly classed "the aristocracy."

Not to delay too long, I made my first call on General Dieguez. He received me politely, but with lurking sentiments of suspicion, which materialized later, when, in the course of conversation, he remarked that he had understood that I had been in good favor with his predecessors in office, and well esteemed by the aristocracy of the community. (Gov. D. considered these his enemies.)

Realizing the intended pointedness of this remark, I answered in effect, that I was glad to believe that he had been correctly informed—that in my twelve years residence there—all Mexicans, from the peons in the street, to the wealthier classes, had treated me courteously (barring the Vera Cruz incident), and that I had wished to show them my appreciation; and as to having been in good repute with former Administrations, it must have been because I had sedulously avoided "metiendome en camisa de once varas" (meaning, in this use of the phrase, that I had kept myself clear of mixing in Mexican affairs), which I was sure his Excellency would find to characterize my conduct during his Administration. This seemed to soften General Diguez' at-

titude, and he remarked that he did not think that he and I would have any trouble I answered no—that we might differ in opinion at times but, that when he and I should not agree as to a given matter, each could refer such to their respective superiors, etc.—and that any differences of opinion ought in no wise to molest our frank treatment of each other.

I relate thus fully my first interview with General Dieguez, because under the then conditions, it meant more than one might ordinarily think.

I felt it was the opportune time to impress General Dieguez that I viewed my representation more in the light of friendship than for the purpose of trying to antagonize Mexican officials. This is an important impression to create in dealing with Latin-American officials.

Any one who may give these people cause for distrust, can never be reinstated into their confidences; nor expect anything of them except necessary official courtesies, either for themselves, or the people they may represent; while upon the other hand, if they believe in one's profession of friendship, they will "lay awake nights," so to speak, trying to think of ways to show their appreciation. This is almost a characteristic with them.

While General Dieguez could not be called an educated person, he is far from belonging to the illiterate class; he is blessed with common sense knowledge; he is a man of his word; he is a good scrapper, and will fight an adversary in the open; in short, the stuff of which he is made, excels that of Carranza, Villa, or any other Mexican revolutionary chief that I know, and I have met nearly all of them.

NOTE: I realize that this opinion of General Dieguez will not be concurred in by many; and can understand why the reader may not be able to reconcile such with my criticism of some of his acts given in my reports farther on. But in the foregoing, I speak of the man as I think I know

him, while in my reports of his acts, I chronicle savageries which would appear to be almost unpardonable.

For five years previous to the Madero revolution, General Dieguez had been confined in the fortress of Juan Uloa, a political prison near Vera Cruz where the most revolting treatments were visited upon those incarcerated there, administered by the minions of the too-much lauded Don Porfirio Diaz. He emerged from this prison, nursing deep sentiments of revenge, and as Diaz and his followers had escaped the country while General Dieguez was yet as a caged beast—as soon as he got into power and could not reach his real persecutors—he wreaked his vengeance on innocent people.

NOTE: Before perusing further the order of these chronicles, I will explain that during the remainder of my stay at Guadalajara, there were five changes of Government, and here give the order of their successions:

I. Carranza's First Administration, by Gen. Dieguez, from the time of the taking of Guadalajara from the Huertistas, July 10, to the coming of the Villistas, December 14th, 1914.

II. Villa's First Administration, from December 14th, 1914, to the return of the Carrancistas, January 18th, 1915.

III. Carranza's Second Administration, after running the Villistas out on January 18th, to February 13th, 1915, when they "vamoosed" again, at Villa's approach—his "second coming."

IV. Villa's Second Administration, from February 13th to April 18th, 1915, the Villistas evacuating at approach of Carrancista forces.

V. Carranza's Third Administration, from April 18th, 1915, to the present time.

We will now go back to the American Consulate, and see how things have progressed. Before my return, among other

acts of a very arbitrary nature, General Dieguez had levied what the natives call a "prestimo forzoso" (a forced loan).

To satisfy this decree, many Americans, in common with everybody else, had been heavily assessed, and threatened with severe penalties, in event of non-payments. This was the cause of so many flocking to the Consulate as soon as it had been reopened. The failure of the different Consuls to get relief from the operation of this edict, for their respective nationals, was one of many other reasons for their saying to me on my return, that the authorities were acting in a very arbitrary manner toward foreigners. These so-called forced loans were no less than so many pseudo-legalized robberies; those who had to pay them never expected to receive one cent in return. As to how these forced loan matters were met by the American Consulate, the following correspondence will explain and will also serve to illustrate the disposition of other cases of a similar nature so handled:

Guadalajara, Mex., Aug. 22nd, 1914.

"To His Excellency, General Manuel M. Dieguez,
Governor of the State of Jalisco, City.

"Esteemed Sir:—I have learned that your Excellency has addressed a communication to Mrs. Dolores Robling Newton, imposing on her a special extraordinary tax of thirty thousand pesos, with fines referred to in the same communication.

"I am convinced that your Excellency did not know, on issuing this communication, that the Widow Newton is an American citizen, and when this fact is made known to you, you will issue orders that this tax be not collected.

"The Widow Newton is an American citizen through having married an American citizen, formerly American Consular Agent in this city; and furthermore, in proof that she has maintained her American citizenship, the lady came to

this Consulate and registered. Her citizenship has been recognized by Washington.

"I ask that your Excellency issues orders for the no-collection of the tax referred to, and that you advise me accordingly, that I may communicate it to my Government.

"I reiterate to your Excellency assurances of my highest consideration.

"(Signed) WILL B. DAVIS,
"Americal Vice Consul."

Guadalajara, Mex., Aug. 28th, 1914.

"To Will B. Davis,
Consul of the U. S., Present:—

"Replying to your attentive note of the 22nd, I have to say, that notwithstanding the certificate of citizenship of Mrs. Dolores Robling Newton contradicts itself in several instances, I have seen fit to suspend the extraordinary war tax in her case—with others of like nature—pending the resolution of the Supreme Government of the Nation.

"I extend you assurances of my consideration.

"(Signed) MANUEL M. DIEGUEZ,
"Governor of the State of Jalisco."

On receipt of the above letter from General Dieguez, I felt sure that the controversy was practically ended, and later, had full confirmation of same, which I communicated to all interested parties.

It is hard to shoo these fellows away from grabbing other people's money when they start after it—especially when in crouch to jump upon their prey—as I found to be their attitude on my return to the Consulate.

The exemption of those under the protection of the American Consulate from the operation of this forced loan edict, deprived the local Government of several hundred thousand pesos.

CHAPTER NINE

BEING FURTHER ACCOUNTS OF THE FIRST CARRANZA-DIEGUEZ ADMINISTRATION

October 31st, 1914.

Conditions Now Prevailing in the Vicinity of Guadalajara

Since the advent of the Constitutionalista army here, all courts of justice have been closed—absolute militarism substituting.

The best informed Mexicans tell me that conditions are better in the State of Jalisco, than elsewhere in the Republic.

As a sample of the terrorism prevailing here, the case of three young Mexicans will exemplify, as follows: At a bicycle repair place, the young men in question, in a semi-jocular manner, were talking of making resistance to the present Government, and made a list of others whom they imagined would help. A secret service man reported them. All three were arrested, and summarily executed. Those whose names the young men had imprudently listed, had to flee for their lives. This occurred about ten days ago.

As to the civilian public, the feeling of disgust, and distrust, of present officialdom, is universal. Everybody express themselves as having no hope that the Mexicans will settle matters among themselves, in manner that an early return to conditions of peace may obtain.

The feeling towards Americans here is at present friendly; and as to the sentiments among Mexicans toward the Washington Government, it has grown apace in favor of Washington until all laud its past treatment of the Mexican Question now; and the middle and upper classes, who were most bitter in expressions of displeasure at what they

termed American interference in Mexican affairs formerly, now proclaim as their belief that the only hope of saving this country from a state of anarchy is in outright and thorough intervention by the United States.

There have been some recent uprisings by the Church element against the present Government in some of the outlying sections of this Consular District, but not yet of serious import, except in an indicative sense. A few churches in this city have been permitted to reopen, within the past two weeks, but only those frequented by the proletariat.

Petty robberies continue to be numerous, notwithstanding that in several instances the perpetrators were caught and shot; three having been executed yesterday, for having attempted to rob the brokerage office of American citizens, A. R. Downs & Co., at about 1:15 p. m. on the 26th. In the fray, E. R. Downs received a knife wound in left groin; so slight, however, as not to detain him from business. The would-be robbers escaped at the time, but were subsequently captured and executed.

One of the many other ways of extracting money from private parties resorted to by military officials, consists in the arrest of the individual, and after trumping up some charge against him—in one case this, in another that—and then giviing the prisoner the alternative of paying over so many thousand pesos, or being stood up and shot, at once. Paying over the money is always preferable. The same individuals have been known to have been so victimized, over and over again, by the same faction; and afterwards by other factions. No Mexican, from whom it might be thought money could be squeezed, escaped, and from the best I can judge, one faction is just as bad as the other, in the perpetration of these abominable practices.

November 5th, 1914.

An Account of Some Recent Cases, Well Authenticated, in

Further Exemplification of Actual Conditions Hereabouts

I. The case of Filemon Lepe, a Veterinary Surgeon, and general horse trader, of Guadalajara:

After Carranza's armies reached here, Filemon Lepe was employed by General Blanco, as Veterinary of his army. General Blanco carried Lepe with him when he went on to Mexico City, reaching there the last of August. Lepe returned to Guadalajara two weeks ago, bringing with him one handsome automobile and five carriages of different makes. After disporting himself about the city in the attractive automobile for a week, General Acosta, military commander of the first and fifth divisions of Mexico City, arrived at Guadalajara, and a few days thereafter, had Filemon Lepe arrested, and the automobile and coaches which Lepe had brought with him were shipped back to Mexico City. This occurred on Sunday, the 1st of November, and on the evening of that day, I was told that said Lepe had been condemned to be shot, by Military Governor, General Manuel M. Dieguez. As I had been Lepe's family physician, as well as physician to the family of his brother-in-law, Martin Calderon, I was kept well posted of the proceedings in this case. (These are the same Calderons whom we knew so well when you lived here.) The Calderon and Lepe families, and a number of their many friends exerted every influence they could bring to bear in an endeavor to save Lepe's life; and to escape the strenuous importunities of these, it was determined on Monday, the 2nd, that Lepe be sent Mexico City-ward, with General Acosta, whose special cars were to be attached to the regular train for Mexico City, afternoon of the 3rd.

This information was given to Mrs. Calderon, at 5 p. m., the 2nd, thus: While I was sitting by the side of Mrs. Calderon, in the rotunda of the Hotel Fenix, General Acosta came in, and seating himself immediately opposite Mrs. C. and myself, he told her that he had just come from an inter-

view with Governor Dieguez, and that her brother was not to be shot, but sent with him to Mexico City the next day. Seeing Mrs. Calderon's great agitation on receiving this information, and hearing her expressions of apprehension that "la ley fuga" (shooting a prisoner while pretending to carry him to some other place, and afterwards reporting he had tried to escape—a common Mexican practice) would be applied to her brother while en route, General Acosta tried to calm her by assuring her that no harm could come to her brother while under his, General A.'s care. But Mrs. C. was inconsolable, and said she would go at once to see the daughters of the old Federal Division Commander, General Clemente Villaseñor, who would accompany her on the same train on which her brother was to be taken, and that they would jointly appeal to General Blanco, chief in command of the Constitutionalista (Carranza) forces in Mexico City. This displeased General Acosta, and he accused Mrs. C. of doubting his honor. Mrs. C. answered that the life of her brother was at stake, and to save him, and his family's honor, was the only thing she had in view, and that she thought it unfair, under such circumstances, for General Acosta to assume that she could consider the question of other people's honor. The conversation soon ended, and every one went his way. I wish to say, by way of parenthesis, that I did not take any part in the conversation, and was as if not present, except that Mrs. Calderon once referred to me incidentally, as having been their and Lepe's family physician, and said that I knew Mr. L. to be an honest man. This latter I neither denied, or confirmed.

Finale:—General Acosta did not take Filemon Lepe with him towards Mexico City, but had no sooner departed from Guadalajara, than said Lepe was put at liberty, on the promise of delivering to Governor Dieguez, for the latter's private use, five head of the best horses then in the possession of said

Lepe. This I had heard from various sources, and meeting Filemon Lepe yesterday, the 4th, he confirmed the same to me!

II. **Case of a Mexican Girl, Name Unknown:**—The Clerk of this Consulate, Mr. Charles B. Corrothers, lives in a suburb of this city, in which there are as yet few houses. One day recently, at 10 a. m., the servants of the house told Mrs. Corrothers that a Carranza officer was forcibly carrying off a young Mexican girl. Mrs. C. thought that if she went out on the street where this was happening, that possibly the officer would desist; so, with all the servants of the premises, she went out and watched what was happening. The girl was crying, and begging the officer, saying that if he had any reasons to arrest her, that he take her through the streets, and not as he was forcing her, to go into fields. When the officer noticed that he was being observed by Mrs. Corrothers and her servants, he rode over to where they were, and asked them if they had never seen people before. Mrs. C. answered, yes, that they had seen many people, and were especially observing then, what he was doing with that poor girl. The officer immediately rode back toward the girl, who had taken advantage of the interruption to try to make her escape. The last seen of the girl, the officer was forcing her to accompany him, through by-ways.

III. **The Case of Twenty-five Men:**—A short time since, a number of people, men, women and children, attended religious services in the chapel of a private residence of the city. (All churches were closed at this particlar time.) As the worshippers were emerging from the building, Carranza soldiers arrested all of the men (twenty-five in number), on charges of conspiracy against the Government. Each "suspect" had to pay one thousand pesos to obtain his liberty—for having attempted to worship God, according to the dictates of his conscience. In other words, to try to hold religious

services in any manner under the then Government, was considered as an act of conspiracy. At any rate, such has been used in more than one instance, as an excuse to extract money from the civilian public.

November 5th, 1914.

Some Interesting Documentary Facts Relating to the Case of Filemon Lepe

Since closing above letter there was brought to this Consulate, by one near to Filemon Lepe, the originals of documents bearing on the case, and officially signed by General M. M. Acosta, who was Lepe's prosecutor, copies of which, with their respective translations into English, are herewith enclosed—authorizing said Lepe to bring with him, on his mission to Guadalajara, the automobile and coaches in question; and which "mission" was to sell them there for the benefit of a party whose personality is not far in the background of the ugly picture. (The Amando Lepe referred to in said documents is the father of Filemon.)

I have been told that recently there has been quite a furore in Mexico City, on account of robberies of many kinds from private citizens—especially automobiles, coaches and horses—and that Generals Blanco, Acosta and others in authority there, have been severely criticised as being responsible for them, and that fearing for their own fate after the prospective early change of Government, they are trying to clear—or white-wash—themselves in the blood of innocent people, or those inferiors in authority.

The Lepe case not only proves the intent of a superior officer, to try to have the life of an inferior—less guilty than himself—sacrificed, to save his own reputation, but also the estimate put upon human life, as compared to the value of horse flesh, in the humane conception of General Manuel M. Dieguez, Military Governor of the State of Jalisco!

Following are copies of the three orders referred to, given in full, correctly translated from the Spanish:

SEAL: Mexican Republic.

Army of the North-West.
Headquarters Cavalry
Division: Number 2657.

The "Bens" automobile, which has been at your service here, you may dispose of to take to Guadalajara, for use in the commission you carry.

The First Chief of the Cavalry Division.
Constitution and Reform
Mexico, October 11, 1914.
(Signed) M. M. ACOSTA.

To Citizen,
Filemon Lepe,
Present.

SEAL: Mexicon Republic.

Army of the North-West.
Headquarters Cavalry
Division: Number 2658.

Citizen Filemon Lepe, private employe of General Blanco, goes to Guadalajara on a mission of this General Headquarters, and it is requested of all authorities, chiefs and officials of the Constitutionalist army, that he be respected, and given all protection he may ask for.

Constitution and Reform
Mexico, October 11, 1914.
The First Chief of the Cavalry Division.
(Signed) M. M. ACOSTA.

To the Citizens,
Chief, Officers and Constitutional Authorities.

SEAL: Mexicon Republic.
Army of the North-West.
Headquarters Cavalry
Division: Number 2659.

The coaches, automobiles and horses that have been shipped to Guadalajara in cars Nos. 24394, 25850 and 25076, and which have been consigned to Mr. Amado Lepe, by order of this headquarters, and by the Military Commandante here, should be delivered by the proper parties to Mr. Lepe immediately on arrival.

Constitution and Reform
Mexico, October 11, 1914.
The First Chief of the Cavalry Division.
(Signed) M. M. ACOSTA.

To Whom It May Concern.

Could any one require stronger proofs of the justness of my indictments of Generals Acosta and Dieguez? "We should worry!"

Moreover, I was afterwards informed by Filemon Lepe, that he had been entrusted with the vehicles in question, and commissioned to bring them to Guadalajara, and sell them, for Generals Blanco and Acosta's account. But popular clamor against the many robberies in Mexico City had in the meantime grown so rife, that it was thought best to make some restitutions, and among the goods to be so returned to their proper owners, happened to be these, at the time in the possession of Filemon Lepe, while at Guadalajara, where he was trying to sell them.

It was the belief of Lepe's friends, that on account of the fact that General Acosta knew that the American Consul was advised of his behavior in this case, was the chief cause of Lepe's escape from what would have been one of the most dastardly murders ever committed by man; which

goes to show that although some people may be conscienceless in their conduct toward their fellow-beings where they may think it would never be known—nevertheless, they will shrink from doing certain things, if they fear publicity—they will skulk away from their prey at the approach of discovering light, as all thieves and murderers who hope to consummate their atrocities under the cover of darkness. Would that the acts of more of such semi-legalized banditry—which is being perpetrated all over the Republic of Mexico during these revolutions—could be brought out and kept exposed to the light of day, than it is possible for these chronicles to recount!

November 7th, 1914.

Conditions Prevailing and Actually Threatening, Hereabouts

In further prosecution of the above subject, I have to say, that although this is the most favored section of the Republic of Mexico, it is now in the vespertine stage of a succeeding day, which will bring to these people dire distress and want. While the prices of all primary articles of food, clothing, etc., have advanced para pasu with the increasing rates of foreign exchange, the wages of the people are the same as heretofore. For instance, sugar, which formerly—(when exchange was two Mexican pesos for one American dollar)—sold for 20 centavos per kilo, is now selling for 50 centavos per kilo.

The late minimum wage edict of General Dieguez has thrown thousands of laborers out of employment. On account of this edict, and the absence of "guarantias" (protection) many haciendados will not sow wheat this season—they will also abandon many other crops—and this is being done to such an extent, that conservative people here, prophesy that before the middle of 1915, actual starvation will be at the doors of thousands, who never before had experienced the pangs of hunger.

If this is a true pen-picture of the prospective economic future that threatens here, one would wonder what may be that of some sections of the northern part of the Republic; at least where, in my journey from El Paso to Aguascalientes, made about the middle of August, there could not be seen the promise of a single tortolla in the corn fields that could be observed from the windows of the railway coaches; nor a frijol, or one garbanzo. At that time I was told that the people of those sections were living on foods which had been shipped in from elsewhere. The crops from Lagos and Leon, to Guadalajara, were excellent; but this section cannot feed the whole Republic of Mexico.

Truly, the economic conditions confronting these people, promise soon to become more deplorable than any they have yet had to suffer—and the greatest sufferings will—as they always do in such cases—fall upon the poor; upon those least responsible for the conditions that have obtained in this country.

November 28th, 1914.

Correspondence With Local People, Bearing on American Interests Hereabouts

I am herewith transmitting copies of correspondences recently had concerning the doings, by armed forces with the Amparo Mining Company, Cinco Minas Company, and the Santa Efigenia Milling Company—each of which will explain itself.

Amparo Mining Co , Etzatlan, Jalisco, Nov, 26, 1914.
Will B. Davis,
American Consul,
Guadalajara, Mexico.

"Dear Sir:—On Thursday, the 24th, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a band of men, calling themselves Villistas, to the number of possibly 65, came in on this place. They sur-

rounded the mill, sending a small force to the mine—a place we call No. 2 shaft—where the principle extraction of ore takes place. My brother, Mr. William Howard, was on his way from the mill to the administration building which, as you are aware, is situated about two kilometers from the mill. He rode right into a bunch of these fellows, and was immediately made prisoner.

"The cabecilla in command, a man from Ameca by the name of Francisco Diaz, came down to the administration building, and while he behaved decently, took what money we had in the safe, amounting to 4,090 pesos; also five rifles—which were those, you will remember, that were sold to us by the United States Consul, Mr. Magill, a couple of years ago. They also took fourteen head of horses belonging to the company, and to various foreign employes. They broke into the store, and took 379 pesos from the safe, but did no looting—in fact, they spent 39 pesos of the money they had taken, in making purchases in the store! Various employes were robbed of small amounts; but otherwise the behavior of the men was rather better than would have been expected.

"Before leaving, they intimated they would send back for more money later. Would you kindly take a note of these occurrences, communicating the same to Washington, so that the matter can be brought, later, to the notice of General Francisco Villa, throug the United States representative who accompanies him?

"Our Mr. Askew may leave for Manzanillo on business for us in the next few days, and would carry any letters you might wish to send out of the country, via Pacific Mail Steamer, due at Manzanillo the 13th. Would you send us any kind of a letter, in such terms as you might consider would be useful to us; as, under existing conditions we may expect a repetition of such a visit as I have reported, for we hear of various revolutionary movements in the neighbor-

hood. You of course know the value of the five rifles, and the six rounds of ammunition, because they were bought from the American Consul; and we will send you later, a valuation on the horses. Would it be possible for you to suggest to the State Department in Washington, that the United States representative, whoever he may be, that accompanied General Villa, should ask the said Francisco Villa to send orders to this State, to respect American property? Something of the kind might help out."

(Signed) JAS. HOWARD,
General Manager.
Guadalajara, November 27th, 1914.

"Mr. Jas. Howard, General Manager Amparo Mining Co.,
Etzatlan, Jal.

"Dear Sir:—I have to say in reply to yours of the 26th, received today, that I am having copies of same made—as well as of some other letters recently received at the Consulate concerning similar complaints—for transmission to Washington by first opportunity.

"Under date of October 31st, the Department of State telegraphed me for information as to the (then) existing conditions in this vicinity, in answer to which I have written a series of some four or five dispatches, and while in these I made no pretense of relating the multitude of ugly incidents which have occurred hereabouts recently, I gave a few selected, and well authenticated cases, and a description of the general feeling, etc., which I cannot but believe conveyed to Washington as accurate a pen-picture of the economico-political situations, both present and prospective, as could well be mentally codaked of such a Pandora-box of a subject.

"As to my estimating for you the value of the guns, you must do that yourself; and to this end I am herewith enclosing a copy of Department's circular instructions on the sub-

ject. You perhaps had better wait until this cruel war is over, keeping in the meantime accurate accounts of all losses and damages at the hands of armed forces.

"(Signed), WILL B. DAVIE, Vice Consul."

"Guadalajara, November 27th, 1914.

"Mr. F. W. Oldfield, Manager Cinco Minas Co., Magdalena, Jalisco.

"Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find copies of correspondence which I have recently had with the Governor of this State, regarding contents of your letter to this Consulate, which was dated November 19th. I would infer from the Governor's reply to my communication, that he has no intention of making good the amount (960 pesos), that you were compelled to deliver to Captain Perez. I suggest, therefore, that you include this amount in your claims for damages sustained by your company during these war times.

"(Signed), WILL B. DAVIS, Vice Consul.

"Amatlan de Canas, November 19, 1914.

"Will B. Davis, American Consul, Guadalajara, Mexico.

"My Dear Sir:—Can you tell me if peace has been declared? Every one here says so, and for my own personal safety, and that of my wife, I would like to know the truth, if possible.

"I have opened all branches of my work, but we have no protection at all; and if I can't have protection, then I will close all work down, and go to Guadalajara.

"On the 11th of the present month, the people in this town rose up against the Carranza Government, killed the Commandante, and gave the Prefect so many hours to leave town; and owing to this, we have no authorities in power here at present. Last evening, at 5 P. M., the crowd that raised up here for Villa, came in with a force they had gath-

ered together at Ameca, and it was only a few moments until one of them came for my pistol, which I did not give up; and presently, along came two more, for my pistol and horse; and as my horse had died last Sunday, I told them it lay dead down on the Plaza—if they wanted it. Well, very shortly another hombre came and said his Captain wanted to see me on business at the Meson, and I told him to tell his Jefe to come to my house; but he sent again and said to excuse him, that he was very busy, and for me to come to the Meson. So I went along with my wife, as I could not leave her at home alone, owing to having no confidence in this class of people. We were received with respect, and have nothing to complain of as to their conduct. The Captain wanted to know if I wished to help them out with a loan, and for which he would give me his receipt, which would serve me as an order on General Villa, then at Aguascalientes. I gave them ten pesos as I knew the Captain personally. He is an Amatlan man—as well as several of his soldiers, who have worked for me.

"Here is the question: There will be outside gangs coming in, whom I may not know, and if Villa cannot give protection, as he said he would to Americans, then I want to get out. I shall hope to hear from you soon. But if peace has been declared, then why can't we have a force of soldiers out here? This has always been a very bad place; and a strong jefe should be sent out here, with no less than 50 soldiers to keep order, as a force of 10 or 12 gendarmes cannot keep law and order in this town; for it has been tried several times, and each time they have been run out.

"(Signed), J. B. MULHALL."

"Guadalajara, November 23rd, 1914.

"Mr. J. B. Mulhall, Amatlan de Canas, Territory of Tepic.

"Dear Sir:—Replying to yours of the 19th, I have to say

that we are compelled, from this view-point, to try to observe what is going on through as highly obscured mediums as you are yourself reduced to at Amatlan de Canas; for we have not had any mail from Mexico City for over two weeks, and no telegraphic communcation. If I were to advise you under these circumstances, it would be as the blind leading the blind, for our facilities for finding out what may be happening beyond the bridge of our respective noses are equally unsatisfactory.

"(Signed), WILL B. DAVIS, Vice Consul."

"December 12, 1914.

Condition of Affairs at Guadalajara, while this Section has been isolated

"We have been cut off from communication with the outside world ever since the 16th of November, that having been the last day that a through-train reached here. I have inquired at the telegraph office daily to ascertain if a telegram could be sent, but without favorable results. Quiet has reigned to a remarkable degree under the circumstances.

"Americans have not been molested, nor do they apprehend any special danger. We have been expecting that the Villa forces would reach Guadalajara soon, but the time is becoming long drawn out. Inasmuch as at any time I have not felt in personal danger, I have remained at my post, and been enabled to help out in several cases of American interests, and serve as a sort of moral stay to the Americans here, keeping in mind the State Department's instructions, leaving certain matters to my personal discretion. Various rumors have been fabricated almost daily, the most amusing of which was set afloat by a fake telegram, which was generally believed by the Mexicans, and which reads as follows:

"'Japanese Steamer "Itzuma," 12-8-1914, off Chamela, via Manzanillo.

"'I, Yoshito, Micado of Japan, the Empire of the Rising Sun, and the Chrisanthymum, in the name of the Almighty, do declare war to the American Republics of the United States and Mexico, for offenses and injuries committed by citizens of both countries to Japanese residents in the Western coasts of North America. I also hereby declare, that our fleet will be sent to Manzanillo to take that place by blood and fire, and land our army which will force its march inland to the Capitol and plant our glorious flag on the ancient palaces of the Moctezumas.

'NIPON BANZE, (Signed), K. IKEDA, Rear Admiral.'

"As ludicrous as the Japanese canard appeared upon its face, the Mexican public—without regard to class—believed it to be bona fide; only they could not understand why Japan was going to make war on Mexico when the latter had always proved herself to be so pro-Japanese and anti-American! To try to convince them that the telegram was only a fake, was to waste so much time. Of course, it was true; and some went so far as to say the telegram had been traced down and proven to have come through perfectly reliable channels!

A party of three women and a man came to my room at 3:15 this morning; and when awake—the lights having already been turned on by the servant admitting them—I saw all three of the women on their knees, with their hands extended in imploring attitudes, and as in one voice, beseeching me "for the love of God, and the Virgin Mary," to intercede with the Governor on behalf of their husbands, who had been condemned to be shot at 6 A. M. The women were ordinarily clad, but the man was a well dressed person. When I explained to them why I could not intermeddle in such matters, the man insisted that I do so on grounds of humanity. They

went away seemingly much dissatisfied and joined in a common chorus of, "¡qué hombre de corazón empedrenado!" (What a man, with a heart of stone!)

The women had told me that the German Consul had promised to intercede for the lives of the husbands. My answer was that I did not know how the German Government viewed such matters, but was sure that my Government would censure any of its representatives should they so meddle in purely Mexican affairs. I spoke to the German Consul at noon, that day, when he confirmed to me the statement of the women as to his promise to intercede, and which he had undertaken to do, as he said, at 5, that morning.

I asked him with what result, and he answered that the men had been executed at 2 o'clock—just three hours before he reached General Dieguez. This was one hour before the women had called on me!! I afterwards learned that the men in question had for years been notorious criminals and had been outlawed by all of the local Governments, of whatever faction, which would imply that they must have been very bad hombres indeed; and this went far in relieving my feelings of distress at being debarred from trying to do something to alleviate the unhappiness of the three bereft and widowed women.

Thus endeth my account of the First Term of the Dieguez Administration.

CHAPTER TEN

BEING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF A SHORT INTERREGNUM

"December 15th, 1914.

The Evacuation of Guadalajara by the Carranzistas

Before entering on an account of the First Term of the Villa Administration, I will tell you about how Guadalajara conducted herself during an interregnum—the time elapsing between the abandonment of the city by the Carrancistas and the entrance of the Villistas:

I transmit herewith copies of General Dieguez' edict, issued just before leaving Guadalajara. The edict was simply a farce; but it gave the Dieguez Government an excuse to sack the Palace, and some of the other Government buildings, before departing, under the guise of moving the seat of Government from Guadalajara to Ciudad Guzman, about half way between here and Manzanillo, on the line of the Mexican Central R. R.

Learning of the departure of the Carranzista forces, which occurred early yesterday morning, I went to the Palace, but found it closed. I then went to the Ayuntamiento (City Hall) building, where I met Señor Louis Castellanos, Presidente of the Ayuntamiento (City Council), and he informed me that he had been charged by the departing Governor with the management of affairs until the arrival of the Villista forces, then some fifty miles out, at, or near, Ocotlan, where their progress towards Guadalajara had been delayed on account of the destruction of a bridge which the Carranzistas had effected before retreating from there. He admitted the delicacy of the situation, saying that there were

but a few city policemen available, and that there was not any money on hand to pay a force, because Governor Dieguez had demanded the last cent in the city treasury before leaving.

He agreed to calling a general meeting of the representative citizens, including the Consular corps, at the Ayuntamiento building for 4 P. M., that day, to advise as to the best measures to be taken for the protection of the city until the Villista forces could arrive, and he insisted on my attending said meeting. I attended, but did not take active part in the proceedings. (Everybody, without regard to nationality, were interested in the maintainance of peace and order during this interim.) At the meeting a committee of five representative citizens were named and given powers to provide for public safety, and were guaranteed ample funds to defray all expenses. All who could offer their services for police duty were requested to report by 6 P. M. at their respective Comisarias (police stations) with such arms as they might have, where each would receive written authority to act, and would be duly assigned; and it was agreed that any one pretending to patrol the city after that hour, who could not produce such written authority, was to be arrested. Up to the present moment, 5 P. M., 15th, complete queit has reigned in the city and business houses, which were all closed throughout yesterday, are opening their doors again. During all of yesterday the people were in a panicky state. I advised Americans to maintain calm attitudes—for each to conduct himself as if he felt secure—and not to display the country's colors, as other nationals were doing, but to be ready at a moment's notice, to close up everything tight, and then raise the colors. In the meantime I had three automobiles with good chauffeurs ready to fly over the city and warn all Americans to come to the Consulate. This I could have accomplished in a very short space of time with the aid of my ready-prepared

list of every American citizen, which I always keep on hand, though I really did not expect to have to use it on this occasion.

A commission is out at present to try to reach the Villistas and to urge them to the city at the earliest possible moment, but as yet it has not succeeded. Nor have we been able to learn who is in command of the Villistas, or who has been commissioned by the Villista President, Gutierrez, (at least who was Provisional President the last time we heard anything from the outside world,) to be Governor of this State.

From this time on, I will note down happenings as they may occur, and forward by first opportunity, together with other mail already accumulated. We have had no trains for some time except purely military convoys.

Thus the city of Guadalajara had the only opportunity in her long history, perhaps, of posing as a pure and unadulterated "Miss Democracy," even for so short a period of time. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the profound sense of insecurity felt by her whole population, she was never more well behaved, if we are to judge from the absence of infractions of the peace and well being of the community, than during the entire time of the interregnum. Volunteer guardsmen, afoot and mounted, policed every part of the city day and night. Every hour of the night sounds of horses' hoofs resounded upon the pavements as the mounted patrols were passing, and at frequent intervals cries of "All's well" could be heard as word was passed from beat to beat by the amateur infantry police on guard. All was well, because the civilian population had taken matters into their own hands for the time—but the contingency had been forced upon them. What if the true taxpaying citizens of Mexico should try this experiment for longer periods of time and on a larger scale?—ah, that would be a revolution worth while!

NOTE: The following was not written until February 2d, 1915. It refers to occurrences which transpired during the time we are now treating of, and anticipates a little in its references to General Dieguez's return to Guadalajara. We nevertheless think this is the more proper place to insert it.

February 2d, 1915.

The Behavior of Some of the Consular Corps When General Dieguez Evacuated Gladalajara.

During the change from Carranza to Villa Governments here, about six weeks ago, several Consular representatives offered their services to the citizens' committee, to go out and conduct General Villa into the city. The committee made quite a show and created a sensation, splurging about the city in automobiles under white flags before leaving for Octolan, where it expected to meet General Villa. I was much annoyed by both Americans and Mexicans, at the time, by questions as to why I did not go. My answer was, that if any of them would give me a good reason why I should have gone, I would undertake to give my reasons for why I did not go.

General Dieguez has since returned, and is very much displeased with the reception accorded to General Villa when he, Dieguez, felt obliged to evacuate the city. Both foreigners, and natives, are well convinced now that I did not make a mistake when I declined to accept spectacular honors upon the approach of General Villa.

Just after the adjournment of the citizens' meeting as described in my letter dated December 15, I overheard a conversation between the British Vice Consul and another, and suspecting something of what was on the tapis, I asked about it. I was answered that a committee of foreign consuls were to be appointed by Señor Castellanos to go out

and conduct General Villa into Guadalajara, and was assured that I would be one of the consuls selected. I prohibited the use of my name in connection with such a scheme, and declared that if I were named on such a committee I would not act—and that I did not wish the embarrassment to be forced upon me of having to decline the honor after Señor Castellanos may have requested me to so act. I was surprised at the eagerness with which some sought to be named on such a committee, but felt that I should not say more—or do more—than keep my own skirts clear from joining such a delegation. I felt sure than the idea of sending out a corps of foreign representatives to conduct General Villa into Guadalajara had not originated with Señor Castellanos; at the same time I could also understand that he could not well have refused such an offer after it had been tendered by the Consuls.

When the Consuls returned to Guadalajara I inquired of them about their interview with General Villa, etc. They informed me that when they had introduced themselves to General Villa, and made their mission known to him, the first question which he asked them was why some of the Mexicans had not accompanied them; and that after they had explained to him that they had been appointed by the Presidente Municipal, he then asked them why the American Consul did not come.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST TERM OF THE VILLA ADMINISTRATION

December 19, 1914.

The entrance of General Francisco Villa into Guadalajara was a march of triumph. He, with his advance guard, progressed from the railroad station to the palace with all the glamour of a conquering hero—not omitting a profusion of brass band accompaniments.

All Guadalajara was out to welcome him, the proletariat along the streets and the upper classes from their balconies kept up a continual din of "Viva Mexico!" while literally covering General Villa and staff with confetti and varicolored serpentines all along their way of march. Every church bell in the city (and there were hundreds) intoned welcomes—men, women and children of all classes seemed beside themselves in giving expression to their ecstacies of joy. Hardly a building but displayed national colors in profusion—no one was ever more universally, unreservedly, enthusiastically and demonstratively welcomed to a community than was General Francisco Villa on this, his first entrance into Guadalajara.

Who is this man Villa? It would be superfluous here to undertake to tell.

NOTE: As to my personal opinion of him, the reader might gather an idea by turning to my letter dated April 28th, 1915, under "An Account of a Few of the Many Assassinations by the Villiastas," and especially to that part of same which tells of "The Case of Joaquin Cuesta." I should not wish to put into writing my opinion of such an unconscionable bandit and monstrous assassin.

December 19, 1914.

Something of What General Francisco Villa Has Done Since Establishing His Government Here.

I consider General Villa's manner of dealing with "la gente decente" (the better classes) too interesting to not report of it to you.

In my letter dated 17th, the last paragraph read: "The general public are rejoiced at the arrival of General Villa," and they were, not that they loved him so much, but because they had learned to distrust and despise General Dieguez more.

Yesterday, 18th, General Villa requested a meeting of the representative citizens be held, ostensibly to receive suggestions, etc., as to their opinions on how the newly established Government should be conducted. I did not attend the meeting, but about 5 P. M. I sauntered out towards the Ayuntamiento building, where it was to have begun at 4 P. M., and had to wait only a few minutes on the outside until the audience began to pour into the street.

It was evident that the meeting had been numerously attended by the wealthier citizens and, I judged from the expressions on their countenances, that they were very much pleased with the result. I learned that the proceedings at the meeting were, substantially, as follows: General Villa addressed the gathering, saying that he had been charged by his enemies as having been a robber bandit, etc., but that there never was a word of truth in any such—that it was his aim to restore peace and order to the Republic—that this once established it was his desire to retire to private life; but he warned them that a Government maintained for the rich classes exclusively was forever at an end—that this was as sure as that God reigned in heaven—and that the history of the guillotine in Paris would be as nothing compared

to what might be in store for them if this was not so—that he needed for immediate purposes one million pesos, and that the wealthy citizens must produce it in proportion as the Administration de Rentas (Department of Taxes) would at once make known to them, respectively. Asked if he referred to the State of Jalisco, or only to the city of Guadalajara, he replied that he expected this first million pesos solely from the citizens of Guadalajara. Also, when asked if it must all come from the Mexicans, he told them yes; and that if any foreigners were present, they had come either of their own volition or by invitation from mistaken Mexicans.

I met a Mexican friend on the Plaza de Armas last night who had complained to me of having had to pay, by similar assessment, ten thousand pesos to the Carrancista Government a short time before, and I asked him how much of the Villa million would fall to his lot. He answered: "No es más que otro chingada intentada para echarnos á la calle!" (It is only one more effort to throw us, penniless, on the street), omitting the vulgar seasoning from the translation.

General Medina has been regularly installed Governor. I have not met him yet, though I called on General Villa yesterday. He received me very cordially.

January 5th, 1915.

I have had occasions to meet General Medina with frequency since my letter of December 19. Of people whom I have known to have been elevated to positions disparagingly beyond their merits—and I had seen many such examples in my own country as well as in Mexico—this General Medina is the freak of them all.

Heavens!—the change from the old Diaz regime to the Carranza hoodlums was bad enough, but to have to treat with this thing—this ignoramus—this untutored Indian—how can it be done?

General Medina had formerly been a mechanic. But

when speaking of tradesmen, in Mexican parlance, one must not think to compare them with the intelligent American craftsman—oh, no, that would never do.

General Medina looks the Indian—General Medina acts Indian—General Medina is an Indian—and, worst of all, an untutored Indian.

But I will say for General Medina that I believe his intentions are good—that if he knew how, he would do better—but he doesn't know how to conduct the affairs of State. He doesn't fit. He could not rise to the office, and to bring the office to his level would be like unto a return to the times of the North American aboriginees, with their moccasin and tepee settings and tom-tom accompaniments—figuratively speaking.

January 10, 1915.

I have not been able, so far, to get General Medina to do anything towards the restoration of an automobile, and a number of horses and mules, taken from American citizens. He answers my letters with very positive expressions of a desire to furnish protection to all foreigners, but I have not been able to get him to issue an order for the restoration of anything, as General Villa did on similar cases while here.

I reminded Governor Medina of General Villa's promptness in responding to my requests, but not anything, it seems, makes an impression on him. I could furnish you with copies of a lot of correspondence between this Consulate and Governor Medina, but the above statement gives the import of them all. I do not think that the most optimistically inclined could discern anything encouraging in the present situation. All the raised hopes on the part of the public at a change from the Carrancista to the Villista Government have vanished. The civilian public is like as unto a flock of sheep—to be preyed upon, and it is fast coming to the conclusion that the particular brand of the wolf does not alter

their fate. Hence, a state of as thorough demoralization exists here as could be imagined.

January 16, 1915.

Recent Military Movements Hereabouts—Their Effect On the Public; and Present Status of Affairs.

All of yesterday, 15th, this city of 200,000 population, was in a state of extreme tension. The Carrancistas, headed by the late Governor, General Dieguez, were waging an aggressive fight to re-enter Guadalajara—their forces had reached near enough to enable all here to hear the cannonading, some miles out. They were being held back by the Villistas under General Medina.

The Dieguistas were more numerous and better equipped than the Villistas, but had not succeeded in bringing up their main forces to the battle front. The Villistas, recognizing their inferiority, as matters stood—and though hoping for re-enforcements—were actively preparing to evacuate, or be ready to leave towards Irapuato last night, in case promised re-enforcements did not arrive. All the early part of the afternoon of yesterday, what soldiers had been left in the city were moving to the railroad station, where trains were waiting to carry them to La Junata, the junction of the Manzanillo and Irapuato branches, some five miles out, where all the military trains of the Villistas were assembled.

I learned that all Government employees had gone out to La Junta in the morning, as it had been said that General Dieguez would re-enter Guadalajara on the 15th, when he would proceed to hang, in the Plaza de Armes, every man who had served the Villista Government in any capacity, as well as many others who had openly manifested their sympathies for said faction—not sparing any, except some of the common soldiers. As a result of this, yesterday's train for Mexico City was packed by private citizens—those of the

better class—beyond standing room, the overflow climbing on the roofs of the cars. An American friend told me that there must have been at least 150 persons riding on top of the cars when the train went out. At 3:30 in the afternoon, seeing what I took to be the last contingent of the Villa soldiers marching to the station, I paid close attention. There were about 300 in line, but not over one-third carried arms. Those who had arms did not have any ammunition in sight, a thing which the Mexican soldier seems very fond of displaying—when he has it. They all appeared sad, rather cast down in spirit.

At 4 o'clock I sent the Consulate messenger, a Mexican employee, to the station to ascertain the import of the movements that were going on, as I felt that the body of troops just mentined was not going out to fight. In the meantime, I made an observation reconnoiter to the Palace, the Archbishopric (which latter had been converted into a military barracks) and to Carmen barracks. All these places were deserted, except for the presence of an occasional looker-on. I accosted a young Mexican who was passing on a bicycle, and he told me that he had just finished a round of all the military barracks of the city and that he had found them all abandoned.

The Consulate messenger returned from his mission soon after I had arrived at the Consulate and told me that he had overheard a Captain say that if re-enforcements should not reach Guadalajara before the following morning, the Villistas would be entrained for Irapuato. I then made another reconnoiter to ascertain the feeling among the citizenry. The streets were all well populated and extreme apprehension was apparent in the countenances of everybody.

I had only just returned to the Consulate after my second observation tour, when I saw coming from toward the railroad station the same body of troops which I had

seen going out some two hours before. When they passed this time they seemed to be in great spirits. I sent the messenger out to learn the why of this apparent change. He soon returned and told me that General Medina had received a telegram from General Villa urging him to hold Guadalajara at any cost—that ample re-enforcements were on the way and would arrive during the night—he himself following these re-enforcements with an army of ten thousand. This was about 5 P. M.

During these several days of tension there has been music by some of the military bands in the Plaza de Armes every night from 7 to 9. I hardly expected there would be music on the plaza last night, but there was. I went down to the plaza. The Palace was lighted and the regular contingent of guards were on duty at all the entrances to the building. At 7:30 General Medina, accompanied by his staff, appeared on the central balcony of the Palace and, as best he could (he is an uneducated man), addressed the large concourse of people, assuring them that there was no cause for alarm—that before the bandit (referring to General Dieguez) who was attempting to return and persecute them reached the city, he would have to do it over his (General Medina's) dead body, etc., etc. This all sounded good to his hearers. He was heartily cheered. The band in the plaza played the "Diana" (the same which I had before heard in the bull-ring when a matador had acquitted himself to the approval of the audience) and afterward the air of the Mexican National Hymn, when all hats went off.

It was a little cool on the plaza that evening, and on finding myself sneezing soon after taking off my own hat, I made for my hotel without delay. I was afterwards told that no further demonstrations took place. Feelings of greater confidence are manifested everywhere this morning, 16th.

It is reported that General Angeles arrived during the

night with ample artillery, and that at 3 A. M. General Villa with an army of 10,000 troops passed Penjamo, about 150 miles distant. He should, therefore—if reports are correct—reach Guadalajara or La Junta by noon. But it is now 12 M., and I have not heard of the arrival of General Villa, nor do I know if there was any truth in the report that General Angeles had arrived last night. In his speech last night, though General Medina did not refer to expected re-enforcements, or to any move made that afternoon toward evacuating the city, some re-enforcements must have arrived from somewhere—and there could be no doubts about arrangements having been made for evacuating Guadalajara, whether by order of General Medina or not.

January 19, 1915.

Retaking of Guadalajara by General Dieguez and His Reentrance Into the City.

I have been unable to get any mail out, or telegraph, for some days. From appearances, all mail received lately has been tampered with—there can be no doubt about it. Therefore, I shall not entrust anything to these mails until greater security is promised; but will continue chronicling happenings and forward as soon as it may be done with safety, by private means as far as the border, at least.

During Saturday, 16th, and Sunday, 17th, comparative quiet reigned, though there were numerous skirmishes between the advanced columns of the contending forces; but at the break of day, this Monday morning, 18th, the Dieguistas had approached to within five miles of Guadalajara, and fighting has been in progress all along the lines up to the present writing, 12 M. The battle can be observed through field glasses from the roof of the Fenix Hotel— the tallest building in the city—and from the Country Clubhouse, located on an elevation in West End Colony. It is now the

general belief that the Villistas will win; but this may be only the offspring of the wish. It is reported that a large body of the Villistas have gotten around to the rear of the Carrancistas to prevent the escape of the latter towards Sayula, their present base. This also may be only rumor—the atmosphere is surcharged with rumors of all kinds.

The Villistas, while being well supplied with artillery and men, are said to be short of ammunition for small arms. The Carrancistas are reported as well supplied with arms and ammunition of all kinds, and to be 14,000 strong. The Villistas claim to have been re-enforced to about an equal number. Three P. M. No positive information, but from most reliable accounts the Carrancistas are gaining. Four P.M. About 100 uniformed but unarmed soldiers, with their quota of officers, are just passing from the station towards the Palace. They look very much dispirited. I was told that they were two artillery corps, from whom the Carrancistas had captured four cannon and six rapid-fire guns, and that their present mission was to get more artillery and return to the front. Cannonading can now be heard almost continually from all parts of the city. Evidently, the Carrancistas are getting near Guadalajara.

5 P. M.—Holdups are being reported from all parts of the city. I have just succeeded, through the Commandante of the Plaza, in ridding the house of A. R. Downs of bandits. This is the second time within the past ten days that I have had to do this for the Downs home. 5:30 P. M.—Hearing a commotion on the street, I stepped to the balcony of the Consulate and find everybody—citizens and soldiers—running from the station toward the center of the city. An American friend came into the Consulate while I was writing the above paragraph, with cravat and collar in hand. He related that he had just seated himself in a barber's chair for a shave, when a yell, "The Carrancistas are coming," was heard, and

everything went wild—"bughouse"—as he expressed it—and he had to come away without a shave. The merchants are barricading their doors and windows. Everybody is racing to get within doors. 5:20 P. M.—I closed the Consulate and went to my hotel, from the roof of which could be observed nearby movements. The before-mentioned alarm was not false—the Villa soldiers at San Pedro, three miles out, had been driven in by the Carrancista Cavalry.

When I reached the roof of the hotel, a large body of cavalry could be seen coming from toward San Pedro, via Agua Azul, a mile out. Also smoke could be seen and cannonading heard in the direction of the Sierras near La Junta junction. Evidently the railroad line from there towards Mexico City is in the hands of the Carrancistas. 5:30 P. M., the Carrancistas are closing in on the Villistas—the advance column of cavalry that was approaching from the direction of San Pedro, is now hidden from view by the groves about Agua Azul—yet a continuous rattle of musketry and rapid-fire guns can be heard from that direction.

Soldiers in the streets of Guadalajara are in a panic—running in every direction—and apparently to try to keep up their spirits, are yelling "Viva Villa!" But it is clearly to be seen that the Villistas have lost. 5:50 P. M.—Two long trains, pulling out from La Junta, in the direction of Ameca, the only avenue of escape now left by rail, can be seen distinctly, with the appearance of heavy fusilladings directed at the retreating trains from artillery planted along the foothills beyond. 6 P. M.—Firing can be heard from, in and about the railroad station, six blocks from the Palace. 6:10 P. M.—Everybody retires from the roof of the hotel, and by the time they reached the lower floors, firing could be heard in the nearby streets; first only occasional shots, soon to be succeeded by volleys from every direction. 6:20 P. M.—Columns of Carrancista cavalry and infantry are seen filling the

streets, coming, apparently, from everywhere. 6:30 P. M.—A general fusillade of musketry and rapid-fire arms apparently scattered all over the city—can be heard. This was kept up while the soldiery were rushing everywhere—until about 8:30 P. M. Our only means of distinguishing the Carrancistas from the Villistas and vice versa, is by their battle cries—one, "Viva Villa!" the other, "Viva Carranza!" One would have expected that the streets would have been strewn with the dead, of either side. Shortly after 8:30 P. M., the firing having ceased except for occasional outbreaks here and there, I went to supper. The dining room of the hotel is on the ground floor and separated from the rotunda in front by glass screens, so that one may, while eating, observe the movements on the street immediately outside. I had scarcely taken a seat, when General Murgia and staff came in and ordered supper. Observing that an American-looking fellow was with them, I motioned to him to come to my table. He told me that the battle had been practically decided ever since 3 o'clock that afternoon. While he was relating to me the particulars of the battle, two rifle shots were heard from the street immediately in front of the hotel. At this, the American sprang up and went to the door. Returning directly he told me that General Murgia's guards had shot a Villa soldier. After supper, I went out to see, and sure enough there was a dead soldier lying on the pavement, already stripped of hat, shoes, coat and pantaloons.

I soon retired for the night. Desultory firing could be heard from time to time from different parts of the city up to the time I went to sleep, which was at 11:30. The death of the soldier in front of the hotel occurred thus: As he was passing in front of the hotel, he was hailed by General Murgia's guards with, "Quien vive?" The soldier answered, "General Villa!"—pum! pum! and he was dead.

January 20, 1915.

The city is fairly quiet. Business seems suspended for the present—all mercantile houses are yet closed. Groups of all classes are visiting different sections of the city today to view the dead in the streets, which, while not so numerous as might have been expected, judging from the amount of shooting heard yesterday afternoon and evening, is quite enough—some 150—all yet lying where they were killed, and stripped of everything not too badly damaged for use. All during the morning hours today column after column of troops—principally cavalry—were to be seen moving along the streets leading to the various barracks of the city. General Dieguez, with his rear forces, is expected to enter this afternoon. 3:30 P. M.—The corpse of the soldier who was killed in front of the Fenix Hotel last evening, has just been removed. General Dieguez entered the city about 5 P. M., going immediately to the Palace, from the center balcony of which he addressed the people, saying, in substance, that the wealthy of this community were to be "diezmado" (meaning decimated—tithed out of existence, or reduced to the level of the already poor)—that they were the real enemies and traitors of the country, etc., etc., and that the Church was to be shorn of all its former prestige and wealth—that it had already been used too long, in conjunction with the oppressions of the wealthy classes, to keep the poor native in a state of helpless ignorance, and to cheat him out of his God-given rights.

I did not hear the speech myself, but was told that this was the substance of it, by several intelligent Mexicans—and they expressed great alarm for what might be in store for the "gente decente" (middle and upper classes) of the community.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE CARRANCISTA REIGN OF TERROR DURING DIEGUEZ'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION

NOTE: I am transposing this chapter's letters as to dates, because they treat of the times, and are more related to, what is immediately in hand:

February 2d, 1915.

More About the Recent Behavior of the Foreign Consular Corps.

I have recently been the recipient of many congratulations, both from Mexicans and Americans, on account of my conduct during the change from the Carrancista to the Villista Government here, when several Consular representatives offered their services to the Citizens' Committee to conduct General Villa into the city.

General Dieguez is now back and full of ire at the manner of General Villa's reception. He is wrathy at the preferences which were shown for Villa and is putting into effect the threats he made against all who manifested same.

If he had stopped at the persecution of his active enemies, he might not have been so censurable—but he went farther—he went too far.

He is visiting vengeance upon the heads of every one who had worked in any capacity under the Villistas. All employees who had served in any of the Government departments are marked for execution. Every one who had served the municipality of Guadalajara are blacklisted unto death. Those who had served in the federal telegraph offices are to be persecuted to their graves. Railroad employees who had

aided in running trains for the public are shot wherever found. And all suspected private citizens, whether in business of any kind, or in retirement, are to be assassinated. The majority of those so banned had served, in their respective capacities, under all preceding Governments before that of Villa; and of course as these services were, and had been, their several modes of gaining livelihoods, they kept on at their work after the Villistas came, not dreaming that they were thereby digging their own graves! To give an account of all the hundreds—perhaps thousands—of executions and assassinations that are the order of the day—and night—would be to draw too harrowing a picture. I will, therefore, confine myself in further references to what was commonly known as "The Dieguez Reign of Terror," to only mention enough cases to sufficiently portray the state of affairs as they really existed.

February 19th, 1915.

A Few Well Authenticated Cases of Assassinations of Entirely Innocent People During the Dieguez Reign of Terror Here.

From the time of the retaking of Guadalajara by General Dieguez, on the 18th of January, to that of his evacuation, on the 12th of February, not to mention the summary executions of a great number of so-called political suspects, at least murdered under such pretexts and without the semblance of trials, there were many innocent people deliberately assassinated by the soldiery on most every street of this city, which the following very few, but well authenticated cases, will exemplify:

The Case of a Young Lover.—American citizen, S. S. Gates, whom I have known as a man of truth and veracity, says: "On the night of February 6th, between 9 and 10

o'clock, I saw from my window and heard the following: A young Mexican gentleman, aged about 18 years, was standing on the pavement of Gardin Botanica street, engaged in talking to his sweetheart through the grated window of her house—a nightly performance which I had observed had been going on for some time before—when four soldiers, who were standing on the opposite side of the street called to him. The young man went over to them at once. They asked him the time of the night. He answered them that he did not have a watch. At this juncture a Captain came up and asked what was going on. I could not hear what the soldiers answered, but did hear distinctly the Captain say, 'Take him in and shoot him!' The young lover fell to his knees and begged for his life, saying, among other things, 'I am only a clerk in a store, and I have never had anything to do with politics. I come every night from 9 to 10 to see my sweetheart, who lives there (pointing to the house), which I had been doing long before you people came to Guadalajara,' etc. The Captain grasped him by the collar of his coat; the soldiers prodded him with their bayonets, and he was thus literally forced and dragged into a nearby cuartel (barracks) and in a few moments I heard the discharge of a volley of carbines and felt sure that the young lover had been executed. He has never been seen or heard of since. The next morning I went to where this street scene was enacted the night before, and could trace the route that the young fellow had been dragged over, all the way to the entrance of the cuartel, by blood-stains left along the way." I learned from investigations afterwards made that what the young fellow had told the Captain was true, and besides, that he was a semi-invalid.

The Case of Two Mexican Laborers.—A Mr. Thornton, manager of the Guadalajara Packing House—an American citizen, whom I personally know to be thoroughly reliable—

said: "At a little after 1 P. M., on the 31st of January, after some Carrancista soldiers had finished demolishing a house not far from the Packery, where some Villistas were supposed to be, killing all within (22 men, women and children), two of my laborers started home for their dinners, going across the commons. They had progressed only a short distance from the packing house, when the Carrancista soldiers fired on them, killing one outright and wounding the other so that he fell to the ground. After waiting some time, a number of employees ventured out in a body to where the victims were. Seeing them, an officer and some soldiers also came to the spot. The laborers explained to the soldiers that the two men in question had long been regular employees of the packing house and had never been known to take part in political affairs, and begged that they might remove the wounded man to the packery, where they would call a physician to dress his wounds. The officer gave them no answer, but turning to his soldiers said, 'Finish him with a "tiro de gracia," whereupon one of the soldiers placed the muzzle of a mauser against the forehead of the wounded laborer and blew his brains out."

The Case of a Laborer on Hidalgo Street.—A Mexican, who was educated in the United States, entirely responsible and occupying an important position (but whose name I do not give for obvious reasons) relates: "On the 20th of January, on Hidalgo street, one of the principal streets of Guadalajara, while a laboring man was crossing said street with some wood on his shoulder he was accosted by a Carrancista soldier who accused him of being a Villista. The laborer answered that he was not—that he was a working man and was trying to make a living for his family, who lived in a little house just around the corner. The soldier replied: 'You look like a Villista anyhow,' and with that raised his carbine and shot the man to death. I heard and saw it all."

I could continue to relate similar cases ad infinitum—ad nausium—but I have not had the time to procure such witnesses to others, especially now, while all Mexicans refuse to give testimony, even secretly or confidentially. Many innocent people were killed during actual fighting, during battles in this city, both intentionally and accidentally, but the cases referred to in this were not of such nature.

I afterwards learned that the assassination of the young lover mentioned above was brought about because his sweetheart had persistently scorned the attentions paid her by the officer in question, and that the officer in this manner avenged his wounded pride on both the lovers. Was anything ever done about it? Oh, no; nothing at all. Neither of the families of the lovers would have dared to make a complaint, nor would anyone else. Had any such attempt been made by a Mexican—it would not have mattered what his standing—such accuser would have been turned over to a firing platoon, marched to the cemetery and shot at the brink of some one of the many yawning holes in the ground that had already been prepared for bold meddlers in the affairs of these noble military emancipators of the poor Mexican people!—their palladins of liberty and justice!!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE DIEGUEZ REIGN OF TERROR—CONTINUED

February 2d, 1915.

The Prevailing Terrible State of Affairs Causes the Consular Corps to Intercede.

I have to say, in further pursuance of the subject of former letters, that surface appearances throughout Wednesday, 20th, indicated comparative quiet; yet I was informed that several executions had taken place. It is difficult to ascertain the number, for the corpses were to be found in different parts of the city and some of the victims are said to have been marched first to the cemetery for execution.

I am very reliably informed that on the 20th there was a general sacking of the suburban town of San Pedro, three miles out, reached by electric car line, and that sixteen of that population of about five thousand were killed, including the hanging of one priest. The sacking and killing was done by Carranza soldiers.

I was awake on the night of the 20th-21st, at 2 A. M., for half an hour, and I counted as many as 25 rifle shots from different parts of the city during the time. On the morning of the 21st, I heard of as many as a half dozen corpses found on the streets, three in the Alameda (park) and three others hanging near the Escuela de Artes (School of Arts), in the western part of the city—some respectably dressed, and some belonging to the peon elment.

Governor Dieguez had issued a number of very arbitrary edicts—one demanding the immediate delivery of all firearms to the Commandante Militar, with the penalty of death to any one found in the possession of firearms of any kind

ten days after date of said edict. If a reign of terror is not in existence here, I do not know what the term means. The people of all nationalities are completely terrorized.

For instanc, a body of soldiers visited the residence of Carlos Corrothers, present Consulate Clerk, and took a mule belonging to him. An American flag was floating above the house. Servants told the soldiers that the place, and everything on it, belonged to an American citizen, at present an employee of the American Consulate. The soldiers answered that even if it were the house of God Almighty, they would not respect it.

On Thursday, 21st, at noon, I sent invitations to members of the Foreign Consular Corps to meet with me at the American Consulate at 4 P. M. My purpose was to ask them to go with me in a body to wait on General Dieguez, and tell him of the rumors we had heard, as well as the acts of savagery which were in evidence all about us and inform him of our sincere wish that his conduct toward the public might be so altered as to enable us to make favorable reports to our Governments from thence on. We accordingly addressed a joint note to General Dieguez, asking him to appoint a time when we could make him a visit of courtesy. General Dieguez asked us to call at 11 A. M., Saturday, 23d. The Consular Corps having arrived at the Palace according to the appointment, the usual amenities having been indulged in, the conversation presently drifted to the then recent catastrophe wherein seven hundred women and children had been killed and three hundred wounded in a railroad accident near Zapotlan, I took advantage of the opportunity to have my say to General Dieguez, as follows:

"I have already given my mite for the relief of these unfortunate people, and should further aid be needed, we assure your Excellency that the foreign colonies here would gladly help yet more in this humanitarian work, for we can-

not conceive that such an act would be construed as aiding armed forces, even though these victims may have happened to be the wives and children of those engaged in armed conflict."

"One of our own Generals is quoted as having said, 'War is hell'—and it is. We only have to read the news from across the waters now to realize how people of an admittedly most advanced and cultivated nation may overnight, as it were, be converted into so many savages. Though we do not hold that inhumanities practiced by any nation is an excuse for the display of similar traits in another, we make this reference because we do not wish your Excellency to feel that we are singling out Mexico, or pointing the finger of accusation at you alone, when we say to you that the foreign and Mexican population of this community stand not only intimidated, but appalled at the acts of yourself and subordinates that are in evidenc about us, and from rumors that have reached us promise to become more startling. We assure you, Sir, that whether you agree with us or not as to whether such evidence as we have seen on every hand hereabouts is sufficint to justify us in declaring that a reign of terror actually exists here, that both the native and foreign population are alike terrorized at being compelled to be witnesses of such nightly and daily—I might say hourly—doings.

"Non-combatant civilians are being shot down in the street, or marched to the Penitentiary, to one of the municipal barracks or to the cemetery and executed without even the pretense of trials! We assure your Excellency that in speaking to you in this manner we do it not only in the interest of these people, but also for the sake of your own reputation and that of the revolutionary party which you represent. The time has passed in the history of the world when any man or party may hope to achieve success through any

such practices. Moreover, from the utterances of President Wilson since the delivery of his inaugural address to the present time, no party in Mexico, or of any other country may hope for friendly recognition from the Washington Government by gaining power over their fellows by any such proceedings; and we think your Excellency will agree that the late so-called Huerta regime furnished an object lesson showing the utter futility of trying to set up a Government in Mexico by means which would cause the Washington Government to decline to recognize it.

"Religious persecutions have never, in all the world's history, gained any advantage to those responsible for them; and the arbitrary persecutions of individuals, whether in the spirit of revenge or merely to eliimnate them as factors in the body politic has proved quite as barren of favorable results to the perpetrators thereof. We assure your Excellency that it is the wish of the members of the Foreign Consular Corps here that you so change your conduct toward the public from now henceforward, that they may be enabled to make favorable reports to their respective Governments of your administration, instead of condemnatory, which they have found themselves compelled to do in the past."

I remained with Governor Dieguez a few moments after the other Consular representatives had withdrawn, to personally arrange that I might, at any time, have immediate access to any of the principal local authorities.

On reaching the street and rejoining the Consular Corps I was congratulated by them for the manner in which I had presented matters to Governor Dieguez, and several of them afterwards made calls at the Consulate to emphasize their respective appreciations. I later received letters from the British and Italian Vice Consuls, reading as follows: "Sir: Referring to the interview accorded by the Governor and Military Commander of the State of Jalisco to the American,

French, Italian, Norwegian, Swedish, German and British Consular officers on Saturday, the 23d instant, I feel it incumbent upon me, as British Vice Consul, to offer you my sincere thanks for the very earnest and plainly spoken manner in which you informed the Governor of our cognizance, as a Conscular Corps, of the sentiment of terror which has been created by his actions; and the hope you expressed to him that he should moderate these actions has my most hearty endorsement. It is obvious that the total disregard of the rights of decent citizens of this city—the threats made them—and the fomenting of hatred against all middle class and upper class Mexicans who are insulted and persecuted by the soldiery must, sooner or later, if not checked, become more dangerous for the respectable people of the foreign colonies. Your well-timed and manly effort to stem this spirit of anarchism is deeply appreciated by the Britsih colony in this city, who are well aware of the difficulty and danger incurred by you in treating with a form of Government which is countenancing anarchy and violence." (Signed) P. G. Holmes, British Vice Consul.

The letter of the Italian Consul, which expresses about the same sentiments as that of the British Consul, was in Spanish, and we will so give it:

"Señor Vice Consul: Le doy las grácias por haber tenido la iniciativa de que los Señores representantes de los naciones estranjeras, fuéramos á hacer una visita de cortesía al C. Governador del estado, Señor Manuel Dieguez, y lo mismo que, de una manera fina y delicada, manifestó Vd. á este funcionario, la alarma que existía en esta Capitál, encaríciéndole se sirviera dar las garantias que le fuera posible, tanto á las colónias estranjeras, como á la sociedad entera de Guadalajara.

Por tanta elevada y noble idéa, le hago presente mi reconocimiento, protestándole mi distiguida consideración, y

aprecio." (Signed) Jose Roileri, el R. Agente Consular d'Italia.

News of this conference spread over the city with great rapidity, even reaching the political prisoners detained in the Penitentiary, and we were soon overwhelmed with congratulations from foreigners and natives alike. And truly, from thence up to the attack of the Villistas the following 30th, wonderful changes for the better were discernable on every side. During that week a number of political prisoners, after having gained their liberty, came to embrace and thank me. Although I explained to them how it was that I could not take up their cases individually, they nevertheless seemed to believe that the intercessions of the Consular Corps had saved their lives.

General Dieguez received the Consular Corps with thorough courtesy, and seemed to appreciate that the remarks were made in a spirit of friendly counsel. He said he hoped we would understand his real purposes—that he had curbed the Church already as much as he thought would be necessary, and hoped hereafter to be able to treat his enemies with more leniency than in the past; and that it was his desire to furnish thorough protection to all classes.

The conditions referred to in my remarks to General Dieguez could not very easily have been exaggerated—they were horrifying—and were more than sufficient to stir one to try, with all his might to ameliorate the sufferings of these people. Many felt that we were staking our own lives in the undertaking; but I could not feel so—I only felt that the innocent blood that was being spilled in that community was crying out to us day and night; we believed we could successfully stem the tide of the then reign of terror—duty was calling aloud, in the name of humanity. The results were such that every member of the company who called on General Dieguez on that occasion might well feel proud of. My

address to General Dieguez was the nearest approach to overstepping the bounds of my Consular functions in all my many relations with the numerous governments with which I had to deal in Mexico. Instead of flying into a passion, General Dieguez seemed favorably impressed at the time; and certainly afterwards kept his administration reasonably free—as free as any Mexican could have been expected to do—of the excesses which had been the cause of the appeal to him by the Consular Corps.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

SOME RATHER EXCITING EPISODES WHICH OCCURRED DURING GENERAL DIEGUEZ'S SECOND TERM AT GUADALAJARA

February 2d, 1915.

Unsuccessful Attempt of the Villistas to Retake Guadalajara On January 30th, 1915.

I was awakened at 5 A. M. on the morning of the 30th of January, and at first thought that the discharges which I heard were being made by the explosions of fireworks from the roofs of the various churches of the city—a thing formerly not very uncommon in the early morning hours—but when I began to note the reports of rapid-fire guns and musketry within a half block of my hotel, on either side, I was sure that a hotly contested battle was in full progress. About this time, the guests of the hotel—men, women and children—began pouring into my room—all in sleeping apparel, and in as complete a state of terror as could be imagined, each pleading, as in one voice, "Socorro!—amparo!" (succor—protection).

I advised the manager of the hotel to keep all doors closed and to have every one come up to the fifth floor, where, if they would keep away from doors, windows and balconies, they would be comparatively safe from flying bullets. We could not tell at the time what was happening, except that a battle was in progress; it all came so suddenly. Some thought it was caused by a mutiny among the Dieguez troops. It did not seem reasonable, in times of war, that the enemy could have entered in such large bodies—as was evidenced by the amount of shooting that was going on—and have so thor-

oughly distributed themselves over the city unawares to the army of occupation until combined attacks were made at one and the same time on the Palace and all of the many army barracks.

The only war cries that could be made out were about such as I had imagined a Comanche Indian would make in battle. After about two hours of active fighting, during which time an incessant rattle of musketry and gatling guns could be heard as coming from every district of the city, the Villistas began to lose ground, and by 8:30 had been driven beyond the city limits. Cannon fire succeeded, and continued at intervals until about 1:30 P. M.

At 8 o'clock—when the line of battle seemed to be receding towards the outskirts of the town, a Carranza Captain with a guard of soldiers entered the Hotel Fenix to make search, as (he said,) General Dieguez thought he had seen people firing from the roof of the hotel building during part of the engagement. But such was not the case, and the search was fruitless. This Captain, with whom I was acquainted, told me that the Villistas had done a great deal of shooting from the roofs of buildings, that two of his own soldiers had been killed by shots fired from a building across the street from the hotel, and that many arrests of the owners of such buildings would be made.

A naturalized American of German birth, Bejamin Schuster, owner of a carbonated water factory on the East side of the city, came to the Consulate that morning in a state of great alarm, saying he was being hunted by soldiers, because the Villistas had been seen firing from the roof of his factory. I went to the Commandancia, and told the Commandante that no one slept in the factory, and that the proprietor was ready and willing to have the building inspected and searched, but that he did not want to be arrested. The

Commandante gave me a "salva conducto" for Mr. Schuster, which prevented his being further molested.

Such other acts and incidents occurring before, during and after the battle that I may think worthy of reporting, and that I may be able to have confirmed—will be included in future letters.

It is natural that a person should feel a little vain, when so many fly to him for protection while in dire distress, but his puff-ball of vanity will readily develop its collapsible property when one feels entirely helpless, his own self, and this was the way the writer felt when those frightened peopl about the hotel, proprietors, servants and guests clamored about him while the noise of the battle was going on. They had strayed to their rooms, but when the officer and soldiers came in to search for Villa sympathizers, back they all came praying that I speak for them to the officer! It did not affect me in the sense of tickling my pride, I felt profoundly sorry for those hotel people. I couldn't help comparing the situation as it impressed itself upon my mind to a flock of sheep beseiged in their fold by a pack of snarling wolves thirsty for their blood, with nobody at hand to protect them.

February 3d, 1915.

Arrest and Threatened Execution of French Vice Consul Eugene Pinzon

I am herewith transmitting copy of a joint statement of the foreign Consular Corps here, referring to the above subject, and will sum up the case in brief as follows: On the morning of the 13th of January, the Commandante of this plaza, General Pablo Quiroga, had Mr. Pinzon arrested, claiming that he, the Commandante, had overheard Mr. Pinzon conversing by telephone with a well known Villista Captain from San Pedro, a near-by town, by the name of Mariano Schiaffino. The facts as I found after going into the case,

were these: The chief electrical engineer of the Street Car Company of which Mr. Pinzon is manager, is named Mariano Schiaffino also, and lives on Hidalgo street, this city. Mr. Pinzon had telephoned his engineer to have the lines repaired, which had been injured during the battle of that morning, and after which he asked engineer Schiaffino that if he could get in communication with the Garrita at San Pedro, to order some chickens sent to his house from a hennery which Pinzon owned out there, in charge of Eugenio Toscano. This engineer Schiaffino did. Commandante Quiroga overhearing parts of the conversation, and confusing the two Schiaffinos, ordered Mr. Pinzon's arrest. When Mr. Pinzon's friends, among them French merchants representing millions of dollars—called on me to ask my intervention in Mr. Pinzon's behalf, at 1:15 P. M., that day, and I had learned these facts—I had them send a runner to the house of engineer Schiaffino, and with him I went to see Commandante Quiroga. I explained to the Commandante that my Government had charged me with the care of the interests of all foreigners whose respective Governments did not have official representation here, and that as I construed it, it was now incumbent upon me to act for the French, as the Consul of that country was on account of his "incommunicado" incarceration, not in a position to serve, at least during the time of such imprisonment. Mr. Pinzon was put at liberty at 1:55. The only grounds on which I could account for why those splendid French business men had failed to utilize the evidence of engineer Schiaffino, was that they felt so terrorized, their thinking faculties must have been paralyzed for the time.

The foregoing seems to me of double importance: first, the arrest, and impending execution, without process of trial —of a foreign Consular officer! second, as an illustration of how innocent people were being executed on mere suspicion.

When at the Commandancia in behalf of American citizen

Schuster that morning, I observed Mr. Pinzon standing in front of the Commandante's desk, but supposing he was only there on something of a like mission as myself, I merely saluted him; and did not learn that he was actually under arrest until, on leaving the Palace, I met a number of his countrymen, who gave me the information. Having my own hands full with the affairs of American citizens at the time, I told them that in the event they might think my services could be of any avail, to let me know, and continued on my way. These gentlemen did not call on me until 1:15 P. M., as stated above, when they informed me that they had just came from an interview with General Dieguez, to whom they had appealed, and that this functionary told them that he was going to have Pinzon shot! I was equally surprised when these gentlemen told me, after being questioned, that they had not thought of trying to bring engineer Schiaffino before the authorities. Said Schiaffino had remained in-doors all the morning—as most civilians had done—and when the messengers whom we dispatched for him told him what we wanted, he seemed very much afraid to leave his residence; but was finally persuaded to accompany them. I went at once with this witness before General Quiroga, whose naturally brutish nature would not permit him to receive us in manner that I could describe, as "he received us politely." One might as well have expected to gather roses and violets from thistles. Observing that engineer Schiaffino was very much frightened at the prospect of having to face this beastly murderer, I endeavored to brace him up before reaching General Quiroga, and I verily believe that his courage would have failed him entirely, had I not been in possession of the particulars regarding the confusion of persons of the same name, which enabled me to extract his testimony by questioning him myself, in the presence of General Quiroga. Though General Quiroga could not help being convinced of the innocence of

Vice Consul Pinzon, as well as that he, Quiroga, had most awkwardly blundered, I thought I could detect that he felt sorry at the prospect of Mr. Pinzon's escape from execution, for he viciously hated Pinzon.

He informed us that Mr. Pinzon was at General Dieguez' private prison—if yet alive—and that we would have to see General Dieguez himself. When the French merchants, with the witness Schiaffino, arrived at General Dieguez' residence, they were told that Vice Consul Pinzon had just then been set at liberty. General Quiroga had reached General Dieguez by telephone, sooner than the Frenchmen could arrive afoot!

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE SECOND TERM O FTHE DIEGUEZ ADMINISTRATION COMES TO AN END: AN ACCOUNT OF ONE OF THE WRITER'S PERSONAL ADVENTURES

Confiscation of Fire-Arms and Ammunition of Foreigners by the Carrancistas

In a former letter I incidently mentioned the edict of Governor Dieguez on the above subject. I wrote to General Dieguez asking him if said edict was meant to apply to foreigners. His answer was, that on account of the exigencies of military necessities, foreigners and natives would be alike included. Afterwards, Commandante Quiroga invited the Consular Corps to meet him on Saturday at noon, 6th. At this meeting, the Consular Corps was told that all foreigners would be required to deposit their arms and ammunitions in their respective Consulates and each Consul was requested to furnish General Quiroga with lists of all arms, etc., so deposited. This was complied with, and on Monday evening, 8th, Commandante Quiroga sent an officer, with armed soldiers, to demand of the various Consuls, the delivery of all arms and ammunitions deposited in their respective Consulates. No Consul resisted, except British Vice Consul Holmes who was threatened with execution first by the minor officers, and then by Commandante Quiroga himself if he did not comply with the demand. A similar call was made on me the same evening. I advised the officer to hunt up the Consulate messenger for the keys if he wanted to get into the Consulate at such hours—that I did not know where the messenger stayed—and that if he could not do that he would have to come back the next day. Remembering the Department's

message authorizing me to close the Consulate and seek a place of safety at any time that in my judgment I might feel myself in danger, and knowing from many indications that the Dieguistas were preparing to evacuate the city before the advance of the Villistas—I closed the Consulate, gave the employees a vacation and went to visit a friend in the meantime; not returning until the Carrancistas had left, which was on the 18th. Thus I did not have further occasion to meet any of the Dieguista officers or soldiers during the time of their efforts to secure the arms and ammunition stored in the American Consulate!

Result:—The American Consulate was the only one which did not give up its stored arms and ammunition. After leaving the Commandancia on the morning of our visit to General Quiroga, I remarked to the Consular Corps that I did not think we would have any trouble over the question of the arms that were to be stored in the Consulates unless the Carrancistas should have to evacuate, and that I for one did not propose to be used as an agent to collect arms and ammunition from my countrymen to aid any armed faction. Subsequent developments proved this forecast to have been correct, both as to the demand made for the arms and my non-compliance with same. All the other Consuls gave up on demand, all the arms deposited with them except British Consul Holmes. How many arms were so collected I never learned, but from the French Consulate alone, I was informed that the number of rifles taken was more than eighty, with ammunition to correspond. There was something of a like number stored in the American Consulate.

At 8:30, on the evening of the 8th, while I was playing a game of chess in the hotel lobby, the manager of the hotel touched me on the shoulder to attract my attention, and informed me that a gentleman was waiting to see me, indicating toward a Captain standing near the desk. On arising and

looking about, I saw that I had been surrounded by four armed soldiers while absorbed in the game. I approached the Captain and asked his business. When we had understood each other as has already been told, I began a rapid-fire of questionings in rather fault-finding tones of voice, until I had the young fellow stuttering in his efforts to explain why he called at such an unseemly hour. There is nothing like "beating them to it," as the saying goes. I knew this Captain was a common, ignorant fellow, and while I acted courteously toward him, he went away knowing that there was a vast difference between my own and General Quiroga's conception of some things, and that calling on an American Consular officer at that time of night to have arms and ammunition delivered up was one of them. The Captain spoke of returning at 8 o'clock the next morning. I answered no, that I expected to be occupied with a very important matter until 11 o'clock, and that it would be of no use to call at the consulate earlier than that. I kept up the bold front that I had assumed until the Captain bowed himself out—and then I returned to my game of chess. Just as I was about retrieving my Queen from a very dangerous position on the board, the game was again interrupted by the arrival of British Vice Consul Holmes, who seemed very much excited. Mr. Holmes related to me that a similar call had been made on him—that he had had all his arms stored in a separate room, across the door of which he had placed the British Consular seal—that he had refused to open the door, but told the officer that if he, the officer, wanted to assume the responsibility of breaking in, he could do so—that he was thereupon threatened by the officer and ordered to remove the seals—that he again refused—that the officer became more threatening—Holmes continued to refuse—the officer left, to ask further instructions from General Quiroga, etc., etc.

The next morning when the messenger boy came to my

room for the keys to the Consulate—which had been his daily custom—I told him that I did not want him to open the Consulate that morning, but to go over and loiter about the building until the arrival of Clerk Corrothers, and then for them both to come to me. When Mr. Corrothers arrived I directed him to go to the Consulate, to impress the Consular seal amply on good, stout paper, to close both doors, and paste the prepared seals on their outsides so that the doors could not be opened without breaking the seals, and then for him and the messenger to come back to the hotel. These directions having been fulfilled, myself and staff retired to the roof of the building. I was sure that we could depend upon the fidelity of the hotel people—from the manager to the kitchen skullion, for they all thoroughly detested the Carrancistas and very well knew what we were about. They were "with us." From time to time during the day I sent the Clerk, or Messenger, to telephone to the British Consulate and elsewhere, by which means we kept posted as to the progress of affairs. The Carrancistas had all entrained by that morning ,but had not left the City. The approach of the Villistas had been delayed on account of burned bridges. The Carrancistas seemed loth to quit Guadalajara—or they wanted more time to loot. The British Consul telephoned to me that he was still holding out, but had been threatened with death if he did not comply with General Quiroga's orders.

Officers and soldiers made six different visits to my room that day. When they would ask at each visit, where the American Consul was, the interrogated employees invariably answered, "quien sabe?—salió en la manana." Who knows—he went out this morning.) No sooner would the officers leave the hotel after each visit, than the employees would come up in troops to tell us all about it. We were very comfortably situated, for the roof of this hotel (as with Mexican buildings in general) was flat, and was utilized for many purposes, be-

sides that to which we were just then putting it. Easy chairs had been sent up to us, as was everything else we might have needed for our comfort and well-being, including meals.

At 5:30 P. M., one of the elevator boys came up in great excitement, saying that the British Consul wanted to talk to me at once—that the call was very urgent! I dismissed Clerk Corrothers then, telling him he had best go home to his family and told the Messenger boy, (a Mexican whom I did not think any of the officers or soldiers would recognize as being an employee of the Consulate,) to loiter about the outside of the hotel awhile longer, and where, and when to report to me later, and I went to answer Mr. Holmes' telephone call. I could tell from Mr. Holmes' voice that he was laboring under great excitement. What he said, in rapid succession, was about as follows: "Matters are getting very serious—I am threatened with summary execution if I do not deliver up these arms—you are playing them just right—only, as you know, the British Consulate is in my private house, and I am thus differently situated—keep out of the way of those devils—they are getting furious—I do not think I will be able to hold them off longer than their next visit—they have just left here—they are coming now after you again, etc., etc., they are in automobiles, and will not be long in getting there, keep out of their way if you can." I did not say anything to any one about the hotel, but I walked across Lopez Cottillo street, to the corner of San Francisco and went thence in a northerly direction. I had not gone farther than a half block from the corner when I heard machines coming from the South on San Francisco, swish around the corner of Lopez Cotillo and I felt sure they were the same whom Mr. Holmes had just finished warning me about, but I did not turn around to see! The messenger on coming to me that night, related that at that visit, the sixth for the day, the principle officer seemed very wrathful at not having been able to find me, and from

the sidewalk in front of the hotel, just before re-entering his machine, he declared aloud that if he did not find me by 8 o'clock that evening he would burn down the doors of the Consulate and get those arms!

That did not frighten me at all. I could not help being reminded of the reply of Henry VIII, to a menacing threat, in effect that if he did not do so-and-so, every soldier he had over in Ireland would be killed!

Although the departure of the Carrancistas from the city was long delayed they went away without getting as much as one cartridge from the American Consulate. Mr. Holmes subsequently told me that after having to go in person before General Quiroga, he compromised by giving up only a part of the arms stored in the British Consulate.

When the Villistas came in, General Delgado, who was Villa's Commandante, also began "nibbling" at the arms stored in the Consulate. I then wrote out a "salva conducto," (a term used to mean a passport as well as other kinds of guarantees, or protection,) for myself, including full exemptions of such arms and ammunitions as were stored in the Consulate and sent Clerk Corrothers out to General Villa's private train for his signature to same. He signed it. I was reliably informed that General Villa could not read, but had, after becoming "prominent," learned to scrawl his autograph. And as soon as the Carrancistas returned again, I secured a similar "salva conducto" from Dieguez. I was getting tired of being bothered about those arms and this was my way of finally and forever putting a stop to the controversy over them.

Neither faction ever procured any arms from the American Consulate!

But Commandante Quiroga never seemed to care for me after that! Somehow, I felt that he entertained a grudge against me, for both having euchered him out of

those arms, and the pleasure of feasting his blood-thirsty appetite when in the act of having Señor Pinzon, French Vice Consul executed, whom he so heartily detested.

But I will say the best thing I can in Quiroga's favor, and that is, I do not remember of having heard as bad things about him as of one of Villa's generals by the name of Fierros, of whom it is current in Mexico, that on one occasion, after the surrender of thirty Carranza soldiers—mostly boys —he personally killed all of them, thus: having had a basket full of pistols loaded, he had the prisoners come up in front of him and kneel when he put the muzzle of his pistol to the forehead of one after another and shot them—in the order as their names were called.

"Can you beat it?" No, and I question if Quiroga has, so far.

After leaving the Hotel Fenix as already related, I went for that night to the Hotel Aleman, (German Hotel,) and the Consulate messenger having come to me there as per appointment, I had him sleep in my room, fearing that in searching for me, some one might find him, and compel him to tell of my whereabouts. No one except Mrs. Schroeder, the proprietress, and her daughter, Louise, knew of my being in this hotel. I kept to my room, where my meals were brought to me after all others had been served, and the way was clear. Miss Louise served my meals and also secretly conducted the messenger to my room on his arrival, all of which had been prearranged. After retiring for the night it began to develop that the messenger boy felt very uneasy about his personal safety. He remarked more than once that if the Carranza soldiers should find us they would shoot him down without any ceremony at all. I tried to brace him up by telling him that I would protect him, but he answered that he knew I would not be able to do so, that he was a Mexican, that

they might not harm me, because I was American Consul, but as to himself, they would not show him any mercy—they would shoot him "lo mismo como se matan los perros." (The same as killing a dog.) Poor fellow! he could not help it, he had seen so much of such performances! I determined that I must get rid of him, not that night, but the next morning. So waiting until he had gone to sleep, which I could tell from hearing him snore, I got out of bed, and carefully locked the only door of escape, and secreted the key. I did not want him to escape from me that night—I had no notion of separating from him while he was aware of my whereabouts, for if he had been found he would have been forced to betray me. So after breakfast the next morning I told him I was going out, probably not to come back and for him to remain in the room fifteen minutes, and if I had not returned by then he could go hence—to resume his former labor, to make all the money he could for himself, that in the meantime his regular pay in my service would be kept up—and that when I should want him again, I would send for him.

I sauntered away from the hotel, nor did I tell my friends, the Schroeders, where I was going—only mentioning that I might retire to some country village. When I reached friend Earnest's house, I found in hiding there also, (he had been there ever since the Carrancistas had entered in December), a Mexican, by the name of Ricardo Mendoza.

"Dick," as the Americans familiarly called him, had been educated in the States, and his beautiful wife was a pure American lady. Said Mendoza had been for a long time previous, superintendent of the Guadalajara division of the Mexican National Railroad, and on the approach of the Carrancistas, had taken refuge in the home of Mr. A. E. Earnest. It was in obedience to directions given by this same Richard Mendoza, that the operating crews of

the trains carrying Americans to Manzanillo in April, 1914, managed to get us all through without harm from the numerous Mexican mobs which had gathered along our route. Of course he had friends among the Americans, all of whom would have been glad to protect him in any way that they could! We were both waiting for the Carrancistas to leave—he, in fear of losing his life, and the writer, to carry out his resolution of not delivering the arms and ammunition stored in the American Consulate to them—and to avoid having his risibles titillated with the bayonets of a lot of ignorant savages, as had happened to the British Vice Consul. I was not afraid that any one would order me to be shot, yet who could tell but some fellow's gun might go off accidentally!

Señor Dick was good company while I was sojourning at friend Earnest's. He could distinguish the whistle of every engine in the railroad yards. Day or night Dick would say number so-and-so is going out, coming in, or switching, as the case happened to be. He was listening all the while to hear the Carrancistas go out; they were very slow in leaving after entraining—it seemed a dreadful long time to both of us. Dick had not seen wife and children for a long time, and they did not know where he was, only they had been assured by some good angel that he was "in the hands of his friends," and I had come away from my hotel without a change of clothes, and it would never have done to send back for more! But about 9:30 Saturday morning, 13th, he said, "I believe they are getting ready to pull out!" and in a little while, "yes, they are going!"—he could hardly contain himself—and after a little longer wait, "they are gone!" and then he began capering about the room, performing all kinds of "monkey-shines," and slapping me on the back so forcefully that I could not help dodging when I would see him coming toward me. Both

he and I emerged from our hiding at once—and it was on the afternoon of that day that the Villistas returned to town.

The morning after my "mysterious disappearance" all sorts of rumors were afloat as to what had become of the American Consul. Some had me in the Penitentiary, (which seemed to be my favorite resort, by report), some had me murdered while I was trying to make my escape—one of the most popular methods of disposing of one—equally indulged in by all the revolutionary factions.

The members of the Consular Corps, or what was left of them, went to the American club in a body, to offer any assistance within their power! All this Mr. Earnest told me at noon, when he had come in for lunch. I wrote out a "To Whom it May Concern" statement, to be put on the bulletin board of the club, to the effect that I had voluntarily absented myself from the Consulate for a short time, and that meanwhile the British Vice Consul would look after American interests, etc., etc. I wanted to put a check on these sensational reports, fearing that some hoo-do yarn might reach the Department of State, and maybe get into the newspapers. I knew that I was very well protected against either of these calamities until the Villistas might come in, for there were no means of telegraphing until they should reopen communication.

You may think that the foregoing is a very long account of a very insignificant matter, and it may be, and so do large trees from little acorns grow. If one should not be able to gather more from it than the mere matter of my adventure, I should regret both the trouble of its telling on my part, and that of its perusal, on the part of the reader.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

GIVEN AS AN APPENDIX TO THE SECOND TERM OF THE DIEGUEZ ADMINISTRATION

NOTE: The later date of the following letter explains itself, and as the subjects therein treated pertain to the Dieguez Second Term as per dates stated in the body of the letter—we append it here:

June 19, 1915.

Some Miscellaneous Observations not Mentioned in Former Letters, All Bearing on the Situation Here

In making up my former reports on the politicio-economic situations here, I have endeavored as briefly as possible to give as faithful pen-pictures, from time to time, as the semi-kalidioscopic subject would admit of, but for the sake of brevity, I omitted many things of interest, some of which it will be the purpose of this to relate, and although at the risk of having to use the personal pronoun "I" beyond the limits of good taste, I nevertheless feel that these episodes should not forever be ignored, but should be made a part of my reports, to better round out a not altogether uninteresting experience.

The Case of a Young Armenian.—It was on Saturday, January 23d, at 6:30 P. M., when two Armenian merchant peddlers came to me while I was seated in the rotunda of the Fenix Hotel and engaged in a conversation with British Vice Consul, Mr. Holmes, and a countryman of his. The Armenians told me that their partner, a man by the name of George, had just been arrested on the charge of having been a Villista Captain, and begged my intervention in his behalf. As it was beginning to grow dark, and not wishing to expose myself to a possible plot to inveigle me to the

Consulate at such an hour by persons unknown to me, (one could not exercise too much care in those days) I asked the two English gentlemen with whom I had been conversing to accompany me, which they readily did. Arriving at the Consulate, I wrote Governor Dieguez a letter, letting him know that I was cognizant of the arrest of Mr. George, and asking him to please give the young fellow a fair hearing before deciding adversely in his case, which I felt would be sufficient to stay any summary execution of the prisoner, which at that time was the order of the day.

On Monday morning, 25th, I visited Governor Dieguez at his private residence, and among other matters, I took up the case of the young Armenian with him. General Dieguez told me that there could be no doubt of the prisoner's guilt, as the three witnesses that he, the prisoner, had asked should be summoned in his behalf, all swore that they had known him to have been a Villista Captain. I expressed to Governor Dieguez that I could scarcely believe the prisoner was guilty, that perhaps his witnesses might have felt intimidated—that I knew it was not the custom of Armenians to occupy themselves with political matters in countries to which they emigrated—that they usually sought homes in foreign lands to ply their callings, which were generally of commercial natures—that as a rule, they were peaceful, and law-abiding—and that above all, in this case, and that which appealed to me most strongly in the the prisoner's favor was the apparent sincerity with which the young fellow's partners in trade had manifested their ability to prove an alibi. They had told me that George was their purchasing partner—that the bills for all goods bought had been made out in his name, and that if allowed a week or ten days time they could produce them, all the way from Mexico City, to Guadalajara, with their respective dates, which would show that young George was elsewhere than in and about Guadalajara at the times it was

claimed that he was serving in the Villa army. All this I recounted to General Dieguez, and incidentally mentioned that on account of the absence of means of communication with Mexico and intermediate points it would be impossible for these partners to secure from the different merchants in these places business stationery to forge the evidence on.

General Dieguez acceded all the time that might be necessary, and at the end of eight days the two partners returned to me with their commercial documents. This was about 6:30 P. M., but this time I returned with them to the Consulate alone, and wrote Governor Dieguez another letter, enclosing with same the said documentary evidence. The next morning at 9:30 all three of the Armenian merchants came to the Consulate to thank me for my interventions in their behalf, and of young George especially. Young George was a handsome fellow of an intelligent and honest appearance. They all seemed overcome with sentiments of gratitude, and when informed that they owed to the Washington Government everything which had been done for them, they asked me what was the direction to Washington, and when I indicated same, all three of them made salams, and extended their arms in that direction for a moment, while articulating something in semi-whispers, which I could not understand. After each of them had shaken me by the hand very heartily, they departed. I have not heard of them since, but feel sure they will ever feel profoundly grateful to the Government that afforded them vicarious protection while they were in a foreign country, and in sore need.

The Case of Three Railroad Auditors

At 2:30 P. M., Thursday, January 26th, just as I was preparing to leave my room for the Consulate, I heard a knocking on my door, and on opening, three handsome young Mexicans fell to hugging me so affectionately that I thought they

would squeeze the life out of my body. They had just been released from the penitentiary, where they had been confined for some days, under the charge of having worked in their respective positions, (railroad auditors,) during the regime of the Villistas here, and for which similar "offence," several of their fellows had already been put to death! I told these young men that I had not taken up their cases especially; also how it was that I could not intervene with their own Government directly in behalf of any particular Mexican—but this seemed to have no effect in diminishing the force of their demonstrations. They told me that all the prisoners in the Penitentiary confined on similar charges—some hundred or more—had heard of the visit which the foreign Consular Corps had made to General Dieguez—that by 5 o'clock that same afternoon they had began singing our paeans—and that the doors of the prison had just been opened to all of their kind, instead of their being stood up and shot to death, as had been the fate of so many heretofore!

These were not all of the political prisoners who made similar demonstrations—there were many more.

The Case of a Family of Six Destitute Spaniards

It was some time ago, that a Spanish lady came to the Consulate, and related a tale of woe. She and her husband had lost their all as a result of the revolutions in Mexico, and were very desirous of returning to their native country. (They had four small children.) I gave her a letter to acting Governor Berlanger, setting forth the facts in the case, and asked him if he could not find a way to send these people to Vera Cruz, where they hoped they could meet Señor Cardenas, the Spanish representative, recently arrived—with a letter from this Consulate setting forth what had been done for them here—and expressing the hope that he, Señor Cardenas, might in turn be able to secure passage for them from there to their native land. A few days after she returned to

the Consulate, much cast down in spirit, and related that when she arrived at the State Department with my letter she was treated quite rudely, and among other things was told that the Government was not furnishing foreigners with transportation gratis, and was asked why the American Consul did not furnish it to them, etc., etc. She had been given an unsigned "salva conducto" (passport) which said, "by order of the Governor." I advised her that I did not believe that Acting Governor Berlanga had seen my letter—that this unsigned paper would serve as a good means of introducing the subject—to take it and go to Governor B's private residence the following morning, and present it, with a copy of my letter as soon as he came out. She did as advised, and Governor Berlanga took her along with him to the Palace, had the parties who had treated the lady so badly called in, and after scolding them for not having referred the matter to him, directed them to make out an order on Señor Pani, Superintendent of Railroads, to give these people (6) free transportation to Vera Cruz, with privilege of traveling on either regular or military trains, and to have all courtesies extended to them while making the journey.

After receiving these orders, the little woman came back to the Consulate to tell of the good news. She was in a state of exaltation, and said many things in trying to express her gratitude—some very extravagant—such as what she would tell her King when she got back to Spain, etc., etc. I told her that whatever her feelings of gratitude might be as to the matter in hand, she owed it all to Washington, for having a care for unprotected foreigners in this country. Many of the Spanish colony—some who did not personally know the beneficiaries in this particular case—have come to the Consulate to express their feelings of gratitude for the protection that was being extended to their countrymen by the Washington Government.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

SECOND TERM OF VILLA ADMINISTRATION: ITS ENTAIL OF POLITICAL WHAT-NOTS AND ITS SUCCESS IN MAINTAINING ITS REPUTATION IN THE PERPETRATION OF ITS SHARE OF OUTRAGEOUS MURDERS

February 15, 1915.

Second Evacuation of Guadalajara by General Dieguez, (Carrancista), and Second Peaceful Entrance by General Francisco Villa

On the afternoon of the 12th, General Manuel M. Dieguez evacuated Guadalajara, going with his army in the direction of Zapotlan, where as on his former evacuation he declared he had moved the seat of the State Government, and,

On the afternoon of the 13th, General Francisco Villa made his second peaceful entrance, being received more enthusiastically—if such were possible—than on his first entrance.

General Villa arrived at the Palace at 4 P. M., from the balcony of which he addressed the largest concourse of people that I had ever seen gathered in the plaza and street in front. People of all classes were out, and rejoicing as if they felt their dliverer had come. Women and children of many of the best families—who had not been on the streets since General Medina's defeat by Dieguez on the 19th of February —were seen in large number. Up to the present, a sense of security has been enjoyed by the people in general.

General Villa is out with the principal part of his forces, in pursuit of General Dieguez. The veritable reign of ter-

ror that had characterized the Dieguez Second term, would have caused these people to have welcomed any change, for they had been led to feel—and with ample reason—that hardly anything could be worse! Truly, this second term of the Dieguez regime had been a continued orgy of bloodshed and of assassinations—the like of which, for the time that it lasted, palls description, and if depicted in all of its herripilating atrociousness would only serve to sicken the mental stomach of the sane, or normally constituted reader.

No wonder the people rejoiced at the action taken by the Consular Corps, and it was not a matter of surprise that they—at least for the time—were so extravagant in their expressions of gratitude—some going so far as to say that when peace should again be restored, our acts would be commemorated by the erection of a monument of pure ivory in one of the plazas of the city! Such expressions certainly were flattering. But those acquainted with Mexico know that a monument there may not always prove a lasting honor. Mexican character is fickle; the heroes they worship and erect monuments to one day, they may curse and revile at some future day. It was asserted—and I have never heard it disputed—that after the Vera Cruz affair Washington's monument, erected by Mexicans themselves at the Capital in Mexico City, was pulled down by the furious mob, mutilated and subjected to all sorts of indignities, though later it was restored again to its pristine glory. But then I suppose that instances could be cited where people of more advanced culture were guilty of similar acts of unreasoning vandalism in times of blind popular fury."

February 19, 1915.

Dispatches held Until Opportunity Offers for Safe Forwarding

"I believe that all letters received at the Consulate recently had been tampered with before reaching me. To

avoid this happening to my dispatches conveying information of the situation here, I am holding them to forward by private hands to the States. The opening of letters to the Consulate, and especially those from Washington, is a practice frequently indulged in by somebody. As to Dispatches to the Department—especially those of a confidential nature—I never have risked them to Mexican mails, even when I might have sent them thus, but always waited until some one on whom I could depend was coming out, to have letters mailed after he had reached American soil. I would not care that the Mexicans should read my dispatches, while I was yet in the land of the Moctezumas!—and either of the present revolutionary factions in control!

February 29th, 1915.

Outrages Towards Catholic Priests, Nuns, and Church Institutions in this District

In an effort to gather information on the subject of this letter I put an American lady—a Catholic, well known to be devoted to the Church—on the job of compiling data on the above subject, and she returned to me yesterday with only a few meager notes, saying, "I do not think you will make use of these notes, for I found it impossible to have facts substantiated as you require. Actually, I cannot get the people most interested to state facts, for they all seem so terrified and afraid—even at the echo of their own voices. That Fathers Galvan, Navarro, Araiza, Rameriz, and another priest, were executed by the military here, there can be no doubt, but as to the acceptable facts in each case, you will have to wait until these people may feel they can talk about such things without being taken out themselves and executed the day after." I must therefore take further time as to reporting on the execution of Priests, except as to that of Father Galvan, who was brutally murdered by

Carranza soldiers on the 3d of January, 1915, while in the act of administering extreme unction to fatally wounded soldiers of either faction, in the streets near the Municipal Hospital, this city, and after all fighting was over.

Before reaching Guadalajara on my return trip last August, I heard many rumors of terrible outrages said to have been perpetrated on the persons of Catholic Nuns and Sisters by Carrancista officers and soldiers on their entrance to Guadalajara. I was so horrified at these accounts, that I made a personal investigation of the matter as soon as I could, and found that there was absolutely no truth in those rumors. All Nuns, Sisters, and foreign born Priests, had been banished, and that was all. Having heard worse reports regarding the ravishing of Nuns and Sisters at Guanajuato, and meeting a short time ago with an English gentleman, Mr. Kenneth Cunningham, who lives at Guanajuato, and was there all through the recent revolutionary changes, I asked him especially about this, and he answered that the reports were absolutely false, both in main and in detail. Mr. Cunningham and I had become to be very good friends—he is an exceptionally well balanced gentleman, and I feel sure he told me the truth.

While I am not a Catholic myself, as you know, I am not prejudiced against the Catholic religion, yet I feel there must be some design back of these reports that have been reaching Washington. The unvarnished truth would make a bad enough showing—or ought to suffice—even for the most ultra-prejudiced.

Both revolutionary factions have systematically used the Archbishopric, and all Catholic school buildings, Convents, and society homes, for barracks, or have used them for any other purposes that suited them, while in military control of Guadalajara, and I was told, on my return last August, that even the Cathedral had been so abused. At any

rate, soldiers were on guard in the open front doors of the Cathedral for some time thereafter. As formerly stated, all the churches of the city had been closed, but now many have been permitted to be reopened, yet most of the Priests are still in hiding, and if they go upon the streets, they go well disguised.

Padre Jose Cornejo, who you will remember was one of our best friends among the clergy—who is one of the most eloquent pulpit orators of the city, a Canon in the Church, and one of the professors in the leading ecclesiastical school of Guadalajara (the Priest mill, as the Mexicans call it—"el molino de lós Padres"), calls frequently at the Consulate, but always comes disguised. Whereas, (as with all the other Mexican Priests,) he was formerly smooth-shaved, now, he sports a full beard, and where his Priestly tonsure used to be—at the crown of the head—he has also allowed hair to grow, "where the hair ought to grow," according to the long, long ago song, "Old Uncle Ned." He told me that he was trying to make a living by running a carpenter shop, which he was doing under an assumed name!

What the majority of the other Priests of Guadalajara are doing, I do not know, but if they come out of their hidings at all, they emerge in disguise, for none can be seen upon the streets in Priestly attire, (cloaks, which they use, whether in warm or cold weather.)

February 24th, 1915.

The Present Political Situation Here

Since my letter of February 15th, this community has enjoyed a state of quiet and security—as complete as could be hoped in times of war. Truly, the contrast between the Dieguez-Quiroga (Carranza) and the Medina-Delgado (Villa,) Governments has so far been in favor of the latter.

General Villa himself is here, but preparing to leave—some say to encounter Obregon, at Quereterro, others that he is going to Tampico.

I sent Clerk Corrothers out to his private cars yesterday, and during their conversation, General Villa told him that we need not fear the return of Dieguez—that his army had been so routed and destroyed that he could never come back—that he would leave a sufficient force here to successfully combat any semblance of a Carrancista band, that might attempt to retake the city—and that if it should by any eventuality turn out that he, Villa, might be mistaken, he would personally see that the Americans were furnished a special train to get out on, and in ample time to escape further contact with the Dieguistas. Perhaps he would, and then perhaps he might not find himself able to do so, if such a contingency should overtake us. Therefore—without instructions from the Department to the contrary—I shall make it a point to have the Consulate closed, and be away from here, with all who may wish go with me, before the Dieguistas return, whether General Villa provides the special train or not. And this I have announced to all Americans, telling them that I feel that I have done all that one could do for them—that I feared I had already acted against the wishes of the Department in remaining through such dangers as we had recently passed, and that I failed to see why any of them would want to remain, and chance such times again. In the event I should feel I must go, it is my present purpose to leave a letter to be delivered to General Dieguez, setting forth my reasons for having departed, and telling him that I would not reutrn until I may have received assurances that Consular representatives would receive the respect and protection due them, and be shielded from having themselves, and Consulates insulted by ignor-

ant subordinates, or words to that effect; excepting always, the possibility of my Government ordering otherwise.

NOTE: At the time of writing the above, it was feared that if the Carrancistas should again get in control, a second Dieguez reign of terror, worse than the first, if such could be possible—would be inaugurated.

See report of my interview with General Dieguez, had immediately after his return under date, April 20th.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

TELLING PRINCIPALLY ABOUT HOW THE VILLISTAS TRIED TO FORCE FOREGNERS TO CONTRIBUTE TO THEIR SUPPORT; SUBTERFUGES RESORTED TO; ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE VILLA ASSASSINATIONS

February 25th, 1915.

Efforts of General Villa to have Foreigners Contribute to the Support of his Army

Yesterday morning a representative of General Villa called at the Consulate and said in substance, that General Villa wished I would notify my countrymen that he wanted to have a meeting of all foreigners at the City Hall at 12 M., When asked the object of such meeting, he said he did not know. I told him that I was very busy, but would communicate General Villa's wish to as many as I could reach by telephone.

General Villa did not go to the City Hall himself, but was represented by Doctor de la Puente, his financial agent. The proposition made at the meeting was to assess a loan on foreigners for the support of the army. After this was shown to be untenable, a loan by voluntary contribution was proposed. When this was shown to be yet worse, then the representative said that the foreigners would have to contribute in some way—that there would be a way found to compel them to do so. By common consent, everybody seemed to look to me to meet the propositions; in fact most of the Consular Corps had come to the American Consulate

in advance of the appointed time for the meeting, and asked me to do so. I told them that I would meet questions only as American representative, and if other foreigners should profit thereby, they were more than welcome. The substance of what I said, as the Villa representative was driven from one proposition to another, was as follows: I have in the archives of the American Consulate an abundance of instructions from my Government, to protest against American citizens being compelled to contribute to the support of armed forces at war with each other.

To proposition second, that should an American citizen wish to make a voluntary contrbution, I did not feel that I would have any more to say than if he were a Mexican citizen; but would think that such an act might place such foreigner in a still worse plight, in the event he should fall into the hands of the enemies of the faction so aided by him.

Third, that regarding any other manner of raising funds from American citizens, that if such were put in writing, and I furnished a copy, I would incorporate it in a telegram to Washington, and ask instructions. At this, the representative seemed to lose entirely his already waning temper, and said that the foreign Consuls had not been invited to the meeting as such. To this I replied, that when General Villa's message was delivered to me in the manner that it was, I took it as being because of my official position; but that as I may have been mistaken, and inasmuch as I feared that an official aura would remain, however strenuously I might assume that I was present at such meeting in a strictly private capacity, with the consent of the representative of General Villa, I would retire. I will add that I took occasion to remark before leaving that I felt I would refelect the sentiments of all my countrymen there, in saying that they would gladly give the half of all they possessed in Mexico, if such would guarantee permanent peace to the Mexican

people, but to contribute one cent to the support of armed forces, no!

The meeting proved a complete fiasco, the representative finally saying—as I was afterwards told—that then the general tax assessments would have to be increased.

This was the only occasion in my various experiences with the local Consular corps that caused me to feel a little sore; for, after having come in a body to the American Consulate, and begging me to take the lead—offering to back me up in anything I might say—not one of them followed me out when I left the hall.

Perhaps they did not mean they would back me up in anything that I might "do."

March 11th, 1915.

Governor Medina's Decree, No. 62, Imposing an Extraordinary Tax on Foreigners under the Guise of a State Tax, But in Reality for Military Purposes.

I am herewith enclosing a printed copy of Governor Medina's decree, No. 62, and would call your attention to the strictly American people, and companies, in the list thereto appended, marked "X," and to assure you that nearly—if not all—of the others in said list, are foreigners of other countries, or at least representing exclusively foreign people and capital.

The decree bears date of March 1st, but was not made public until the afternoon of the day after.

I at once tried to inform the Department, but three days after sending a typewritten message to the telegraph office here, the original was returned to me, with the information that it had been suppressed. Also three other messages were returned about the same time, and with the same piece of information.

I then asked George Corrothers to see General Villa, and to have him order the censoring of my telegrams stopped; and that if not, to my mind there was left but one of two other things to do—either abrogate edict 62, as applying to American citizens, or to declare me persona non grata.

Mr. Corrothers soon returned, and assured me that the result of his conference with General Villa was to the effect that none of my telegrams would be suppressed in future; and that it was his, Corrother's opinion, that that part of the decree assessing foreigners, would not be enforced.

Well knowing the duplicity with which the Government here was attempting to treat all the foreigners in this district, and fearing they would not want Washington to be informed of the matter (hence the suppression of my telegrams), I had several firms, whose head offices were in the States, telegraph their respective heads, and ask them to inform Washington—and it was through this that Washington found out about it, and caused the Department to telegraph George Corrothers to take the matter up with General Villa.

George Corrothers received Department's instructions on Saturday, the 6th, at 10 a. m. That same afternoon, at 3, he left with General Villa; but before going, told me he had had a talk with General Villa's Secretary of Foreign Relations, Señor Diaz Lombardo, and that the matter had been suspended, pending decision.

Ascertaining that the local authorities disclaimed any knowledge of such action, I tried to telegraph to Washington again. On the 9th, I tried again to send a telegram after I had received Governor Medina's answer to my many protests sent him, all of which the following sample will serve to explain, translated from Spanish:

"According to definite instructions from my Government,

it is my duty to protest against such proceedings with reference to interests of American citizens.

"For this reason, I ask you to issue orders to the effect that the imposts referred to be not collected. (Signed) Will B. Davis, American Vice Consul, and addressed 'To His Excellency, General Julian C. Medina.'"

General Medina's stereotyped answer to each was as follows:

"Answering your attentive note of the 3d inst., I have the honors to say, that it is not possible to accede to applications relative to the relief from payment of the extraordinary tax created by decree No. 62 of this Executive, as it refers to a general tax, destined to defray the expenses of public administration, and to afford guarantees (protection) to the interests of society, of which said Company forms part.

"With assurances of my consideration, etc. (Signed) J. C. Medina, and addressed to American Vice Consul, Will B. Davis."

My last telegram was soon returned after sending it to the Federal Telegraph office, asking its key. I then sent it in English; which was also soon afterwards returned, asking that we give its Spanish translation! We did so. It also was refused, but it was the only original returned to me out of the seven censored telegrams which I had tried to send to Washington on the subject.

When I had gone personally to the telegraph office, and asked for the originals of the other telegrams (this on the 5th, and before Villa's departure) I was told they did not have them—that they were in the hands of General Villa!

It seems clear that the authorities did not want Washington to know what they were attempting to do to foreigners.

After furnishing translation of telegram of the 7th, and learning that it had been suppressed notwithstanding, I sent

it by Consular Clerk Charles Corrothers, to General Medina with the wish to know why it could not be transmitted to Washington. Mr. Corrothers found Doctor de la Puente and Governor Medina together. (Dr. Puente is General Villa's agent, left here for the purpose of raising funds.) Mr. Corrothers reported that both Governor M. and Doctor de la P. seemed very much agitated over the matter. They had much to say about not wanting to stir up trouble with Washington, etc. They jointly declined to let the telegram go through, but gave a sort of indefinite assurance that Americans would not be forced to pay the tax.

In a talk with General Medina the morning after Mr. Corrothers' visit, he told me that the reason they had refused to send my telegrams, was that I had called the "extraordinary contribution" a "forced loan."

I answered that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet; and that he knew, as well as I—and as everybody else here knew—that this so-called "extraordinary contribution" was purposed for nothing else than the support of armed forces—that the general tax in the upper part of his edict would produce more than enough to cover even extraordinary expenses of administering the State Government—that to say nothing of the rank injustice—and infringement of international obligations in general—it was an unqualified violation of our Mexican-American treaties.

I also reminded him of what passed at the meeting of foreigners that was held at the City Hall a week or ten days previous when the proposition to have foreigners give financial aid to the support of General Villa's army was barefacedly made by General V.'s representative, Doctor de la Puente, who, after finding it unacceptable, then said that some way would be found to compel the foreigners to contribute to the Villa cause, etc., and finally adding, that this self-same decree of his (Gov. Medina's) was the first effect of that de-

termination; and that I thought it was useless to try and disguise the fact. He said he was surprised that the foreigners were so opposed to the terms of the decree, and wanted to know why.

I answered that we were more surprised that he would propose such a thing—that in our opinion he would not be sustained in such action before any competent jury of neutrals in all Christendom—and that I therefore felt that before he had a right to ask me as to the whynesss of our attitude, it would be proper for him to justify his actions—barring brute force.

I had another interview with him yesterday, and he conceded an "armistice" until next week, but not before he had placed embargos on French business houses; no Americans have so far been molested, or any others who have been under the protection of this Consulate.

Fearing from the start that the authorities might try to circumvent any efforts on my part to reach Washington, I early in the fight wrote dispatches for a number of commercial houses, and had them wire their head houses in the States, appending urgent requests to each that they be at once relayed to Washington. And this is how I circumvented my would-be circumventers.

What I most wished for just then, was official instructions from Washington, fresh off the wire, to show those fellows. Of course I knew what such instructions would be, but I wanted to have them in black and white.

March 25th, 1915.

Continued Effort of Villa Government to Have Foreigners Pay "Extraordinary Tax"

I herewith enclose newspaper copy of decree No. 68, by Military Governor Medina, that you may see with what persistence the authorities here are trying to have foreigners

contribute to the support of armed forces under one guise or another. It is growing distressingly annoying.

In my opinion, matters are fast coming to—or have already arrived at—such a pass, that ordinary protests will prove of no avail unless the Washington Government puts an effectual stop to such attempted extortions.

The facts are, that this edict, No. 68, has been issued especially with reference to reaching those who have not yet complied with edict No. 62, and by its terms, makes the demands on foreigners more severe, if anything, than the latter.

I might say—without much risk of misstating—that this edict No. 68 is directed especially at foreigners, and is of a confiscatory nature.

As the following refers to the same subject as the foregoing, I am giving it here. It explains itself:

April 24th, 1915.

Re-Extraordinary Contribution Demanded of Foreigners by the Villa Government

After wrestling with the Villista authorities over the above subject for a month or more, I finally succeeded in having everything in edicts Nos. 62 and 68 abrogated, except as to clauses 1, 2 and 3, of Edict No. 62.

I also succeedd in having an extension of time granted to the 30th of this month. After securing these concessions, I advised all to wait until the last limit of the time granted, suggesting that perhaps before then (the 30th) the Villistas might have evacuated—(as they actually did on the 19th).

Ever since my return here last August, I have had almost a continuous fight, first with one faction, then with the other, over the matter of forced loans and extraordinary contributions, levied on foreigners; but so far—with the strong

support the Department has given—we have succeeded in winning out in each and every case, not only for Americans, but for all foreigners.

If the revolution keeps up, I expect to yet have to fight against similar demands—made under one guise or another—and I hope and pray, with equal success. But both sides are becoming more and more greedy and if they ever catch me entirely cut off from communication with Washington—or can succeed in preventing me from doing so—I fear future results may not be so favorable.

In connection with this last interview, the following is worth recording: As a bribe to induce me to quit stirring up Washington about these "loans," and to shut my eyes against the enforcement of the edicts on other nationals, I was offered exemption from their operations to all who were under the protection of the American Consulate! "And what do you think of that?"

April 28th, 1915.

An Account of a Few of the Many Assassinations by the Villistas

The following account of some of the assassinations by the Villistas, taken in connection with those of the Carrancistas, as related in my letter to you February 19, will not only go to show that it is not in order for the Villista pot to call the Carranza kettle black—or vice versa—but that each of the factions are obsessed with the spirit of murder, to about an equal degree.

The Case of Nine Political Suspects

It was during the first term of the Villa Governor, General Medina, that nine political prisoners were sent out from here on a Mexico City train, under military escort. Among

these prisoners—all respectable civilians—were a Catholic Priest and a prominent lawyer of this city. When the train arrived at Ocotlan, some hour and forty minutes from here, all the nine prisoners were marched out, stood up against the adobe wall of the cemetery, and shot to death. This was done without the prisoners having had the semblance of a trial, or having been notified of their doom, until they were stood up in line to be executed!

The conductor of the train was an eye-witness to these murders, and added, after relating the occurrence, "It was one of the most brutal performances that I ever witnessed." I leave out details, as I feel the bare facts are sufficiently uncanny.

The Case of Joaquin Cuesta Gallardo

After General Villa's second, and last taking of Guadalajara, on a Saturday night, at 9 o'clock, Joaquin Cuesta Gallardo, one of the most prominent and wealthiest citizens of Guadalajara, a member of one of the oldest and most highly respected families of the State, himself thoroughly esteemed by all who knew him, aged 45 years, the husband of a daughter of the reputedly wealthiest family in the State, the father of eight—and early to have been of nine—children, went to call on General Villa, in the private car of the latter, to beg relief from the destruction of his properties by Villa soldiers. Hot words were exchanged. Result: General Villa ordered that Joaquin Cuesta Gallardo be taken immediately to the Municipal Cemetery, and shot!

Family and friends could not learn anything of the fate of Joaquin Cuesta Gallardo.

One version had it that he was taken with Villa to Chihuahua; another, that he was shot the same Saturday night. Anyhow, the family went into deep mourning; and a few nights ago, the body was secretly exhumed, and identified,

both by the evidence of clothing, and by that of an American dentist who had plans of work which he had done on the victim's mouth a short time before the assassination.

Villa's Second Term ended by his second evacuation, April 19th, 1915, "and he never came back"—to Guadalajara.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

THIRD TERM CARRANZA-DIEGUEZ ADMINISTRATION: FORMER REIGN OF TERRO NOT RENEWED

Second Evacuation of Guadalajara by the Conventionalistas

(NOTE.—Where the word "Constitutionalist" occurs in these Chronicles, it always means Carrancista, and that of "Cenventionalista," Villista.)

Each faction, however, was both as unconstitutional and as unconventional in the violation of all constitutional Government, as they knew how to be—and the terms were merely assumed by each without regard to their meaning.

April 20th, 1915.

Third Occupation by the Constitutionalistas

Although the Conventionalista army—some 4,000 strong—and the employees of the postoffice, telegraph, State and Municipal Departments, and all who were working for the railroads during the Conventionalista occupation, as well as many private citizens, left on the 16th, the Constitutionalista forces—some 2,000 in number—headed by General Manuel M. Dieguez, did not reach Guadalajara until about noon, on the 18th.

General Dieguez' entrance was perfectly peaceful. He went at once to the Plaza de la Constitucion, in front of the Palace, and harrangued the public, which received and cheered him quite heartily.

His speech was as usual, inveighing against the Villistas;—and among other things which he said was: "I understand that all Church bells, and especially those in the Cathedral

towers, rang out welcomes when General Villa entered Guadalajara the last time. I will see (pointing to the Cathedral towers) that those bells will never sound again!"

After this talk from the pavilion of the plaza (the Palace was not yet reopened) General Dieguez and staff went directly to the Hotel Fenix.

I called on him at once, and he received me cordially. I told him that my early visit was not only for the purpose of paying my respects without delay, but to ask of him a "salvaconducto," protecting both myself and the American Consulate from any bother at the hands of his subordinates under any pretext whatever. Indeed, I had written the "salvaconducto" myself before calling. He read it hastily, and signed it.

Then he told me that he had heard of my fight with the Villistas against a loan from foreigners, and wished I should relate to him particularly my recent "tilt" with Doctor Ramon de la Puente at the meting of the foreigners called by General Villa. I asked him what he had heard. He told me. I answered him that his information was substantially correct.

The next morning after breakfast, General Dieguez asked me to go with him to his room, which was in the hotel, where he talked to me very freely, assuring me that he had not come back to persecute anybody—that he wanted to turn the city's government affairs over to a committee—that he had thought of calling a meeting of the business public, especially members of the Board of Trade, to advise him as to what form of Government they wished, etc.

I congratulated him on this determination, adding that if he would, in connection with this action, make all monies that had been forced upon the public since the revolution, of the denomination of one peso and less, circulate with equal protection, it would, in my opinion, greatly relieve the distress of the poor especially, and aid business in general.

He took the suggestion favorably, and at the meeting of the business men's committee, authorized them to do this.

General Dieguez left this afternoon, going towards Irapuato, to join General Obregon, it is thought.

At present, all municipal and some State affairs, are in the hands of the Citizen's Committee of five, headed by Senor Louis Castellanos—all good, conservative men.

My suggestion to General Dieguez in regard to the matter of revolutionary money, was merely the following up of my remarks on such matters which I made on the occasion of the visit of the Consular Corps to him on January 23d (which part I omitted in giving account of same—in my letter dated Feb. 2nd).

April 24th, 1915.

Present Political Situation Here, and Action Taken by the Consular Corps

Referring to that part of my letter of the 20th, regarding the appointment of a Citizen's Committee by General Dieguez, I sent the following invitation to the members of the local Consular Corps:

"Gentlemen:—The British Vice Consul and myself have thought it well to ask you to call at the American Consulate at 12 M. today, that we may go in a body to call on Señor Louis Castellanos, and assure him of our hearty approval of his acceptance of the responsibility of heading the local Civil Government authorized by General Dieguez, and tell him that we will hold ourselves ready to use our joint efforts to protect him, and all his subordinates, from persecutions at the hands of any revolutionary faction which might in the future take possession of the Government here."

All responded; they heartily approved of the suggestion without regard to nationality—and the matter was so acted upon.

I felt that in view of the foreign interests here needing the contemplatel protection—quite as much as those of the natives—we were justified in assuring Señor Castellanos of our appreciation of his acts, as well as guaranteeing to him all the protection that our united efforts, as Consular representatives, might be able to extend, especially since according to report, in two similar cases in the Republic, all civilians who had taken part in such efforts, were stood up and shot to death, by the first incoming revolutionary band that entered.

Indeed, it was the common practice among all the revolutionary factions, to kill everybody who had had to do with Government affairs of former regimes, and was usually the first thing they proceeded to do on newly entering a town!

In fact, this same Señor Castellanos went into hiding at the approach of General Dieguez this last time, and I was present when he, General Dieguez, asked a Mr. Guillermo Collignon to go out and bring Señor C. in by assuring him that he was not wanted for purposes of execution, but to be used by the new Government to assist it in its Municipal affairs!—quite a contrast to General Dieguez' behavior when he made his econd entry into Guadalajara!

April 25th, 1915.

Our Present Isolated Situation

We have again been entirely deprived of mail and telegraphic communication with the outside world, and the prospect of an early betterment of this great inconvenience is not very promising. Our last mail was received on the 19th inst.

Four kilometers of railroad track between here and Colima on the Manzanillo branch was not only torn up by by the Conventionalistas before leaving, but the rails and cross-ties carried away. I do not think any efforts have been made to repair this breach.

On the railroad from here to Irapuato, ten or twelve culverts have been burnel. This road could be put in order in a few days, but there does not seem to be any one to do it. Then there is no locomotive, or a single car, on the Guadalajara division, between here and Irapuato on the East, or Colima, on the South.

General Estrada thinks that telegraphic communication between here and Vera Cruz, via Pachuca, will be open in a few days, and promised to notify me as soon as it was accomplished, but I feel sure he will not do anything of the kind. These people seem to easily forget such promises.

I am sending this, and other letters and dispatches, by a gentleman who leaves for Manzanillo in the morning. It may be some time before I will be able to get any more mail out. But I shall continue to write up matters the same as if communication was open, and forward when opportunity occurs.

May 8th, 1915.

Situation Here at Present

The present occupation of this city by the Constitutionalistas, has been in marked contrast to their former—the difference all being in favor of the present.

I have not heard of a single case of persecution, or of summary execution, since their last return to Guadalajara.

Personally, I am on the best of terms with the present authorities, and can assure you—as far as anything down here can at present be assured—that their conduct toward the general public will be more respectful of the lives and rights of others, than either of their former occupations.

We are now isolated; our only outlet by rail since the Villista evacuation, has been via Manzanillo, and this by an occasional military train. Within the past few days, this has been interrupted.

I have heard that a body of Villistas had taken Colima, and had destroyed many bridges South of Zapotlan.

Demand by Constitutionalist Faction, Repayment to Them of All Taxes Paid to the Conventionalistas, During the Latter's Occupation—Past, Present and Future

"I will call your attention to the enclosed copy of a circular letter from Louis Cabrera, Carranza's Secretary of Treasury (?), to all Administradores de Rentas (tax collectors), as well as my letter to acting Governor Berlanga, dated today, on the above subject."

I am not waiting for Governor Berlanga's answer, as I have an opportunity to send this and other correspondence out by private party going to El Paso—leaving here at 6 tomorrow morning.

It may be some days before Governor B. replies, and then it might be a long time before another opportunity would present itself for getting correspondence out.

Guadalajara, Mexico, May 8th, 1915.

"Señor M. Aguerre Berlanga,

Acting Governor.

"Sir:—I have learned that both the Central and local Constitutionalista Governments will decline to recognize receipts issued for taxes paid during the occupation of this city by the Conventionalistas.

"It would seem that this is not based on justice, and I will have to protest energetically against such a resolution, in so far as it concerns the interests of foreigners under the protection of this Consulate.

"Foreigners who might subject themselves to this class of acts, would thereby at least tacitly imply a recognition on their part of the legality of one or the other faction, al-

though neither faction is at present recognized by any Government.

"While it is the duty of persons resident in a foreign country, to submit to the laws in force in such country—be the Government de jure, or de facto—it is not for them to decide if such Government is, or is not, legally constituted.

"I will present to you the following concrete case: While the Conventionalista forces occupied this city, I received instructions from Mr. W. J. Bryan, Secretary of State of the United States, to pay the taxes of an American mining company, and to draw on him for the amount so expended. I went to the tax office, and made the payment, and then drew on Mr. Bryan for the amount, attaching to my draft, the receipts of the Government I then found here. Now, I leave it to your superior judgment, whether it was incumbent on me to say, if that Government was legal or not—and if I should now make a second payment to the Government which I now find in power, and again draw on Mr. Bryan.

"I avail myself of the opportunity to assure your excellency of my high appreciation. (Signed) Will B. Davis, American Vice Consul."

To the best of my memory, Governor Berlanga never did answer the above letter.

May 14th, 1915.

Bearing Upon the Deplorable and Alarming, Economic Situation Here

As forecasted in my letter to you of November 7, 1914,—wherein I said: "Conservative people here prophesy, that before the middle of the year 1915, starvation will be at the doors of thousands who never before had experienced the pangs of hunger," that this prophecy was not far-fetched, but well-founded; so much so that it is already coming true, and will indefinitely grow worse, and will send thousands of

human beings to their graves, if the mild climate and wild fruits and herbs, do not prove their meager salvation.

Ten days ago, Acting Governor Berlanga called upon the Guadalajara public for a contribution of one hundred thousand pesos, for the immediate relief of the—as the case was put by him—starving poor.

The foreign Consular Corps came in a body to the American Consulate to consult as to what should be done by the foreigners, in this matter. It was decided to appoint a committee, of which I was made a member, to notify Governor Berlanga that the foreigners would gladly contribute their mites to this humanitarian cause, provided it could be so arranged that the money subscribed should not be delivered to any political faction for distribution, but to the "Beneficencia Publica," a committee to be named by the Guadalajara Merchants' Association, and by them to be handled and distributed entirely. The Governor agreed to this.

The French Consular Agent was requested to make an apportionment of twenty-five thousand pesos to be raised by the foreign colonies, of which fifty-five hundred was allotted to the American Colony.

We already have subscribed five thousand of this, and have not yet asked individual subscriptions—that is to say, we have secured a perfectly good subscription of five thousand pesos from various firms and companies. The remainder can easily be secured.

I thought it worth while to tell you of this, that you might realize—although our colony is very small, comparatively poor and growing poorer day by day on account of every kind of happenings and embarrassments that such a revolution as is going on brings—that the American colony of Guadalapara, taken as a whole, is composed of mighty good people.

May 27th, 1915.

Present Situation Here

Guadalajara remains in a state of complete isolation with reference to communication with the outside world through public utilities. Only by persons going out from here, and chancing to ultimately reach Manzanillo, on the South, or El Paso, on the North, have we been able to get any mail out at all, since the 19th of April, and that we have not received any since.

The conduct of the present Government under Acting Governor M. Aguirre Berlanga, toward the public, has been of a considerate nature; and true to the promises of General Dieguez, on his last entrance to Guadalajara, there have not been any persecutions nor summary executions.

On account of the fact that General Obregon has called part of the local garrison to his aid in his now active campaign against General Villa—extending from Irapuato to Aguascalientes—General Estrada has not sufficient troops left to extend protection to the entire State.

But Governor Berlanga tells me that if General Obregon succeeds in driving General Villa to the North, that it will then be only a short time before complete order will be restored throughout the State of Jalisco.

In view of the terrible times that this community has gone through, first under one, and then another, of the contending factions, I feel that the conduct of affairs under Governor Berlanga cannot be commended too highly.

The economic situation is anything but satisfactory, and can scarcely grow other than worse.

In my dispatch, dated the 14th of this month, I referred to the matter of raising one hundred thousand pesos for the relief of the starving poor of Guadalajara, and the assumption of twenty-five thousand of this by the foreigners here; and

the allotment of fifty-five hundred of this latter amount to the American colony. Our colony has already raised an even six thousand, checks for which I am holding in the Consulate safe, to be turned over to the "Beneficiencia Publica" committee as son as named, and when—and not until then—the remaining seventy-five thousand pesos has been paid over by the Mexicans, as their part.

Also, I must know that the agreement between Governor Berlanga and the Consular committee has been faithfully complied with.

June 3d, 1915.

The Very Anomalous Situation Here, and Near-by Elsewhere

The situation here is so very anomalous that I thought it would be interesting to you to know. I reiterate to you the contents of my letter of May 17th, wherein I somewhat eulogized the Constitutionalista officer in charge of the Government here at present.

But I must say that the entire State of Jalisco, excepting Guadalajara and its immediate vicinity, and along the railroads from here to Irapuato and to Manzanillo, is in the hands of the Conventionalistas (Villistas).

Since my dispatch of May 27th, there have arrived at Guadalajara from Irapuato, some 2,500 soldiers, which it is claimed were sent here for the purpose of putting all the outlying districts now in the hands of the Villistas, under Carrancista control. And it would appear that this was the real object of sending soldiers here, for several bodies of these troops have already been sent out in the direction of Ameca, Quemada, and San Cristobal.

But when these troops began to arrive, it was believed that it was the beginning of a retirement move of the Obregon forces toward Guadalajara, for the issue between the Obregon

and Villa armies seems by no means to have been yet decided, one way or another.

And in the event General Obregon should lose, it is believed that he would come to Guadalajara, instead of going towards Mexico City.

In which case I feel that Guadalajara will become the theater of some of the most interesting military movements since the beginning of the revolutions in Mexico; and in its train, throw onto this Consulate, responsibilities probably greater than it has yet borne.

Be it as it may, however, and whether we may be further—and for a longer time—cut off from communication with Washington, I shall remain at my post as long as permitted, and try to at lease ameliorate the sufferings—not only of those immediately under the protection of this Consulate—but of all, including the Mexicans themselves—as I have done in the past—and feel that with former experiences, and the confidence that each of the revolutionary factions entertain toward the sincerity of my purposes, on account of the fairness that has always characterized my actions in each and every contingency heretofore, that I will be better equipped for such yet greater responsibilities.

June 19th, 1915.

Second Attempt of General Medina (Villista Governor) to Retake Guadalajara

On the afternoon of the 15th of this month, General Medina, former Constitutionalista Governor of this State, with a force of some 2,000 soldiers, attempted to retake Guadalajara, beginning the attack at 3 p. m., and continuing a sort of running fight until 5 o'clock.

The Medina forces did not come nearer than the suburbs of the city—they were repulsed by the Constitutionalista forces.

On the afternoon of the 17th, the Conventionalistas, by removing parts of the machinery of the electric power plant at Puente Grande, some fifteen miles from the city, deprived Guadalajara of light and water for about 16 hours; for the pumps of the city's waterworks are run by electric power derived from there. The city was in total darkness up to 4 a. m., on the night of the 17th.

It was thought that this was done for the purpose of making another night attack—such as was fully reported in my letter of February 3d; but that same afternoon General Dieguez arrived with reinforcements, and is now actively pursuing the Conventionalistas in every part of the State.

June 19th, 1915.

The Sacking of Ameca, This State, by Carrancista Soldiers

I am sorry to have to report on the very bad behavior of a Carrancista force of about 300, under the command of Col. Gayou, on Sunday, the 6th.

The Villistas evacuated without making any resistance whatever, and the Carrancistas entered without firing a gun.

The business houses of Ameca were all closed at the time of the entrance of the Carrancistas, which was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon; but the soldiery broke them open, and after gutting the stores, tore down even the shelvings and counters and carried them away.

They then turned their attention to private residences, which were also generally sacked. All this was done without apparent excuse or provocation.

Of the half dozen Americans residing at Ameca, none were molested.

I casually met Col. Gayou on the street, when he undertook to exculpate himself from responsibility for the sacking of Ameca, saying that he was in the rear of his troops, and that the sackings had all taken place before his arrival; but

he did not mention having punished any of his soldiers for having plundered the town, nor that any of the pelf had been taken from them.

CHAPTER TWENTY

CONTINUATION OF THE CARRANZA-DIEGUEZ (CONSTITUTIONALISTA) REGIME

Food Conditions, Present and Prospective, in the State of Jalisco; and Some References to a State of Political Affairs, Which Tend to Aggravate the Situation

I apprehended that your inquiry of the 19th, was measurably the result of my letter to you dated May 14th, entitled, "Bearing Upon the Deplorable, and Alarming Economic Situation Here."

As this letter was more directly the result of visible, and reported conditions—and especially the appeal made by Governor Berlanga, therein reported—I went to see Governor B. on receipt of your letter to ascertain, in case of necessity, the facilities for transporting foods introduced from the outside, for the benefit of the civilian poor; and also to obtain from him such data as he might be able to furnish, with the view of making up an ample report, as you so much desire.

Governor Berlanga declared that no outside assistance was now needed. He also informed me that he had been directed by General Carranza to furnish him, General C., with full data as to the food situation in this State, and promised me the use of such in making up my reports to you.

But from past experiences in depending upon such sources for information—especially as to correct information—I went to work on the case independently.

The amount of deception that one has to deal with here—especially when in quest of data for giving information to outsiders—is inconceivable, except to those actually on

the ground—and this suggests to me to tell you more of the one hundred thousand pesos asked by Governor Berlanga, as first related in my letter of May 14.

You are already informed of the action—the raising of twenty-five thousand pesos—by the foreign colonies, to assist in furnishing the 100,000 asked for, as well as the agreement between Governor B. and the Consular committee, as to how the money should be handled.

But I have to report that although the foreign colonies raised, without delay, the portion allotted to them, and that Governor Berlanga has repeatedly been informed of the fact that we were ready to turn our quota over as soon as the other 75,000 had been raised by the Mexicans—he has never shown the least interest in the matter; and I am reliably informed that no subscription whatever to the proposed end has been attempted among the Mexican population.

But about ten days ago, I saw in the "Boletin Militar," the semi-official daily paper of this city, the following, which I will translate from the Spanish: "The Philanthropic Aid Committee has been distributing food stuffs to the families of the **soldiers."**

As to who had to do with the naming of this so-called "Philanthropic Aid Committee," I do not know, but divine that it would not require a great stretch of the imagination to guess pretty accurately!

Considering that while the common soldier is receiving one peso seventy-five cents daily, and the ordinary laborer only fifty cents, taken in connection with the fact that a large number cannot find work at any price, it strikes me that the "Philanthropic" part of the name of said "Aid Committee" could have been omitted without doing it, the said committee, any great amount of injustice.

I should not like to believe that Governor Berlanga had the relief of only "the families of the soldiers" in view, when

he appealel to the general public for that 100,000 pesos; or that the agreement made with the Consular committee—which he could not very well refuse—had taken all the philanthropic spirit out of his system!

At any rate, the foreigners are yet holding their subscriptions intact, and will continue to do so until what they understand to have been the original purpose of the philanthropic understanding is complied with.

As a basis of a report on the present and prospective supplies of food stuffs in this State, I reproduce here below a tabulated estimate as made by the State Agricultural Congress for the year 1912—the last of its kind published—which crop was considered about one-third above the average:

Products—	Total Crop in Kilograms	Av. Price, 100 kilos	Total Value
Corn,	6 to 7 million hectoliters	$500.00	$22,750,000
Frijol,	300,000 to 350,000 hectols	8.00	2,080,000
Rice,	5,000 to 6,000 cgs. of 138 kilos	12.00	88,000
Wheat,	200,000 to 250,000 cgs. of 16 kilos	10.00	3,800,000
Barley,	80,000 to 100,000 hectoliters	5.00	225,000
Coffee,	100,000 quintals, 46 ks. each	70.00	65,000
Sugar,	14,000,000 to 15,000,000 kilos	20.00	2,900,000
Chile,	175,000 to 200,000 kilos	40.00	75,000
Cotton,	300 to 1,000 quintals, 46 ks. each	50.00	20,000
Tobacco,	230,000 to 250,000 kilos	20.00	48,000
Garbonzo,	225,000 to 250,000 cargas	10.00	356,250
Panocha,	50,000 to 60,000	12.00	759,000
Alcohol,	30,000 to 100,000 cases	23.00	1,450,000
Tequila,	100,000 to 120,000 barrels	15.00	1,100,000
Linseed,	400,000 to 450,000 kilos	8.00	34,000
Peanuts,	29,000 to 35,000 hectoliters	6.50	48,000
Palm Seed,	4,000 to 5,000 cargas	20.00	125,000

From the best informed sources on the subject, the crops of last year were 70% less than the above; and the crops of

this year, so far—the small grain crops—about 60% less, while prices, on an average, have advanced 100%.

The acreage of small grain, of this and last year, were approximately the same; but the crops of this Spring's growing are much better than those of last year.

As to the balance of the crops for this year—practically all crops grown here, except small grain—it is difficult to estimate, for conditions have progressively grown more unfavorable, as to contemplated acreage; and then such as may be attempted, success will depend much upon the supply of moisture during the "rainy season," upon which we are just now entering. It is also difficult to estimate the amount of actual food stuffs in the State at any given time under the present conditions, for want of communication with about two-third of the outlying—and some of the most productive—districts.

During the Villa occupation, trainload after trainload of provisions were sent North. These shipments were taken from every accessible part of the State by a bare-faced process of confiscation—taking entire possession of the haciendas, and in many cases, driving the poor peons off the premises—peons whose succession of forefathers had lived on them for one and two hundred years—to go out into a world they knew little, or nothing about, to live just any way they might, or starve—and little, or none, did it matter to the soldiery as to what might become of them—the very people whose interests the various revolutionary factions are professing to be fighting for—ruining this country for! These food stuffs were shipped North to be sold to the already impoverished people of those sections at high prices, to line the pockets of the revolutionary chiefs.

Thus—and from what will follow—it can be seen how, that although during normal times, this State produces annually more than double the amount of food stuffs necessary

for the consumption of its own population, it is hovering so closely onto a state of famine; if not actually for the want of the necessaries of life, for the want of means on the part of the poor to purchase at their already doubled—and yet to be increased—prices.

Nearly all the horses and mules of the various haciendas have been commandeered for military purposes; and even the ox, that was wont to pull the Mexican plow, has been sacrificed; if not to regale the inner man of the soldiery, then for their hides alone, either to be used in the purchase of yet more death-dealing missiles, or to swell the bank accounts of revolutionary leaders, in banking institutions somewhere beyond the confines of their own country.

The spirit of wanton destruction that has characterized the conduct of the various armed gentry camping on the haciendas of this State, has been most abominable. Not satisfied with the commandeering of necessary supplies and animals, their practice has been to throw upon the ground at each feeding, corn or other grain in superabundance, and in such extravagance, that there was trampled in the earth as much again as their beasts consumed; and on leaving, destroying whatever they might not be able to carry away with them.

The irrigated lands of many haciendas, where the last winter's crop of wheat, rye and barley were growing, have so much been made the pasturage, and stamping grounds of the animals of the hordes of soldiers encamped upon them, that when the season for reaping came, the fields were as bare as unto so much waste land.

Along nearly all of the frequented thoroughfares of the State, the small farmers—"rancheros"—have abandoned their homes, and taken refuge in some neighboring village, town or city. About the houses of these neglected farms can fre-

quently be seen domestic animals—especially dogs—already reduced to walking skeletons.

Mr. A. W. Earnest, manager of the American Club here, told me that a friend of his recently travelled all the way from Mascota to Ameca on horseback, and that he told him that everywhere he travelled, he had found such as is related above to have been the case without exception whatever—that whereas, in ordinary times, these small farms showed signs of cultivation, and growing crops were in evidence on every hand, now there cannot be seen a growing thing that promises food for man or beast.

Many of the larger farms—"haciendas"—plantations—have also been abandoned in like manner—in some cases because of the want of horses, mules and oxen to work them, and in others because their owners have become too much disheartened to make further attempts to produce crops only to see them abused in the growing, and afterwards, the little that might be garnered after maturity, confiscated by the soldiers of one or the other of the revolutionary factions, or by some of the many roving bands of predatory nondescripts.

As samples of the senseless, and arbitrary spirit with which these pretended defenders of the people's rights are obsessed, the following cases will serve:

After confiscating all the coal that the Guadalajara Gas Company had either here or in transit—and rendering it impossible for it to get more—and when the Company found itself reduced to the necessity of resorting to wood instead, so paralyzing transportation that even woold could not be obtained—and incidentally having with rifle bullets perforated the gas tanks by allowing soldiers camped near them to use said tanks as targets—permitting same even after energetic protests from this Consulate—thus compelling the Company to close its plant entirely—our very intelligent, if not philosophical, Acting Governor, Berlanga, issued positive

orders for the Gas Company to resume active operations at once, under heavy penalties.

Mr. Wm. Collignon, a miller of Guadalajara, says: "Although I have considerable quantities of wheat at various haciendas in the State already contracted for, I find I cannot run my flour mill on account of the want of transportation facilities. Flour is much needed, anl although I am more than anxious to grind, and have repeatedly begged the authorities for the use of cars to bring my wheat to the mill, without any avail whatever—the excuse ever being that all available cars were needed for military purposes—I have just been served with a written order to start my mill to grinding again, by or before the 28th, under penalty of having my property confiscated if said order should not be complied with!"

Thus matters are—and have been going on with a vim.

Cars and trains are provided in abundance for carrying the soldiery—including their women and children—back and forth over the country, without any apparent object in most cases—at least without accomplishing any visible good—thus, and in many other ways, hampering and paralyzing everything else so as to cause such indispensible industries as gas plants, flour mills, etc., etc., to close down, and then ordering their owners, under confiscatory penalties, to resume operations, leads me to remark, that for ways that are obtusely stupid, these late so-called Governments are peculiar; and the only difference that I have been able to discern between the various factions, consists in that each in turn always seems to be worse than its immediate predecessor—and they have already changed hands several times.

I will try to keep as well in touch with the economic situations here as the superlatively confusing circumstances will permit, to the end that I may be able to furnish you as accurate information as can be obtained.

June 28th, 1915.

The Proletariat in the Saddle

In trying to convey to you a correct idea of the thorough ludicrousness of many things that are of daily observation hereabouts, I find myself handicapped by an inability to actually photograph some of the scenes, for want of films—all kodak films having been exhausted long ago—and no means of getting more.

You would be able to appreciate the humor of the situations that are constantly in evidence here now, because you knew something of this city in normal times, otherwise you could not.

As you are aware Guadalajara is famed as the most cultured and wealthy city in proportion to its population in the Republic of Mexico, except, perhaps, Merida, on the Gulf Coast.

Whereas, on the evenings of Sunday, Thursday, and certain feast days, the central plazza of the city was the scene of animated meetings—passings and repassings of the resident and visiting wealth and culture of both sexes and all ages formerly—where the gallant caballeros took advantage of the numerous opportunities of greeting the Señoritas, and by sign language court their sweethearts; while the female contingent vied with each other in displaying the richest, and most recent Parisian fashions, and by winsome smiles, and eye-language bewitcheries—at which they are adepts—in promenadings in opposite directions to the colums of the masculine gentry—a custom universally observed in Mexico —(doesn't this remind you of old times?)—now, there is only to be seen a conglomerate mixture of the proletariat element, from the passably decently clothed, to the dirty and ragged, and—in some cases—half naked peons, intermixed with the soldiery—officers and privates—and the promiscuous women

they carry about with them. Ever since the beginning of the revolutions, the Plaza de Armes has been practically abandoned by the "gente decente."

When one now hears the "honk" of an automobile, or the tramp of carriage horses on the streets of the city, they do not expect to see in the finer vehicles anything but officers of various grades, and in the public coaches and the older and much abused autos, loads of soldiers, apparently having the time of their lives, along with just any kinds of women, without regard to virtue, race, color, or previous conditions of servitude. These people can be recognized by any one as not having been accustomed to such luxuries; but no one must turn up their noses at them for fear of being arrested and punished for disrespect to the noble military—the guardians and protectors of the people—protecting them by robbing them of all these vehicles, and many other things!

The Fenix Hotel, where I lodge, seems to be the most popular resort of the military "aristocracy." They come in at all hours, and have to be served, whether according to the established rules of the house or not. They come singly and in groups, frequently accompanied by women, whom they either carry with them, or have just picked up from the street—one could not tell the difference—and eat and drink to their fill, in the finest hotel in the Republic; and while I have been much amused at the table manners—or no manners—in evidence, such as the laying of knives and forks aside and eating with their fingers, and posturing at the tables in such a medley of styles that nothing but snap-shot photographs could actually represent; I must say that their conduct has never been boisterous, or in any way disrespectful towards others, and has been consistently free of drunken swaggerings.

Street disturbances and personal brawls are of remark-

able infrequency, considering the goings and comings of so many of the military.

What is meant by the rather vulgar expression of "making a rough house" in our country is of very infrequent occurrence here.

While we have not seen in this city as queer actions as are said to have occurred on the streets of Mexico City—such as the shooting by the Zapatista soldiery of the horses which were pulling, and all the 22 firemen accompanying, a fire engine while a run was being made to a burning building, and killing them all—yet many very ridiculous things have happened here; and even though tragical, their extreme drollery renders them at times irresistably laughbale.

(It was told that the Zapatista soldiers shot and killed those firemen and horses under the impression that the engine which was being rushed to a fire was some new kind of artillery outfit, and as they, the soldiers, were supposed to be on duty for the purpose of protecting the city, they very rightly—from their way of thinking, if they really think—proceeded to render the supposed enemy incapable of harming the people or property of their modern Tenochtitlan.)

One of the most amusing pictures is that presented on the goings out, and comings in, of the infantry. There are usually from one-half to three-fourths as many women as there are men. I do not know how they march in the country, but in going through the city the soldiers march in breasts of two to four, along the middle of the street, while the "soldaderas," (women,) toddle along the side-walks on either side, carrying, in various manners, their meager cooking outfits, such bedding (?) as they may have, etc., etc., and frequently cages of canary birds, parrots, or any kind of domestic pets that might suit their fancy. Each woman tries to keep abreast with her man, whatever the weight of her burden,

and if by any chance she should fall behind, at once strikes a trot—somewhat peculiar to themselves—which is kept up until she is again abreast with the one in the column of the soldiery that she tries to never lose sight of. The ranks of these "soldaderas" are made up from 12 to 13 year old girls to old and apparently seasoned women—but a sort of medium between these extremes compose the larger number.

I have seen quite a number of women soldiers marching with, and dressed as, the masculine soldiers. On the plaza at present these soldier women are quite an attraction—always seem to be in good humor, and to be very popular with the men soldiers and officers. Sometimes these female soldiers are in officer's uniform, usually of inferior grade; yet I did know a femade Colonel, from Matzatclan, who, with her—all male—staff, sojourned two weeks at the Fenix Hotel in this city. She was pretty and very popular with all the army officers. I dubbed her the "Juana de Arco," (Joan of Arc,) of Mexico, and offered to give her a write-up if she would furnish me with notes and photographs, which she promised to do as soon as she returned home. But someone else reported and made a mess of the case in one of the American periodicals soon after.

In my letter dated June 17, I told of the sacking of Ameca. The three hundred troops under Col. Gayou were strictly infantry when they left Guadalajara, but returned about a week ago, converted into a body of cavalry. A friend remarked that when these soldiers left Guadalajara, about the first of the month, they were barefooted, or only wore guaraches, but that they all returned well "shoed!" One Captain brought back, as his own property, five head of good horses and an abundance of other loot. He offered to sell me one or two horses very cheap, or an automobile, if I wanted one!

Recruiting goes on with more success than ever. There

are several recruiting stations in the city, and every morning and afternoon, in front of the Fenix Hotel, the new recruits are lined up to receive their first "haberas," (pay), each recruit, on being enlisted, being handed ten pesos, which is supposed to "keep" him five days. There does not appear to be any physical examination necessary, nor is there any attention paid to age. As so many people have been thrown out of employment—especially during the past few months—serving in the ranks of the army is about the only thing that offers them visible means of support—hence such abundance of material.

Coming from a conference with Acting Governor Berlanga the other day, and after having to pick my way, both in going and coming, by stepping over guns, cartridge belts, the sprawling legs of soldiers, and sometimes of women and children, in the patio of the building, on finally emerging, I noticed that the sentries on either side of the entrance door had been changed since I had gone up stairs; and although I had frequently noticed mere boys among the soldiery, I was especially struck with the youthful appearance of these two sentries, and halted long enough to question them a little. One said that he was 11, and the other 12 years of age, and neither looked a day older. They were both from Guadalajara and had enlisted some three months before. They were covered with well filled cartridge belts, and each, with pistols to his side and a mauser in hand, suggested real ambulatory military magazines in miniature.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

CARRANZA - DIEGUEZ ADMINISTRATION CONTINUED, WITHOUT BETTERMENT

July 21st, 1915.

Present Political Situation Here

There has not been any material change in the political situation here from that outlined in my former recent letters on that subject.

Ever since the publication of President Wilson's proclamation to the revolutionary chiefs, the political atmosphere hereabouts has been surcharged with all kinds of extravagant rumors.

Being practically entirely cut off from communication with the outside world for more than three months, the rumor factories have been running on more than double shift time, and to have so multiplied in number, that every one seems to have been converted into so many little mills, grinding out rumors to their individual liking, or announce as verities such as they themselves would be glad to see consummated.

Especially has this been the case with regard to many sensational—but wholly unfounded—reports as to what information has been, and is being received, at this Consulate from Washington.

After going through with the usual paroxyisms that Mexicans usually do when in high states of sentimental exaltation —as they proceeded to do following the reading of President Wilson's proclamation—they have lapsed back into a state of "vigilant procrastination"—all the while hoping that Washington may find some way to remedy the situation for them! It does not seem to occur to these people that it is their duty to try to get together and do something themselves for their country's good.

Speculations are rite as to what the Washington Government is going to do; and I have frequently been asked what President Wilson meant by "soon" or "in a short time." I have answered that the meaning, as to the length of time in such expressions, depended upon the object referred to, as, for instance, that in the digging of a Panama Canal, ten years would be a relatively short time in which to complete the work, while to dig a ditch 2 feet wide by 3 feet deep, across a level acre of ground, two weeks might be considered a long time for accomplishing the job; and that—correlarily speaking—as Mexico was a pretty large country, with a population of about 17,000,000 people, I would, with this, leave the answer to the interrogator to work out for himself.

Also, many questions as to who, or what faction, would finally be recognized; and especially lately, while General Obregon seems to be driving General Villa farther and farther North—if that fact wouldn't force Washington to recognize the Constitutionalistas? I have had to answer that President Wilson had never taken me into his confidence—hence how could I know! although, inwardly feeling at the same time, that if ever the Constitutionalistas should be recognized, that beforehand, "el Jefe en general de las fuerzas Constitutionalistas y encargado de los poderes ejecutetivos," and his Sancho Panzas, would have to come down considerably from their wooden horse.

July 21st, 1915.

Confiscating Everything Belonging to the Church, that can be Found

On the 25th day of June, a young gentleman came to this Consulate and told me that Padre Aspeitia Palomar wished very much to see me, and asked me when and where he could do so. Ascertaining that the Padre was keeping

himself well in-doors, to avoid further difficulties with the military, I promised to go to his lodgings.

Knowing Padre Aspeitia Palomar as I did, I felt sure that he at least thought he had something important to talk over with, or confide to me.

Ever since my residence here, Padre Palomar has been the Vicar General of this Archdiocese. I had also known Archbishop Ortiz very well, who died about two years ago, but have never met his successor, Archbishop Jimenez, who fled from Guadalajara early last year, going first to Havana, and then to the United States, carrying with him, it is thougt, much of the Churche's valuables in the form of jewelry, etc.

I remember that when Secretary Root was here, to have seen a wonderfully rich display of jewelry in one of the side-rooms of the Cathedral, which had been left to it by religious devotees—and from its appearance, principally by women. I was told by Padre Ciruela on that occasion, that although the display on exhibition was valued at over $2,500,000.00, they did not represent the half of such valuables that the Church had stored in the vaults of the Cathedral!

When the Carranza forces under General Obregon reached Guadalajara, (8th of July, 1914,) Padre Aspeira Palomar was soon afterward, (as was the case with many other priests,) arrested and imprisoned, and was kept incarcerated about six months. Whether he bought his liberty—as was, and is yet, the custom—I am not advised, but would guess that he must have paid quite a snug sum.

Therefore, as Padre Palomar was next in Church authority to the Archbishop, it would follow that he must have been hounded after by the military money hunters to no small extent during the past year, and forced to hide, continually.

When I called, he told me that he wanted me to inform Washington of his most recent discomfiture—the confiscation

of something over one and one-half million pesos, in the form of promissory notes and mortgages.

I asked him to whom the securities belonged, and he told me that the securities in question were all Church property, made payable to different priests, the main part of them being in his, Padre Palomar's favor.

When asked if he thought the securities might be reclaimed, he answered "no," adding, "except that those in whose favor the securities had been made payable could evade being caught and forced to transfer them!

When asked if he intended employing some outside person, such as a lawyer, to try to protect the interests in question, he threw up his hands in emphasis to the absurdity of such a thought.

I finally asked him what he wished I should communicate to Washington. He answered, "only the bare facts—I will send them to you in a few days." In about ten days after this interview, the same young man who had first called, brought me a paper, on which was written in Spanish, the following, translated into English:

"On the 19th of June, house No....., Pedro Moreno Street, the same being the residence of Don Miguel Barragan, was searched by the Carranza soldiers, who took possession of instruments of writing, such as promissory notes and mortgages, which the authorities claimed were compromising documents. Señor Barragan was thrown into prison, and after three days of "incomunicado," was put at liberty. The priests in whose favor these securitnes were drawn, are all in hiding, and are being actively hunted by the minions of the present Government. A well posted priest thinks that the said confiscated securities represented more than one and one-half million pesos. They were the property of the Church."

The note handed to me was unsigned, and evidently had been written in an attemptedly disguised hand.

And thus matters are progressing—or retrogressing—according to ones point of view.

Churchmen claim persecution in this and similar cases, with as much vehemence as if their lives were being jeopardized.

As to their justification for such claims—especially when the Mexican constitution of 1857 is taken into consideration—it is not, as I construe it, the function of an humble Consular officer to decide.

Padre Aspeitia Palomar, Vicar-General of the Guadalajara Archdiocese, asked me to communicate above facts to Washington, and I did so—adding some side-lights by the way, even at the risk of prolixity—as fairly and clearly as the case would permit. But why he wanted this done, I could not guess. What had Wasington to do with such matters? Perhaps Padre Palomar did not know how little Washington is caring for the interests of its own people down in Mexico during these times.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

CARRANZA - DIEGUEZ ADMINISTRATION CONTINUED—THE READER MAY JUDGE AS TO WHETHER THERE HAS BEEN ANY IMPROVEMENT AND OF WHAT IT MAY CONSIST

July 29th, 1915.

A Bird's Eye Glimpse of Present Politico-Economic Conditions

Although the Carrancistas are in possession of Guadalajara, the rest of the State of Jalisco, except along the railroad lines from here to Irapuato and Manzanillo, is occupied by the Villistas. Thus the Villistas are everywhere—from within ten to twenty miles of this city, except as stated.

Trains from Guadalajara to Manzanillo have been trying to run from two to three times a week only, while we have not had any regular trains to or from Irapuato for nearly a month.

I should say that about four-fifths of the territory composing this State is dominated by the Villistas; and the Carrancistas do not seem to be making any effort to dispossess them, or the Villistas to try to take any one place now under the control of the Carrancistas.

From the best information that I can gather, this proportion holds approximately the same throughout the greater part of the Republic.

There can be no question that the sympathies of the civilian element here are almost unanimously in favor of the Villistas; and I am told that this is the case pretty nearly everywhere else also.

The Church element, while not really partisans of either

faction, are thoroughly decided that the Villistas are by odds the least of the two evils, as far as their troubled and disorganized affairs are concerned.

August 30, 1915.

Something of My Impressions After a Casual Talk with Acting Governor Berlanga

I was alone with Governor Berlanga for a short time last night, when I took up the subject of the late Washington note to the Mexican Officials with him and took occasion to tell him that we were all hoping and praying that some solution might be found which would restore early peace to these people.

I then referred to the position that most of the officials pretended to maintain, with reference to outsiders meddling with the internal affairs of Mexico; and incidentally asked him if he did not remember what I said to General Dieguez when the Consular Corps called on him during the reign of terror here, and especially as to what I said as to the utter futility on the part of any man or party trying to set up a Government in Mexico in such a manner as to cause the Washington Government to decline to give them friendly recognition. He said he remembered. Then I asked him why, in view of such a fact, would any one down here try to form a Government that might reasonably be sure of meeting such a fate?

"Now," said I, "you people seem very much wedded to the idea of maintaining General Carranza as your leader, and as the right person to head a provisional Government; and it also seems that General Carranza is bent towards the same end. But suppose this should be done and fail to receive friendly recognition from the Washington Government—what then?—You could not borrow a dollar in any market of the world, which you very well know, and which your arch

enemy, General Huerta, found to be the case to his very great discomfiture, and with incalculably injurious results to his country.

"Personal ambitions are proper, in their place; but when one's personal ambitions lead him to jeopardize the welfare and happiness of a whole nation—and these his own people—to satisfy such ambitions, what might be though of the patriotism of such an one—the patriotism we hear so much talked about in this country?"

I then recounted to him the case of Samuel J. Tilden—of his candidacy for the office of President of the United States—and told of his answer to some of his partisans after being urged by them to make a fight for the office, to which he knew he had been fairly elected—urged to do so even after the celebrated Electoral Commissions decision commonly known as the "Seven to Eight on every count"—(seven Democrats to eight Republicans), and added, "what you Mexicans, in my opinion, are most in need of at present, is a modicum of Samuel J. Tilden Patriotism."

Then I suggested that inasmuch as they all must know, sooner or later, that they would have to reckon with Washington in the matter of establishing a Government, the advisability of their taking up the subject in both a philosophical and patriotic manner at once, and come to some agreement—laying aside the satisfying of every ambition except that of restoring permanent peace and prosperity to the country—even at the sacrifice of the political hopes of any one, two or three individuals—putting any one aside who might stand in the way of such a consummation.

But what good could come out of this, unless others were similarly reached—and by those duly authorized by the Washington Government?

Perhaps my personal anxiety over seeing this "Mexican Question" settled beyond question, and without the sem-

blance of armed intervention, has already led me too far in trying to "steer" Washington in the way it should go in this matter.

I made a bad blunder in sending an account of my conversation with Governor Berlanga to the Department of State —it was written on the eve of the recognition of Carranza by the Washington Government—and I apprehend it did not reach its destination until after said "recognition" was announced!

NOTE:—But with the full recognition, and moral support, that Washington has given the so-called Carranza Government—now over four years since—it has proved a rank failure, so far.

On another occasion, (see letter of Sept. 30), when I expressed myself as fearful that Señor Carranza might prove a failure on account of not being able to borrow the necessary money with which to rehabilitate the country, I was asked why I thought that Carranza would not be able to borrow money after he should have been recognized by Washington.

I said plainly that I did not think any shrewd financiers would lend money to a Government which had as its chief executive a person who could be guilty of issuing such financial edicts as Carranza had repeatedly done—that the ink had hardly dried on any of his published decrees before the financiers of Wall street were aware of it—as well as many other edicts which had been published—and that according to my Arithmetic, that that class of men were not hunting any such long chances on which to risk their capital.

But the Mexicans all seemed to think that the Carranza Government would be enabled to literally swim in money borrowed from foreign capitalists—once it was recognized by Washington!

I told them that if that was what they were waiting for,

they had just as well dismiss school and all go back to their old jobs!

They couldn't believe it.

NOTE:—We wonder if they believe it now?

And I frequently wonder yet, what Washington thinks of its fine piece of work in its recognition of the so-called Carranza Government (?)!

I was well convinced at the time—in my own mind, of course—that the Washington Administration was adopting a very awkward makeshift in trying to extricate itself from the results of its stumbling—blundering Mexican policy, and I believe it yet—who wouldn't now?

September 17th, 1915.

Attack on American Citizen J. E. Barton, and British Subject, Edward Fitzpatrick and Family, Wherein Fitzpatrick Was Killed, and All Robbed of Everything

The following account will serve to give you a fair idea as to just about how much confidence may be placed in the claims of the Carrancistas as to their domination of territory, and the protection they are affording the people.

On the 9th of this month, Doctor George Purnell, mining partner of J. E. Barton, came to me with the following telegram: "Etzatlan, Sept. 8, 1915. Dr. G. E. Purnell, Guadalajara. Mozo here with letter for you from J. E. Barton says: "House attacked last Sunday, 5th. Ed. Fitzpatrick killed—Barton in desperate situation—no money or clothes—does not think he can get away—asks for any possible assistance. Am forwarding letter to you. Will you advise American Consul?" (Signed) J. H. Howard.

I went at once to see the Commandante Militar of the State, and he informed me that they could not do anything in the case at present, as all that section of country where the tragedy had taken place was under the control of Villistas—

that there were not over four thousand Carrancista soldiers in the entire State, etc., etc.

The place where the tragedy occurred is about ten hours by horseback from Tula.

I then sent Mr. Howard the following telegram: "Send any force that you can get by telephone or otherwise, to bring Barton and the Fitzpatrick to safety."

On the evening of the same day, Mr. Howard answered: "Your wire. No forces in this neighborhood. Assistance should be from Ameca. Get Government to send instructions to Ameca. All I can do is to send money. One of Fitzpatrick's daughters here, for which reason word was sent here. Barton is in San Antonio, near Ayutla, 75 miles directly South of Ameca."

Other telegrams and letters were exchanged about this case; we omit giving more,—but will come at once to the denoument:

A Mr. Percy being in Guadalajara at the time, and knowing that a Mr. George McCormick was then with, and a friend of General Julian del Real, a Villista, camping near Ameca, we asked said Mr. Percy, who was to go to Ameca on the 10th, to reach McCormick by messenger, and through him have the Villista General, Julian del Real, send a sufficient body of his troops to brng Barton and the Fitzpatricks out.

General Real responded at once; and yesterday, 16th, Mr. Barton arrived at Guadalajara, the Fitzpatricks remaining in Ameca. (The Town of Ameca was at the time in the hands of the Carrancistas.)

Mr. Barton told me that General Real's rescue party treated them well—that the General himself came to within two blocks of the central plaza of Ameca with them, and even offered to conduct them to their hotel, but that he persuaded the General to turn back.

Mr. Barton also said that the mozos whom Mr. Howard

sent, arrived with the 300 pesos, and that it was very fortunate, as it was much needed, and facilitated their escape in more ways than one.

Mr. Barton also declared, that the chief of the attacking party had a Carrancista commission, signed by Coronel Elias Saldana, Jefe in charge at Ameca.

We think we were entirely justified in calling on the Villistas for help in the above contingency, for the Carrancistas had pretended an inability to do anything. Indeed, I felt we were right in adopting any measure—Carranza or no Carranza, or any other pretended authority—that promised to rescue those people—an American citizen, an English lady and her two daughters, aged respectively 16 and 20 years.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

CONTINUATION CARRANZA-DIEGUEZ ADMINISTRATION: INTRODUCING SOME SIDE LIGHTS

September 17th 1915.

Shipping Food Stuffs from Here to the United States

On the 4th of September, I certified to an invoice, and on the 15th another, which were for shipments to New York of as much as 279,616 pounds of Mexican garbanzos, valued here, in U. S. currency, at $29,761.50—being 10c per pound—or 20c in Mexican money—59,523.00 pesos!

Said invoices were taken out by Guillermo Collignon & Co., but I assure you that this firm—or any other firm or individual—would not be permitted, for their own account, to do such a thing in the face of present food conditions, without not only the consent and connivance, but a particeps criminis partnership on the part of the State authorities here.

Taking all in all, to my mind, the shipment of food stuffs from here under the present circumstances, is the crowning outrage of the many of which I have had knowledge; and I have no doubt whatever but that these shipments will be followed by others—and just as long as anything can be scraped together that will sell for gold in the foreign markets—to further enrich these so-called champions of the causes of the poor; and at a time when these same poor are starving for want of these very articles of food, right in sight—in fact under the very noses—of their pseudo-champions!

Just as I had finished the above, a clerk from Guillermo Collignon & Co., came to the Consulate to get more forms for making out invoices. I asked him if they were going to ship

more garbanzos, and he answered: "Yes; as soon as we can get cars."

I then expressed surprise at their being permitted to ship food stuffs out, unless they might be doing it for Government officials. He answered, "Asi lo es Señor." (It is that way, Sir) or (that is the way of it, Sir).

September 24th, 1915.

Joseph Mulhall's Statement

I have to say that out of the many similar cases which I could relate, of the straightened condition of the poor in outlying districts, I will only trouble you with the following, as told to me by American citizen, Joseph Mulhall, this morning:

"Some of my former employees from Amatlan, in the territory of Tepic, just across the dividing line from State of Jalisco, came in last night, and said that if I did not give them work, they were bound to starve."

(Mr. Mulhall contemplated building a road to his mine to enable him to get in machinery—some already in Guadalajara, and some tied up at El Paso—as soon as conditions would permit.)

"These men told me that the people out there would be actually starving now, if it were not for the crop of roasting ears in the fields, which the people were pulling to eat, instead of leaving it to ripen; and that this was so much the case that there would not be any corn to be gathered at the usual harvest time."

"They promised that if I would do this, and allow them one peso per day that they would do me good and faithful work. They said that they would thus be enabled to live, as they could send elsewhere for corn and beans."

"I gave them 800 pesos; and Mrs. Mulhall divided the bills into small bulks, and sewed them in the clothing of the

peons in a manner that if held up on their way back, the money would scarcely be found.

"I also bought tools for twenty-five laborers, and after they get the work well under way, I will increase the number of workmen to fifty.

"I have known these men a long time, and am sure they will keep their promise faithfully—and then I need the road.

"I shall not go back to the mine myself until it is safer, but will keep these men at work by some of them coming from time to time for more money."

Then Mr. Mulhall related this:

"Don Rosalio Ruiz, a prominent merchant of this city, whose business is located at the corner of Avanida Colon and Prisciliano Sanchez—just across from the postoffice—gave a picnic to about a hundred and fifty of his friends—among them some of the best people of Guadalajara—two Sundays ago, at a hacienda building, about 4 miles S. W. of this city.

"During the forenoon, while the guests were dancing, a band of Carrancistas dropped in on them, robbed them of jewelry, etc., and held the whole crowd for ransom until Señor Ruiz could come in and send back by one of the soldiers 10,000.00 pesos, in bank bills; under threats of making "soldaderas" of the young lady contingent of the merry-makers,if these demands were not complied with! Señor Ruiz complied, of course.

"About one-half of Señor Ruiz's guests were females; and of these latter, there were some twenty-five or thirty very pretty Señoritas.

"While waiting for the money messenger to come back, the soldiers ate up all the food—and drank all the drinkables —that had been brought along for the guests.

"A pathetic incident occurred in the meantime—one of the five young women whom the soldiers had recently ab-

ducted from surrounding ranches, stepped up to the chief of the band and said: 'Señor Jefe, why do you not let us ugly, dark colored girls go back to our homes, and take in our stead some of these pretty, white-skinned Señoritas?'

"But the robbers kept the dark "rancheras," took the money, and allowed the pretty, fair-complexioned Señoritas to go home."

September 25th, 1915.

Nakedness Among the Poor in the Country Districts

Numerous people have described to me lately the plight of the poor peons in the country districts, and the following, which was related to me by Señor Javier Quevedo, a reliable gentleman, who speaks English well, will illustrate:

"I was out between San Pedro and Tonelá yesterday, to look after some properties belonging to an English friend of mine.

"You know that San Pedro is three miles out, reached by electric car line, and Tonelá is four miles beyond San Pedro.

"I saw a number of peons working in their crops, some wearing only drawers, and many more with not a stitch of clothing on their persons, except a breech-clout around their loins.

"I asked them the reason of this nakedness, and they answered that they were receiving in wages (those who worked for hire), and for their vegetables, but little more than when 'manta' (the name of a Mexican white cotton cloth—very much like ordinary domestic—with which these people clothe themselves), was 10 centavos per metro; and that now, as 'manta' was selling for from two to two and one-quarter pesos, they had not 'con que comprar' (wherewith to buy)."

Youthfulness of Some Mexican Soldiers

September 26th, 1915.

In my letter dated June 28, under the subject of "The

Proletariat in the Saddle," I took occasion to relate an incident touching the subject of this.

Since then, I have seen so many mere boys in uniform, and armed as soldiers, that I thought it might be worth while to relate:

Last Sunday morning, while passing the Banco de Londres building, on San Francisco Street, now used as a sort of military commissary, I was impressed with the youthful appearance of the guard at the door. I ventured to ask him his age, when he very pertly answered, "para que es?" meaning, literally, "what for?" but in this case was intended more to mean, "what business is it of yours?"

An older soldier came up and asked what was wanted. I explained to him that I had asked the young sentry how old he was, and that he did not please to tell me. The older guard then informed me that the boy was 10 years of age.

I was on my way to the Cosmopolita Hotel and had not gone more than a block farther when I met a Captain, accompanied by a very boyish looking soldier. I addressed the Captain, and asked if he would object to telling me how old the little fellow was. He answered, very politely, "eight years!" I thanked him, and we each went his way.

Yesterday, while seated in San Francisco Plaza, another soldier boy came along and seated himself near me. I asked him his age. He answered, "ten years." I then asked him the age of the youngest enlisted soldier that he knew of. He answered, "one of seven years of age." I told him that I would divide five pesos between him and the seven year old soldier if they would go with me to have our pictures taken together. He said he would, if he could persuade the other little fellow to come.

I thought such might be worth while—preserving a picture that would tell its own tale—but they did not come to have their pictures taken.

September 30, 1915.

Some Suggestive Items in the Local Press

"In the Boletin Militar" of the 20th, there were several very amusing articles bearing on the conditions here, among which was one strongly censuring the public coachmen of the city for using such miserable looking rosenantes; when the truth is that such good coach horses as there were, had been taken by the military from the coachmen long since; and if the coachmen should have good horses now, instead of exhibiting them before the eyes of the military, they would be very careful to keep them hid out somewhere—probably for the same reason that "a burned child dreads the fire."

September 30th, 1915.

Purely Political

Although this letter may reach you post hoc, I have to say that in a conversation with Governor Berlanga last night, touching the probable action of the "Powers" as to the recognition of a Provisional President for Mexico; I spoke in substance:

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that Carranza should be recognized—what good would it do? Money would have to be borrowed, and that in my opinion, the financial world would not lend one dollar to a Government headed by Carranza, for the reason that,

General Carranza has already placed himself so far beyond the confidence of financiers, that they would not take any risks on him, and that,

General Carranza could have no one to blame but himself, and that—

Inasmuch as such would be the most probable result, why could not the Constitutionalista leaders—those who had stood the brunt of the campaigns—get together and lay such

facts before General Carranza—that it was not so much the business of the Washington Government to do so, nor that of any other foreign nation, as it was that of the Constitutionalist henchmen themselves.

I added that it would not necessarily follow that General Carranza would lose—but rather, gain—prestige; that he had served his purpose—a figure-head for the Constitutionalistas—and that now, if the Constitutionalista officers would take the matter up directly with their Chief, and he could be made, by them, to see and understand that if he would do such a thing as stepping aside—especially at this juncture—that instead of his name going down in history as a failure, it would be hailed by the living, and passed on to future generations side by side with that of Francisco Madero—that then General Carranza could remain in Mexico and be petted as much as his admirers should like—that then all Mexico, and the outside world, would honor him, and exalt his name—that his country could even vote him a life pension, to which foreign residents as well as natives would be glad to contribute—thus restoring peace at a stroke, as it were, to their lacerated patria, and without wounding the sentiments of any person or party.

Alhough Govrnor Berlanga professes to be a great admirer of Carranza, he listened attentively, and did not seem displeased at my remarks.

Indeed, I believe that if such a campaign was pushed among the Carrancistas, it would soon result in success, and leave everybody concerned contented.

Governor Berlanga understood that I was speaking strictly in a private capacity—just as one personal friend might to another.

NOTE: The above letter, somewhat in line with that of August 30, was another of my blunders in imparting same to the Department—trying to impress Washington with my

puny ideas of Carranzaism—blunders with more good sense in them than in anything which Washington has yet displayed in dealing with the "Mexican Question," for it is now a matter of history—(after more than four years have elapsed since the above was written)—that the Carranza Government has failed entirely in negotiating a loan, and in everything else that could be commended.

October 1st, 1915.

Interchange of Courtesies Between the Carrancistas and the Villistas

Sometime ago—after a body of Carrancistas had raided the Magistral mine, about 50 miles in a direct line West of Guadalajara—the management of the mine applied to a Villista officer not far away, to see if he would not lend his aid in trying to recover the stolen property from the Carrancistas, which consisted of a number of horses, mules, saddles and bridles, etc.

The Villista officer wrote a note to the chief of the Carrancista band, asking the return of the stolen property, and offering, as an inducement, that if such was done, the Villista would, in turn, bind himself to extend similar courtesies to the Carrancista, when opportunity offered.

On the strength of this note alone the Carrancista jefe immediately returned to the Magistral mine everything they had taken, thus strengthening, by one more example, the saying that there is such a thing as honor, even among thieves!

Inflaming Soldiers Against Americans

"A Mr. A. F. Cohen, and Mr. Soderbeg, respectively Superintendent and assistant, of this division of the Southern Pacific Railroad, were out at Orendain on the 28th of September, and while there, had the pleasure of hearing the jife of a military detachment make a speech to his men, wherein he

told them if there should come about armed intervention, the first thing they must do, would be to surround the Southern Pacific buildings there—to see that not an American escaped —and to burn the buildings to the ground. They were not able to give me the name of the officer.

October 21st, 1915.

Our Present Hotchpotch Situation, Politically Speaking

I have to say that since the 9th of this month—the day on which the conference of the representatives of the American Powers met again on the subject of the "Mexican Question"—we have surely been in a great mess.

By the evening of the 9th, the local authorities here began to claim that they had received reliable information of the recognition of General Carranza.

At 12 o'clock on the 10th, (which was Sunday), there was begun a perfect din of bell-ringings throughout the city, and as usual, when such occurs, the populace began to gather in the Plaza de Armes and streets about the Palace, but not in as great numbers as would have been expected in celebration of such an event, especially on a Sunday.

After about a half hour of waiting—the bells in the meantime keeping up a confusion of clangings—Governor Berlanga and staff appeared on the front balcony of the Palace, and read some purported telegrams, confirmatory of the unconditional recognition of General Carranza and the Constitutionalista party by the A. B. C. Conference.

There was not much enthusiasm manifested by the people, and it was easy to be seen that the protagonists in the manifestation were themselves not so sanguine of the truth of the matter as they would have liked to be.

Yet they pretended to hail it as a great triumph, and launched a number of heroic remarks on the strength of the supposed good news.

The civilian part of the community seemed very much disappointed. It was evident that they were not Carranza sympathizers.

Then rumors began to circulate, and I was beset on every hand with questions from those wanting to know if I had received any official information on the subject. I could only answer in the negative, and studiedly evaded discussing the matter with any one.

Throughout the week following, there was a continuous stream of inquirers to the Consulate, composed of people of all nationalities.

They did not seem to be able to reconcile matters in their minds when told that not one word as to the actions of the A. B. C. Conference had been received at the Consulate.

Wilder rumors began to percolate, and by Saturday, Sunday and Monday, 16th, 17th and 18th, typewritten posters appeared on the walls of buildings in the market places, both in Guadalajara and suburban villages, some saying that Villa had been recognized instead of Carranza—others that Carranza had been recognized only on condition that he would return to the citizens and Church, all properties of which they had been robbed—give general amnesty to all and every political enemy, including the old Federals—give ample protection to both foreigners and natives—call elections for January, 1916—with many other strings to it—and closing with the assertions that if these conditions were not complied with to the letter, an American army of three hundred thousand—now on the border!!!—would enter Mexico, and force said measures to be carried out.

And by some kind of hocus-pocus, my name became associated with some of these rumors, in various ways—one alleging that I had signed a statement confirmatory of the non-recognition of Carranza—another, that I had received a long cypher dispatch from Washington, and after uncoding same,

was posting it up at the Consulate—that Governor Berlanga protested at this—that I persisted—was arrested and taken to he Penitentiary!

All these rumors agreed in landing me in the Penitentiary—and my reported incarceration was accepted by all. Early Monday morning, 18th, first Americans, and then people of other natitonalities began coming to the Consulate, all seeming surprised to find me at my desk. Some even asked me, "when did you get out of the Penitentiary?"—and adding "we have just heard of it, and came to learn if we could be of any assistance!"

And when I closed the Consulate at the noon hour and went on the street, the populace appeared surprised at seeing me walking about at liberty.

I was somewhat at a loss to know what I should do;—whether I should call on, or write to Governor Berlanga; but soon concluded that I should not do anything at all—that Governor Berlanga could but know that I would not have had to do with any such "canarderies."

I was glad that the local press of that afternoon did not refer to me, or the Consulate, in its treatment of the reports. The wild rumors were charged by the press to the influence of what it called the "Villista Clerical Party."

When I met Governor Berlanga faterwards, neither of us referred to the wild reports that had been so persistently circulated, although we talked of the rumored action of the A. B. C. Conference—he telling me that he had received a personal telegram from General Carranza on that day (20th), confirming the report of his recognition by the Washington Government; and asked me if I had not rceived advices to the same effect, which I had to answer in the negative.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

THE RECOGNITION OF CARRANZA, AND SOME OTHER VERY UGLY OCCURRENCES NOT OMITABLE

October 23rd, 1915.

Recognition of General Carranza

I received a telegram from the Department of State, dated October 19th, informing this Consulate of the recognition by the Washington Government of the de facto Government of Mexico, of which General Venustiano Carranza is the Chief Executive.

I at once ordered copies made for all the leading local officials, and the different Consulates here; and went to see Governor Berlanga to tell him personally, and offer my congratulations. Governor Berlanga almost wept for joy.

Before leaving, I reminded myself of my always having heretofore refused to accept—or extend—any formal social amenities to either revolutionary faction, explaining that until my Government should recognize them that I did not think such my proper course—to which each, on reflection, answered that "Vd. tiene razón" (you are correct)—so I turned back as I was in the act of leaving and invited the Governor to join me at lunch the next day, adding that he and I could now play together. He seemed delighted to accept.

We did not get out formal notices until about 3:30 that same afternoon, but long before this hundreds of people came to the Consulate; others sent for copies; and the telephone too was worked to full capacity. Indeed, I had not finished my lunch before newspaper reporters began sending in their

cards—and as I went to lunch immediately after my visit to Governor Berlanga, and had not "broken the news" to any one else, I was sure it must have been himself who started it in its verbal flight throughout the city.

Disappointment was visible in the countenances of many; and some asked if there were any conditions attached to the recognition. I answered that the telegram as given out, was all the information that I had received.

Yet I am persuaded that many who at first felt sorely disappointed, now feel more satisfied than if nothing had been done. They console themselves by saying, "Well, it is at least a beginning, and may lead somehow, even if by a devious route, to an earlier restoration of peace."

It was evident that the Mexican people had been converted into an army of "peace at any price" proselytes—anything, Lord! that even remotely promised surcease from the sufferings they had been enduring.

October 28th, 1915.

Supplement to my letter of Oct. 21st on "Military Movements

"Last night there was considerable excitement in the city both among the civilians and the military. It had been learned that after the Carrancistas had taken Tequila, Magdalena and Hostotipaquillo, the Villistas had returned and retaken these places, and had driven the Carrancistas back as far as Orendain, where the latter camped last night. Orendain is the junction point of the Southern Pacific and Mexican Central Railroads, 20 miles out from Guadalajara.

In some other parts of the State the Villistas are also reported to be gaining.

Reinforcements from Michoican are expected hourly, and

the Carrancistas think they can, with these, be able to keep the Villistas from retaking Guadalajara.

Nevertheless, great uneasiness continues to be felt throughout the city.

Before the recognition of Carranza, a large majority of the community would have been glad to have the Villistas back; but now, I think they would prefer to see the results of the Carranza recognition given at least an experimental trial.

October 30th, 1915.

Following up my letters of 21st and 28th October—Military Situation

Since my letter of the 28th, there does not seem to be any improvement in the situation here.

The Carrancistas have remained encamped at Orendain —or were until yesterday—but retired part of their force to La Venta, some 14 miles from Guadalajara.

Also there are Villista troops in other directions from this city, especially at San Cristobal, 15 miles W. N. W.

I had a talk last evening with an American Captain in the Carranza army, and he said that if reinforcements should come in during the night, they would have a pretty fight today, out near La Venta; but if reinforcements did not reach here before morning, that he did not think there would be a fight—that the Carrancistas would retire.

It is claimed the Villistas were already twenty-five hundred strong, and that two thousand reinforcements had already passed Hostotipaquillo on their way to join them.

The Villistas are said to be well armed, and plentifully supplied with ammunition, except as to cannon and rapid-fire guns.

There were about eight hundred Carrancista troops at Orendain, thoroughly equipped, and I am told they are being

reinforced by two thousand more, which arrived at Guadalajara during the night.

At this writing, I am of the opinion that the Villistas will be routed, yet the city has been kept in a high state of tension during the past few days. Many prophesy that the Villitas will retake Guadalajara—but I think the wish is father to these predictions.

In view of the foregoing, I have felt at a loss to know what to do in the event the Villistas come in.

Several conservative Americans have insisted that if the Carrancistas should leave, I should go with them.

I have had prepared for the past forty-eight hours, a code message to send to Washington, asking instructions in the event of such a contingency, but did not want to do anything sensational, and therefore held it over until today—which may prove to have been too late.

If the Villistas should retake Guadalajara, before I shall have received an answer to my telegram, it is my present determination to remain here.

I could not get the other Americans out, and I could not bear the thought of deserting them.

I know I would not have any official standing with the Villistas since Washington has recognized Carranza—and might therefore be in a more critical position than if I had never been a Consular officer—but I have served as a sort of shepherd to these people so long, and through such trying times, that to desert them in the face of this new plight—I fear that it would be beyond me—except in obedience to instructions from my superiors.

I may overestimate my usefulness under such circumstances—without any official standing before the Villistas. Nevertheless I cannot entertain any other thought than to remain, and do what little I might, as long as permitted.

October 31st, 1915.

The Military Situation—Supplementary to Letters dated October 21-28 and 30th

This Sunday morning, is the first time, within the past four days, that the strained military situation encompassing this community would permit of one's taking a full breath—and this may prove to be only a temporary relief.

It was not known in the city until to-day, that the Villistas had actually driven the Carrancistas from La Venta—14 miles out—and were following the retreat of the latter to Guadalajara, when—just in the nick of time—two thousand more Carranza troops appeared upon the scene, and drove the Villistas back, and beyond, La Venta.

So at present it seems the city is to be saved, once more, from falling again into the hands of the Villistas.

The time so gained will enable the Carrancistas to bring ample reinforcements to overcome any probable number of Villistas that might be available.

It is now 12 M. and before closing this letter, I will add anything of interest that I may be able to gather, until an opportunity offers for sending it out; and in the meantime, will give you an account of an

Attempted Suppression of My Telegram in Code

I sent a code dispatch to the telegraph office yesterday morning; the messenger soon returned, saying that the telegram had been refused—unless accompanied by an uncoded translation.

I sent the messenger back immediately, with the request that the manager of the office note on the telegram his refusal, and sign his name to same. He declined to do this.

I then sent to Governor Berlanga, by the Consular Secretary, a letter which said: "I am astonished that the director of the Federal Telegraph System here positively re-

fuses to transmit a code telegram from this Consulate to the Washington Government, unless same be accompanied with its translation.

"I would like very much to learn, from your Excellency, as early as may be possible, if this is the kind of treatment that I am to expect from the present Government here."—(Signed) Will B. Davis, American Vice Consul.

After sending Secretary Corrothers to the Governor, I took the telegram in person, accompanied by Messers Kline and Burt, American citizens, and went to see the Director of the telegraph office, and in the presence of these witnesses, asked him to send the telegram just as it was—in code—or write on same his reasons for not doing so.

He declined to do either, saying he could show me instructions from the Chief of the Federal Telegraph System to refuse all telegrams in code unaccompanied by their respective translations.

I answered that I did not care to see a telegram—or any number of telegrams—from his chief—that what I was concerned about was to get a telegram to my own chief—and again asked him to either accept my message, or write on same his reasons for not doing so; and he again declined to send it, or write his reasons.

I then called my witnesses' attention to these facts, and was about to depart, when he begged me to wait until he could call up Mexico and ask his chief about it.

I answered that I had taken Doctor Kline from his office —that Mr. Burt had an appointment due—and as I had taken the matter up with Governor Berlanga, sending the letter by the Secretary of the Consulate,—I also must return without delay—that he could let me know in his own good time, should he have anything to communicate after hearing from his chief; and with my witnesses, I left.

In about thirty minutes the manager called me by tele-

phone, and said if I would send the message to the office again, he would transmit it in code.

The Secretary did not return until an hour after this; when he told me that he did not know what passed between Governor Berlanga and the manager of the telegraph office, but that as soon as Governor Berlanga had read my letter he sent for the manager to come to the Palace, which the latter did without delay.

Perhaps Governor Berlanga will answer my letter sooner or later, and say something like this: That after inquiring about the subject, he found that the telegram in question had already been forwarded!!

As to whether the telegram reached the Department, I have not yet learned, but I much apprehend that it may have had applied to it—before having gotten safely across the border—"la ley fuga."

This behavior towards sending my code message to the Department is evidence of the extreme anxiety on the part of the authorities here to keep Washington in ignorance of their precarious situation.

To the best of my recollection, this was the first and only time that the Carrancistas attempted to suppress my telegrams.

November 3d.—No changes of importance regarding the military situation have occurred since date of this letter, except that the Carrancistas have been driving the Villistas back—the neswpapers say into the mountains—which latter is not so; at least according to perfectly reliable American citizens' testimony, who tell me that the Villistas are yet holding Tequila, Magdalena, Quemada, Hostitopaquillo and other places.

Yet every one here now feels that the menace of the Villistas is over for the present.

November 5th, 1915.

A Masqued Effort to Discriminate Against Foreign Investors in Mines.

Although I might not be able to maintain, technically, the proposition that would naturally be construed from the above subject, it is the purpose of this letter to show the arbitrary manner in which mining interests are being treated by the present Government; and as how foreigners—principally Americans—are being made the sufferers. I believe that about 90%, at least, of all investments in mines in Mexico is strictly of American origin.

As a basis of what this letter is intended to set forth, I will give an epitome of the mining tax laws: The taxes up to a short time ago had been six pesos per pertenencia—(about 2½ acres). The fiscal year begins July 1st, and taxes are payable every four months in advance. If the first tercio was not paid before the last of July, 50% is added; and then, if not paid before the end of August 100% is superadded; and if this is not paid before the end of October, the property is forfeited to the Government. Said taxes are payable in the circulating medium of the country.

Now said taxes have been doubled, and must be paid in metallic money.

And this must be done whether one is, or can be put in possession of the property or not; or whether the present Government is in control of the territory wherein the property may be located, or not.

Moreover, these conditions are being maintained notwithstanding the fact—which the Government very well knows—that for months, on account of conditions brought about by the revolutions in this country—completely interrupting all communication in many cases—compliance with the edict has been made impossible.

Many Americans have not been able to get to, or in pos-

session of their properties for months, nor obtain money from the States to make payments, the latter being due to a want of communication.

Therefore—and for no fault of their own—American investors must lose their properties!

This strikes me as unjust, unfair and extremely arbitrary; and if anything can be done to stay the operation of these confiscatory measures, I feel that it ought to be done, and the sooner the better.

Just as I had finished the foregoing, an experienced American mine owner came into the Consulate and said we ought to try to do something to get relief—that at least 60% of mining interests in the States of Jalisco and Michoican, and the Territory of Tepic, had already been forfeited.

Noveber 6th, 1915.

The Taking by the Military of a Shetland Pony Belonging To an Eight-Year-Old Girl.

On the 1st of this month, the mozo of a Russian subject by the name of Zakrzewski, was halted while passing through a central part of the city by a soldier, who took from him a Shetland pony, the property of Mr. Z.'s eight-year-old girl.

The mozo, knowing how fond the family—and especially the little Mistress—were of the pony, offered the soldier a good-sized mule instead, remarking that the mule was worth ten times as much as the pony; but the soldier answered that his Captain had ordered him to bring the pony, and that he was going to take it.

This happened on the eighth birthday of the little girl; and it was at the time her little friends were gathering in celebration of same that the mozo arrived and told of the calamity, which at once converted the gleeful reunion of the little tots into a scene of sadness.

The father went at once to the Commandancia and told

of the robbery. The Commandante advised him that if Mr. Z. could locate the pony, that he, the Commandante, would try to have it returned.

Mr. Z. then went on a search—a la hunting a needle in a hay stack—and after two days and nights of fruitless labor brought the matter to this Consulate, in the following letter:

"Guadalajara, Nov. 3, 1915.

"Will B. Davis, American Consul. Sir—As a Russian subject, without Consular representation here, I wish to make a reclamation through you for the loss of a small pony cn the streets of this city day before yesterday.

"My mozo was leading the pony when he was stopped by a soldier, who demanded the pony, saying that he had an order from his Captain to take possession. The mozo protested, but the soldier threatened to shoot him if he did not hand over the pony at once. The mozo offered a mule he had instead. The mule was worth ten times as much as the pony. The mozo knew it would break the little girl's heart to lose her pet pony; but had to give it up because he was forced to do so.

"I am very anxious to get the pony back again, as it is the property of my little girl, ad I will thank you very much in anticipatin of anything you can do for me in the matter.

"Very truly yours,
(Signed) "J. de Zakrzewski."

I asked Mr. Z. to bring his little girl to the Consulate while the Secretary prepared the following, addressed to Commandante Gilberto Dalli, and dated 3d November: "I am enclosing with this a letter from Mr. Zakrzewski, a Russian subject.

"As the Government of the above mentioned Mr. Z. does not have an official representative here, in obedience to in-

structions from my Government, I hold him under the protection of the American Consulate.

"I therefore beg of you to try to have the pony in question returned to its little owner.

"It is self evident that said pony could not be of service to the military—really of no service for anything except for children to play with—and consequently it could not be claimed that it had been commandeered on account of military exigencies."

Arrived at the Commandancia, the little girl presented the envelope containing above letters to the Commandante.

After reading them, he told me about the same that he had told Mr. Z.

I went over the circumstances, enlarging quite fully on the birthday scene, etc., when the Commandante somewhat sarcastically remarked that he did not think it would become an international case.

I then addressed myself to him quite in earnest, telling him—among other things—that while I was sure the case would never come up as between the two Governments, that if this little girl's pony was not returned to her, it would become a matter of more than local notoriety—that on hearing of the case not only in the United States, but perhaps in other countries, it would be received with sentiments of indignation—that the picture that would impress itself on the minds of every one, from young children to grandmothers, would be that of a military officer ruthlessly robbing an eight-year-old child of its pet pony to give to one of his own children—that he need not doubt but it would be known broadcast—and that it was partly the purpose of my visit, to call his attention to this sentimental aspect of the case, and what it really implied, touching the reputation of the present Government; and that in my opinion, it behooved him more to use every effort within his power—cost what it

night—to restore to this little girl her pony, than a hundred horses wrongfully taken from an adult person—that he knew very well when he told Mr. Zakrzewski that if he could locate the pony, etc., that his search would prove a failure—that in my opinion the pony was not to be found in any barracks, or out toward the field of battle, but in the patio of the private home of some officer; and that he, the Commandante, was the only person who could, and should, have a close search made; and I earnestly advised him to have it done.

He said that if the pony could not be found, he would pay for it.

I answered that such things could not well be satisfied by the payment of money—that even the ignorant mozo had offered a mule worth ten times as much intrinsically, to be allowed to keep the pony.

Altogether, I succeeded in getting the Commandante pretty well worked up; and he promised to put all means within his power in operation in an effort to find the pony.

This interview occurred at 12:30 on the afternoon of the 4th, and in the "Accion," a local afternoon paper, there was prominently displayed on the front page the following notice, which I translate into English:

"The persons having in their possession a horse of the following description must present themselves to this Commandancia; if not, they will be punished with all rigor. (Meaning they would be shot.—W. B. D.)

"The horse referred to (and here he gave a description of the pony.—W. B. D.).

"This animal is the property of an American citizen, whose Consul demands its return." (Making a mistake in the citizenship.—W. B. D.)

There has been a great deal of speculation over the city as to the probabilities of reclaiming the pony. Many think

it will be secretly killed, and buried, instead of being returned by the guilty party.

At any rate, it goes to show how barefacedly such robberies are being perpetrated in and about the city, and how little attention is being paid by the authorities when such is done by the military.

NOTE: November 8.—As the sending of this letter has been delayed, I will say that up to the present not a thing has been learned about the pony; but yesterday two mules were returned by the Military, which they had stolen from the Episcopal Missionary farm here—one having been taken four, and the other two, weeks ago.

Thus I am persuaded that although the pony in question may not be recovered, the stirring up that the Military has had over it will result in good.

My course may seem to some not altogether justified; but when one has tried as long as I have to teach these people the wrong of such acts, they would find that not anything short of the most energetic efforts would ever strike in on them—and that even this would fail in the majority of cases, for want of being backed up by armed force—the only kind of "argument" that these people understand, or respect.

Commandante Dalli overdid the advertising business in wording his notice as published in "Accion."

He meant well; but no Mexican, after having read that notice, could have been induced to be seen with that pony—they would have looked upon such as being equal to condemning themselves to certain death. Hence it was thought that the pony was killed, and buried out of sight. But it caused the two mules to be returned to the Episcopal Mission!!!

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

CARRANZAISM CONTINUES CONSISTENTLY CARRANZAIZING

November 13th, 1915.

The Attempted Abduction of an American Girl by a Carrancista General, as Related by Her Own Father.

An American gentleman, who has just arrived at the Consulate, coming directly from Hostotipaquillo, brought me the following letter, which will explain itself:

Hostotipaquillo, November 10th, 1915.

"To Dr. Will B. Davis, U. S. Consul, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico.

Dear Sir:—On night before last, a detachment of Carranza soldiers, consisting of between three and four hundred, commanded by a General, entered this town, already almost abandoned by its former inhabitants.

They met with no resistance. After traversing several streets, they lined up in front of my residence. A detachment of eight men forced their way into my house, very much alarming me and my family with their arms, and avowed their intention of abducting my daughter, a young woman aged 20 years.

They demanded 7,000 pesos from me, on pain of being shot. When they were told that I did not have any money, they shut my daughter up in one of the rooms and then proceeded to search the house for money and valuables, which they did not find.

They appropriated my revolver and a little .22 rifle. During the time they were engaged in ransacking my house

and scattering the contents of my trunks, my daughter succeeded in escaping from the room where she had been confined, evading the sentinels in the darkness, and took refuge in a neighboring hut. Although a vigorous search was made for her, she was not found. She is still in concealment, but in imminent danger of being discovered, and abducted.

These men were all in the uniform of Carrancistas, headed by a Carranza officer, who reprimanded the sentinel for allowing my daughter to escape, and threatened him with the vengeance of the 'General,' under whose orders they were evidently acting.

Being helpless, I made no resistance, except to protest my American citizenship.

I fear that another effort will be made to find and carry off my daughter, and perhaps murder me.

These men and officers belong to the command of General Iturbe who, after the battle had at the outskirts of the town, and after having routed the Villistas, came to my house with ten officers of his staff, at 2 P. M., and ordered my family to give them dinner. Notwithstanding the dearth of provisions to be had in the town, we fed them as best we could. At that time they assured me that I had nothing to fear, as they would give us ample protection.

On this assurance, I was perfectly void of fear, and unprepared for such a visitation and outrage as was perpetrated on myself and family that night.

There were other outrages perpetrated the same night on young girls of peaceable Mexican families by this detachment, acting under the command of their officers, who are making use of their troops to thus satisfy their brutal passions and lust.

I communicate this to you, begging that you may use your influence in your official position, with the view that these guilty officers may be punished, as they deserve to be,

and in the hope that a perpetration of these outrages here may not be repeated." (Signed) Daniel B. Nichols.

Mr. McCormick, who brought the letter from Hostotipaquillo, told me that among the staff of General Iturbe, who ate dinner at Mr. Nichols', were Generals Novoa, Espinosa and Amaro; and that although the name of the particular Coronel who was in command of the body of troops who were out on abduction tours on the night referred to could not be learned, it was well known that he was the officer who had recently been in command of the Carranza forces at the town of El Labor.

Also, that it was the general opinion at Hostotipaquillo that the particular officer for whom the Nichols girl's abduction was attempted, was General Amaro.

At any rate, it must have been one of the Generals who dined at the Nichols house that day, who, becoming enamored of her while she was serving the meal, and had determined to make use of her for the gratification of his animal passions, had for this purpose sent the detachment of troops to escort her to his quarters that night.

Mr. Mc.C. said that Mr. Nichols did not mention his American citizenship until after he had been threatened with death because of the escape of his daughter, and that the announcement threw consternation into the ranks of the soldiery who, becoming apprehensive at hearing this, immediately retired from the premises.

Mr. McC. further stated that he had learned through several channels that the perpetrators of the Nichols outrage were very fearful that their conduct would be reported, and to prevent this as long as possible, had kept both the telephone and telegraph wires to Hostotipaquillo cut ever since. He said that they did not fear the report reaching the Mexican authorities here, so much as they were that the American Consul might hear of their acts.

I have already reported the case to Governor Berlanga, asking that a thorough investigation be made at the earliest moment, and that the guilty parties—whoever they are—be duly punished.

But "reporting" such cases, and "begging" that due punishment be administered, was about all that could be done. In answer to my letter to Governor Berlanga, I expect to receive "assurances" of a "determination" to "correct" such matters, or a nicely worded letter with the impress of "evasiveness" in every line and "between lines." And that will be the last that will be heard, or done about it.

November 30th, 1915.

Letters to Acting Governor Berlanga, Which Explain Themselves

I am herewith transmitting translated copies of two recent letters sent from this Consulate to Governor Berlanga, as follows:

"Governor Berlanga:---On the 9th of September, 1915, a band of men commanded by one Rosalio Fernandez, who called himself a Carrancista, and held a commission signed by Coronel Elias Saldana, attacked in the town of San Antonio, near Ayutlo, in this State, the house of a British subject named Fitzpatrick and killed Mr. Fitzpatrick. In the same house there were at the time the wife and two daughters of Mr. Fitzpatrick and an American citizen named Barton.

"In those days I went to the Commandancia Militar of the State, where Major Gilberto Dalli informed me that as the territory where the crime had been committed was under the control of the Villistas, his Government could not do anything on the case then. Consequently, all I could do was to report the case to Washington.

"Knowing that your Government was not then in con-

trol of the territory in question, I delayed writing to you until now, and after I have been reliably informed that you are in control there.

"I expect that your Excellency will act in justice so soon as circumstances will permit." Also,

"Governor Berlanga:---It has been reported to this Consulate, that a man by the name of Antonio Castellon, known by the alias of "El Pollo," who assassinated an American citizen by the name of Parmenter a few months ago near El Favor mine and stole $15,000.00 worth of precipitates—property of El Favor Mining Company—while said precipitates were being transported towards La Quemada, has recently been commissioned as an officer in the Constitutionalista Army.

"I ask from your Excellency to please find out as to the truth of this rumor, and in case it proves to be well founded, I expect that such a thief, and assassin, of the property and lives of American citizens shall be brought to justice.

"(Signed), WILL B. DAVIS, American Vice Consul."

December 4th, 1915.

How the Work of Pacification is being Effected Hereabouts

While General Iturbe, who is now chief in command for the 'Pacification of the States of Jalisco and Colima,' is succeeding, apparently, in ridding these sections of Villistas, para pasu with his military successes, are the unbridled libertinisms of his men and officials manifesting themselves.

There is not a product of these sections which can be turned into cash—except such as may be in the hands of foreigners—that they are not, in the name of the Government, possessing themselves of.

Not satisfied with first taking over everything for which there might be found ready sales in foreign markets, as the pecan crop, garbanzos, hides, etc., such as were hereto-

fore shipped out of the country, they are now—and have been for some time—taking possession of all the remaining beef cattle, tequila, corn, beans and other commodities to send to and sell at Mexico City and other domestic markets.

Where they pay at all for anything they may take, they pay according to their own whims in the so-called 'bilimbique' money of the country, and no one dares to say 'nay!'

There is no question but a systematic process of fleecing the rich and well-to-do of every movable thing that they have is being carried out. Even the comparatively poor are not being spared—and as to the veritably poor, they are, incidentally, being made the greatest sufferers.

While on former occasions representatives of both sides of the contending factions had admitted to me that it was their intention to take from the rich everything they had, it might have been thought that after a party had been recognized by other Governments, it would modify such a programme; but such is not the case.

If the pacification methods that are being used in this district are being generally practiced over the Republic, the consequences can easily be foreseen."

December 9th, 1915.

Personal Experiences of an American Citizen in the States of Jalisco and Michoacan, and the Territory of Tepic

I am just in receipt of the following letter, which I quote in full, as it is an eye-witness account of conditions found in the outlying sections of the States and Territories mentioned.

I will explain that the business followed by the writer of the letter has for some time caused him to make trips through the sections referred to, and that the author is considered a very reliable person and a good judge of the matters treated of in the letter:

"Guadalajara, December 9th, 1915.

"Will B. Davis, American Vice Consul, City. Sir:—As near as I can remember, I left this city on the second day of October last in company with my partner, a Mexican, for the State of Michoacan to purchase goods. We had no definite program as to exactly what sections we would visit, leaving this to the last moment for decision in view of local conditions.

"From this city we went to Ocotlan in this state; from thence to La Palma, crossing Lake Chapala at night, and from La Palma to Sahuayo, Michoacan, on donkey back, staying there for two days, getting the lay of the land; finally deciding to go on to Los Reyes, State of Michoacan.

"In making this latter trip—which we did on the backs of donkeys—three days were consumed altogether, passing from Carrancista lines to territory controlled by the Villistas; but we did not meet any outposts of either faction on the way.

"On arriving at Tinguindin we heard that there was a Carrancista force there, and we did not dare to go into the town, but went around it arriving at Los Reyes on October the 9th, late in the evening. Here we could not find lodgings in any of the hotels or masones, but finally found a man who lived in the suburbs of the town who took us in.

"Next day we started out hunting something to buy. As soon as we had well entered the business section of the town, a soldier came up and advised us that the Villa General there wanted to see us; and so we went to that officer's headquarters. This general we found to be an ex-shoemaker from Guadalajara, one Louis V. Gutierrez, known among his people as 'El Chivo Encantado.' As luck would have it, it turned out that he was an intimate friend of my partner—so we visited with him for about two hours.

"The result of our confab was, that we were requested, in

a rather pointed manner, to do business with him; and he informed us that he could sell us anything we wanted, and in any quantity. Indeed, he expressed himself as being the owner of everything we could see with a telescope from the highest mountain in the state.

"There was no help for it, and so we turned over to him 7,500.00 pesos Villa money—which we wanted to get rid of—in exchange for three tons of sugar. He gave us passports for ourselves and merchandise.

"Now I will go back a little and describe as near as I can the condition of the country through which we passed on this trip.

"The Guaracha hacienda, near Tinguindin, had been confiscated by the Carrancistas, but at the time we went through, the owner had made some arrangements with the Carrancistas, and had been put in possession once more. In the meantime, everything on the hacienda had been confiscated—at least there had not been anything left in sight, worth bragging about. However, there has been considerable corn planted on this hacienda, which presented the best appearance of any that I have seen this year in the course of my travels; and if this hacienda is left alone, there may be a little corn harvested from it. Their crop of sugar cane also looked promising.

"The next large hacienda through which we passed was the Santa Clara. This property had been completely looted—absolutely nothing left. However, there has been planted on it a little sugar cane, and that is about all. This hacienda has been cleaned out by all factions, including the Zapatistas under General Figuroa.

"On all the trip—after leaving the town of Ocotlan—we had great difficulty in getting anything to eat; the country has been skinned; some days we could get only one meal of tortillas and beans. The peon class is completely up against it—with very little to eat, and less to cover themselves with.

The latest type in men's wear through this section of the country I found to be a gunny-sack with holes cut for neck and arms; and as far as pants were concerned, they resembled more a gee string than anything else.

"On receiving our Villa money, General Gutierrez presented us with an order on the San Sebastian hacienda for the sugar. This hacienda is a big sugar proposition, with some rice. First, it was confiscated by General Figuroa of the Zapatistas. He took off everything that he could sell or otherwise get away with. Then came the Villistas, and they took command of the situation with the result that there was quite a lot of friction between the Villistas and Zapatistas over the "ownership" of the goods belonging to the property.

"Well, we presented our order and received the sugar from the Villista forces in charge, and started back to Los Reyes with our pack train. On reaching this point we were confronted with an order given by General Cintora, a Villista, in command of this section of the country, which deprived us of our mule train and left us with our sugar dumped and with no possibility of hiring another pack train, as every mule and donkey in this section had already been pressed into service by the Villistas.

"My partner immediately started out to hunt another pack train to move our stuff, while I remained to take care of it.

"The Villistas treated me fine, even offering me money if I should be in need of it, for expenses; and General Cintora offered to put me up in his hotel, which favor I declined with thanks.

"About the third day, small parties of Villistas began leaving the town, after having sent all the goods and merchandise they could pack down further into the hot country; and as General Gutierrez intimated, they needed it to get arms and ammunition with.

"Then—when least expected—at 2:30 P. M., there began an attack on the town by the Carrancistas.

"The sentry, posted in a church belfry, was taking his siesta while on duty and the Carrancistas had gotten within half a block of the Cintora headquarters before being discovered, and began shooting into the hotel. General Cintora happened to be out, looking over some stock, but the rest of his staff were laying around the place. But they managed to get over a back fence and into the cane fields while a captain was at the barracks. This captain gathered a handful of men and opened fire around the corners until the rest of their men had gotten out of town in safety and with their horses, arms and ammunition, then abandoning the town to the Carrancistas under Colonels Zapeda and Figuero.

"These parties remained in town until about 10 A. M. the next day, when they too left very suddenly.

"At 12 P. M. another section of the same party under Colonel Bonifacio Moreno came in.

"Trouble started immediately for everybody. Parties were sent out, and they commenced looting the town. Everything in sight was taken.

"Some of the principal merchants were thrown in jail, among them were two Spaniards; and I was sent for, by a captain and 12 armed soldiers, and escorted to headquarters. I thought I was in for a jail sentence also; but I put up a big line of talk and escaped with a good round of 'cusing out'; yet I was forced to give up all my sugar, 156.00 pesos Carranza money, and all my clothes except what I had on my back.

"Moreno threatened to shoot the merchants, but they arranged with him by giving up all their goods and escaped with their lives in that way. The Spaniards, besides giving up their goods and spending three days in jail, had each to pay over a money consideration besides.

"All of these people—as well myself—were accused of being Villa spies, and working with the Villa forces in this country. This—we all understood—was only a pretext for looting from us all we had.

"After they had collected all the goods they could in the city, they started in rounding up all the stock and pack animals they could find, and everything else, incidentally taking all the sugar and rice which I had left on the San Sebastian hacienda. They so broke up the machinery of the sugar mill that no grindings of this year's crops can be done. This was on October 15th and 16th.

"I was forced to remain in this town about three weeks, until things cleared up a bit, as the Carrancistas were robbing and looting on all the roads between Los Reyes and La Palma.

"During this time, all the priests were in hiding; and there was a reign of terror.

"There were three so-called battles right in the town during this time—sometimes the attacks being made by the Villistas, and sometimes by the Zapatistas—but they were all pretty warm. In all these attacks there were three men killed.

As before stated, my partner had left to hunt up other pack animals. He had reached Sahuayo without being able to find any; and while he was at that place, a crowd of Carrancistas took it; and hearing of his presence in the town, sent an officer to arrest him.

"My partner put up a bluff to the effect that there did not exist a petty officer who could arrest him alone. (He had just been informed that he had been denocnced as a Villa spy.) The bluff worked; and while the officer had gone back for help, seeing what he was up against, my partner went over the back wall into a field where—as luck would have it—there was an old broken down mare grazing. By making

use of his belt for a bridle, he started on this old mare for La Palma; and just as he struck the road, ran right into the same officer, with three more men, coming for him. They ordered him to stop, but he could not see it that way and kept going. They opened fire on him at about ten yards distant at first, and later started in pursuit with a body of mounted soldiers and chased him all the way to La Palma. At La Palma he found some of our Villa friends from Los Reyes—a Coronel Louis Arce in command of a small body of men. My partner advised this coronel that the Carrancistas were hot on his trail and counselled him to take to the hills at once; but Arce said that he could hold them. My partner saw that he was up against it again and asked for a gun and amunition so that he would not have to pass in his checks for nothing, and Arce gave them to him. While they were talking—which was close to the wharf—a gasoline launch from Ocotlan came in, when my partner turned the gun, etc., back to the Villistas and got right out on the launch. Five minutes later the Carrancistas arrived, found Arce on the wharf and shot him right there after he and his men had surrendered. His body was thrown on the back of a donkey and carried back to Sahuayo, where it was thrown in the principal plaza and left there in the broiling sun for three days!!

"The story of my partner I picked up on my way back to La Palma from several sources. I came part of the way on foot, stopping in the fields over night, and was careful not to be too much in evidence. One night I struck a bunch of General Gutierrez' men, and they confirmed the report of the denouncement made against my partner and the particulars as to the killing of Arce. Also in Sahuayo I was told on good authority that we had both been denounced there as Villistas, and that we were both wanted as spies.

"On my arrival at Guadalajara I again found my partner,

and he confirmed the truthfulness of all the details of his story as I had picked them up on my way back.

"All through that country I found things in a very bad way. Around Los Reyes they will not have hardly any corn to gather, as the soldiers have been pasturing their horses on the growing crops, and eating the roasting ears as fast as the grain formed. As far as cotton cloth is concerned, there is none in that section, and consequently, the poor are absolutely naked. Such goods as may be found for sale, are priced at figures which nobody can afford.

"As you may remember, I made a trip to Tepic in June last. That trip lasted three months; and a great many conclusions which I formed while making it, were confirmed to such an extent by my more journeyings, that I am fairly well satisfied on a number of points.

"The trip to Tepic carried me through the extreme northern part of the State of Jalisco, and back to this city. Through the parts of Tepic and Jalisco, which I have been over, there has not been enough corn planted to carry the people who live on the spot, and this is the case in Michoacan.

"In Tepic, I mistrusted that arms and amunition were being brought into the Territory in large quantities, in some manner, via the coast route. This, I am very positive, is being done via the Michoacan coast. And while General Gutierrez did not let the cat completely out of the sack in his above mentioned conversation with me, the few words that he did say, together with what I was able to pick up from several pack trains that came in from the hot country, I am pretty sure that there were arms and amunition coming in in large quantities to the Villista and Zapatista forces from somewhere, and the source must be amply stocked.

"I have also found that the general sentiment among the civilian population is very strong in favor of the Villista cause. Also, from what I have seen, and heard talked, there

is some strong organization back of the Villa movement. They are well armed, and have quantities of amunition, both in Tepic and Michoacan; while the State of Jalisco is overran with Villa soldiers in small parties. While I would not care to make a statement as to the number of Villista soldiers in the field, by what I have seen, I know that they are strong enough to make a fight—a force to be reckoned with in the future; and it would not surprise me to yet see them force Carranza to the last ditch.

"In knocking around the way I have for the past year, I have been impressed with a number of things, the principal one being the difference in the deportment of the contending factions towards the civilian public.

"Everywhere that I have been, I found the Carrancista forces were dreaded by all classes alike, as they will loot a poor peone out of everything he has as quick as they will take what they can get from a rich man. Everybody is the same to them, and they will take it all, regardless, and by force.

"The Villistas are well liked by the common people, and I have personally seen a peone go hungry, to give his dinner to some Villista soldier.

"My experience with the Zapatistas in and about Mexico City has been, that they will beg a nickle with which to buy something to eat, but not take it by force.

"All factions are stealing mules and horses, and killing all kinds of beef cattle that they can get hold of; and in some parts of the country that I have visited, this is getting to be a serious question.

"When it comes to wanton destruction, none of them compare with the Carrancistas."

(The name of the author of the foregoing letter is not given, for obvious reasons. His home is in Mexico.)

January 29th, 1916.

Copy of a Letter from Americans, Complaining of Want of Protection

The following letter explains itself:

"Dr. Will B. Davis, American Vice Consul, City. Sir:—We, the undersigned, in view of the absolute failure to gather any hope of relief from local authorities under present conditions, hereby appeal to you to reach General Carranza—if it is possible for you to do so—with the view of inducing him to command his Guadalajara subordinates to furnish protection to this community from the universal system of robbery that it is being subjected to, and which is increasing daily, both as to numbers and importance.

"We know that both yourself and some of the local officials are in full accord in desiring relief from this state of affairs, and therefore are loth to disturb you with this complaint, but we feel so entirely helpless in the face of prevailing conditions that we do not know what else to do.

"Not a house of any kind in this city, or its environs, seems safe from forcible entry by armed soldiers at any time it may suit them to do so.

"The houses of nearly all the colonial sections are being abandoned by their occupants.

"Out at Colonia Seattle alone, where there are as many as fifty beautiful homes, belonging mainly to Americans, all have had to be abandoned.

"And in the very heart of the city, robberies are being perpetrated with apparent immunity:

"We had hoped that with the recent great number of reinforcements of the soldiery here some relief from these robberies would be afforded, but instead, they are growing more numerous.

"(Signed), By a Dozen Good American Citizens (names withheld)."

I have delayed sending above letter, hoping to be able to report something more favorable as to the situation it complains of; but until the promised return of General Dieguez to the post of Governor, I fear things will continue as they are.

That these robberies are being perpetrated by the Carranza officers and soldiers, there cannot be any doubt, as any one else found stealing would be shot and none but the military are permitted to roam about at night.

And the greater the number of officers and soldiers there are in the city, the greater te number of robberies committed.

February 2nd, 1916.

The Kidnapping of Two Americans by Mexican Bandits for Ransom

I am herewith sending you a copy of a letter just received at the Consulate, from Dr. Geo. E. Purnell, which explains itself:

"Guadalajara, February 1st, 1916.

"Dr. W. B. Davis, U. S. Consul, City. Sir:---We beg to herewith submit a copy of te principal contents of Mr. J. E. Barton's letter to us, just received.

"Mr. Barton is our mine manager in Ameca, and under date of January 31st he writes: 'The Magistral Mine was held up and cleaned out on the night of the 29th, and the Americans from there got into Ameca last night.

" 'Yesterday morning, (30th), Mr. Pyle asked me to take a little ride with him. We left town at 10 in the morning, going toward the mine; we had gotten only a short way from town, when robbers held us up. They made us prisoners and took us to the mountain, demanding 4,000.00 pesos for our

lives. We persuaded them to reduce the ransom to 2500 pesos.

"'They afterwards turned me loose to come back to town for the money, telling me that if I did not return by 5 P. M. they would kill Mr. Pyle. So I got a rush on myself, and got to town and went rustling up everything I could, and succeeded in finally getting together 2,500 pesos, and got it to them at 5 o'clock, and they let Mr. Pyle come back to town.

"They took everything we had with us—both our watches and riding animals. Mr. Pyle got into town at 9 that night.

"It is impossible to do anything more now, and I am not going to try to go to the mine near here either, until things may clear up.

"Things are in a bad way here, but I will try to remain until run out again, as I do not like to quit, but have gotten cold feet for trying to go over the road for a while."

Copy of a Letter from Mr. D. N. Pyle, Recently Kidnapped by Mexican Bandits.

I am herewith transmitting a copy of a letter from Mr. D. M. Pyle, a recently kidnapped Aemrican citizen, explaining itself; letter dated February 10th.

"Dr. Will B. Davis, Aemrican Vice Consul, Guadalajara. Sir: "Supplementing my letter to you of the 3rd, I have to say that last September our Company bought two large haciendas, aggregating 31,000 acres, situated in the vicinity of Ameca, 50 miles west of Guadalajara.

"One of these properties is three miles east of Ameca, and the other, 12 miles west.

"I was appointed superintendent of these two properties, and entered at once on the discharge of my duties, mak-

ing my headquarters on the Esperanza, the property nearest Ameca.

"Both properties were highly improved, and well equipped for carrying on operations of agriculture on a large scale.

"During the months of October, November and December of 1915, there were quartered on the Esperanza hacienda, 300 soldiers, feeding their horses on the products of the farm—pasturing 500 head of beef cattle on our ranges—demanding of me the services of two herders, at my expense—dominating the corrals and store rooms—requiring me to provide sleeping apartments and meals for 6 officers, and in addition I was presented with bills each week to pay guards to protect(?) the property—and finally when leaving they took fifteen saddle horses from the hacienda.

"On the 26th of November I was held up by some robbers who demanded of me the sum of 400 pesos—or I could take the consequences! A compromise was made, and they went away with 53 pesos, apparently satisfied.

"I made frequent trips to Jayamitla, the other hacienda, and in the road one day I met five well armed men whom I thought to be some of the guards I was paying for, but my coachman informed me after we had past them that they were bandits. On another occasion I met some bandits in the evening at the hacienda. They remained over night, but in no way molested me. That night, however, I placed a secret guard on watch, and provided a way of escape for myself to the hills, in case of an attack.

"On February 1st, 1916, as my Company was anxious to know something about some mining properties located on the Esperanza tract, I arranged with Mr. J. E. Barton, a mining man, to make a special trip with me on Sunday, January 30th. We left Ameca about 10 o'clock in the morning, with a mozo (a Mexican servant), who was also something of a mining man, and well acquainted with the prop-

erty. After having traveled about six miles from town, we turned to the left and crossed the Ameca river at a point known as "malpaso" (bad passage), to make a short cut to the mining properties. We had proceeded about fifteen minutes by this road when we saw four men suddenly mount their horses, from behind a rock fence, and a number of others on foot, with their guns trained on us. I called Mr. Barton's attention to them and asked him if he thought they looked as if they were soldiers. He answered that he did not know, but that they looked as if they were. I said it did not look good to me—that I was afraid we were up against it. I checked my horse, to think up a plan for evading contact with these gentry, when Mr. Barton said, "Don't try to go back, for if we should, and they be bandits, they will fire on us." In the meantime the four mounted men rushed down upon us. We passed the time of day with them, and asked if there were any bandits in that section of the country. They answered by taking our arms and searching our pockets. We were then informed that we were prisoners, and must go with them to the mountains, and be held for a ransom of 4,000 pesos; very emphatically informing us at the same time that if the money was not in their hands by 5 o'clock that evening, we would be shot. They were very positive in their demands, and exacting in manner. No amount of arguing, or promising, would change their determination. After half an hour, they did agree to release Mr. Barton on the promise that he would have 2,500 pesos there by 5 o'clock that evening; and failing in that, I was to be shot, a sentence which appeared to me to be severe, as it was then after 11 o'clock, and we were two hours' ride from town. Mr. Barton was also informed that if he returned accompanied by soldiers, I would pay the penalty with my life. I was then taken some miles back into the hills, to a look-out elevation, from where

a plain view could be had of all approaching roads. During the wait, they passed their time priming their guns, regulating sights, and replenishing their ammunition belts, which made the situation the more distressing to me. The carelessness with which they handled their guns caused me to fear that I might be shot accidentally. Many plans of escape passed through my mind, but none seemed feasible. I also feared in case Mr. Barton returned with the money, they would release me, but hold him for another ransom. Also, the possibility of the mozo being robbed; or that he might turn robber, and run away with the money. Then I feared for the difficulty of Mr. Barton's being able to raise that amount of money among the only four Americans then at Ameca, whom I knew had no money on hand. Such reflections were passing through my head constantly, keeping me in a very much troubled state of mind. In the meantime I was not offered anything to eat or drink. I felt no hunger, but was suffering with thirst.

"Mr. Barton reached town about 1 o'clock, and at once told Mrs. Erkenbeck (the doctor himself was out of the city) of my being held for ransom in the hills. About the time Mr. Barton arrived in town, the news was received about the Magistral Mining Company having been robbed, where Mr. H. I. Percy and wife, with George McCormick, were made the victims. Doctor Erkenbeck, who had been called the day before to make a professional visit to the country, was overdue to return. These two latter incidents, coupled with that of mine, created considerable consternation in the village.

"The money was raised in a few minutes, through the activties of Mrs. Erkenbeck, who borrowed it from Mexican merchants by promising repayment as soon as I could return, and the mozo was dispatched to my relief. I was anxiously watching the road, and saw him as he was coming

over a hill some miles away. We at once mounted our horses and began the descent of the mountain to meet him. Our party halted on an open slope to provide against any surprise from a rescue party, and awaited his arrival.

"On reaching us he was asked if he had brought all the money. My feelings of relief were unsurpassed when I heard him say that he had all the 2,500 pesos. All the party, except two sentinels, proceeded to count the money, which performance occupied half an hour or more, as they were not experts at the business of handling money in such large quantities.

"Finally they finished, and said I could go—that I would not be molested on my return—they bid me 'adios,' each of them shaking me by the hand.

"I reached Ameca about 9 o'clock that night, and met the good people who had responded so promptly in my hours of distress, and whose kindness, needless to say, I shall never forget."

(Signed) D. M. Pyle."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

CARRANZAISM UNADULTERATED; AND YET MORE CARRANZAISM, WITH A VIM

February 19th, 1916.

Visit of General Carranza to Guadalajara.

General Venustiano Carranza and party arrived at Guadalajara on the morning of February 13th, 1916.

The party consisted of General Carranza and Cabinet, Generals Obregon, Dieguez and other military officials and staffs, the Governors of several States with their respective staffs, a number of newspaper reporters, and last—but not least—Mr. John R. Silliman, Special Representative of the State Department.

The party left Guadalajara on the morning of the 16th for Colima and other points south.

General Carranza was received here with enthusiasm by the local military, State and Mnicipal contingents; and to the superficial observer, by the public as well; but such was very far from being actually the case; in fact, his reception was a "frost" insofar as the public was concerned.

General Carranza expected to arrive at Guadalajara on the 12th, but by telegraphic request from acting Governor Berlanga, the convoy delayed coming in until the 13th, whiling away the spare time—one day—at Ocotlan, 50 miles out.

The five multicolored triumphal arches which had been erected along San Francisco street ,were very attractive, but up to the morning of the 13th, the only other decorations observable along the announced line of march were displayed only by a few foreign occupants of buildings along the way; not a single house occupied by Mexicans was displaying to

view even as much as a national flag.

But at 8:30 A. M. of the 13th, all the Mexicans along the chosen line of march became very busy putting up decorations on the fronts of their buildings; and by 9:30 San Francisco street, from the railroad station to the Plaza de Armes presented an almost unbroken line of flags and bunting, giving the street a gala appearance.

This happened thus: On the 11th—(When General Carranza was expected to arrive on the 12th)—messengers were sent to every house in the center of the city, more especially to those along the expected line of march, with the request that they each put up decorations.

As no decorations were visible on any of the Mexican houses up to the night of the 12th—and General Carranza's arrival had been delayed by telegram until the 13th—the Mexicans, seemingly, from some occult influence, exercised in some manner unknown to outsiders, must have underwent, during the night of the 12th, a change of heart that caused such a bustling along the announced line of march on Sunday morning, 13th—at a time when all business houses were usually closed.

The facts about this reception—as only hinted at in the above—were that the Mexicans had not responded to the first request to decorate their buildings for the Carranza reception, and seeing this, acting Governor Berlanga telegraphed to Ocotlan, and had the Carranza convoy detained there one day. In the meantime he had the recalcitrant Mexican population notified that if any of their houses along the selected line of march should not be well decorated for the reception of the following day, that they would be severely punished—and that was why the Mexicans were so busy putting up decorations that Sunday morning! They very well knew what "severely punished" meant in Mexican parlance.

When the Secretary of the Consulate—(a Mexican ex-school teacher)—had typewritten the foregoing, he came to my desk and expressed himself as much pleased at my truthful account of the Carranza reception; informing me at the same time that he had typewritten a telegram from Mr. Silliman to the Department which was calculated to mislead as to the real truth of the matter.

But Mr. Silliman did not know—only judged from surface appearances—or was too much of a partisan of Señor Carranza (as George Corrothers was with Villa) to report anything unfavorable about his Mexican chief, if he could avoid doing so.

George Corrothers was too completely mesmerized by Villa, and Mr. Silliman was too thoroughly hypnotized by Carranza, for either of them to have been fit persons for their respective missions. I say this, because it was my firm conviction, from ample personal observation. Yet at the same time, I entertain toward both of the gentlemen referred to, sentiments of high esteem, both for their ability and honest purposes in life."

February 21st, 1916.

Prohibition of Foreigners Obtaining Realty Property in Mexico.

I am herewith enclosing a clipping from "El Democrata," the leading morning daily here, containing a telegram from Colima, present whereabouts of General Carranza, dated the 18th of this month, specifically prohibiting all Notaries Public from legalizing transfers of realty to foreigners; the same having been promulgated after a meeting of the Carranza Cabinet, held aboard the Presidential train on the road from Guadalajara to Colima.

The main reasons given for such action were to protect poor Mexicans from transferring their properties to foreign-

ers ,in exchange for the depreciated currency of the country.

But such was not the reason advanced by Señor Cabrera at a foreign business men's gathering on the evening of the 14th (see letter dated March 4, immediately following this).

When I asked Señor Cabrera at this meeting if he had studied the alien land laws of Texas, he answered that he had not; that there was no analogy between Texas and Mexico; that Texas could pass and enforce any reasonable laws to suit herself without foreign interference, while the Carranza Government was always hindered and embarrassed in everything it did or did not do by objections and protests from Washington.

March 4th, 1916.

Semi-Public Conference of Senor Cabrera at Guadalajara.

Mr. Silliman told me he had telegraphed the Department about the meeting of Señor Louis Cabrera with the representative foreign business men of Guadalajara recently, but suggested that I write more fully than he could well describe in a telegram, which I endeavored to do.

Señor Cabrera, Secretary of Hacienda, met with about twenty-five foreign residents of Guadalajara, whom I had invited, with the view of getting together a representative body of business men who could speak the English language, including American, British, French and German nationals, and the visiting newspaper men.

The meeting lasted something over two hours, and was of an entirely conversational kind—Señor Cabrera answering, insofar as he could, such questions as were asked him.

The order of the conversations was first, upon the recent decree of General Carranza on the business of dealing in foreign exchange; second, on that of prohibiting foreigners from acquiring realty property in Mexico; and third, the monetary situation in general and particularly with reference

to efforts to bring about a more stable currency, and to ascertain from Señor C. if the Government had under consideration plans for the accomplishment of such.

An epitome of Señor Cabrera's remarks is about as follows:

As to the first, that it had not been the purpose of the decree to drive legitimate and established houses which dealt in foreign exchange out of business, and if such should be the effect of same—as all those present seemed to think it would be—the edict would be amended so as not to affect them; that the edict had been directed at the so-called "collotes" (curbstone dealers), who had no fixed places of business—paid no taxes—and who had become especially obnoxious to the Government.

As to the second, that the edict was not aimed at foreigners—although he could see how it must operate against them—but at Mexicans, and especially those who were residing abroad, and were trying to protect their respective properties by passing titles of same to foreigners, the majority of such transactions—at least as the Government construed them—were neither more nor less than pretended transfers, commonly known as "wash sales." My impression was that he did not promise—at least soon—any relief from this edict.

As to the third, he said that he was hopeful—adding "remember, I say I am 'hopeful' "—that by or before the end of a month's time, to be able to promulgate something that will tend to restore the currency of the country to a more stable basis.

By a canvass made after the meeting—when those who had attended had had time to reflect—I found that a majority of the business men entertained impressions something after this order: That barring an apparently deep-rooted prejudice against foreigners in general, and Americans in particular, the Government was disposed in the main to be

fair; but that the people at the helm of state were woefully incapable in themselves, of successfully grappling with such intricate and complicated situations; and the business men were apprehensive that there was little hope to see anything like order brought out of the present chaos of affairs, in the reasonably near future.

I had several private chats with Señor Cabrera after this, and on one occasion he claimed that there would not be any difficulty in maintaining the value of their paper money if the public would only show confidence.

I answered that I thought it was public confidence that gave value to the paper money of any Government; and then asked him how it was that his Government could expect the business public to have confidence while the Government did not seem to be trying to do anything to protect the investor.

I put this to Señor Cabrera: Suppose that today, while your money is worth twenty-five pesos to one American dollar, you should lend me 100,000.00 pesos, at ten per cent interest—you know that today your loan would have exactly the same purchasing power as 4,000.00 American dollars—and at the end of a year—after your money had depreciated to 60 to 1—I should pay you the principal and interest due, i. e., 110,000.00 pesos in your currency—do you not see that you would not be getting back as much as one-half the value of the principal—(to say nothing of the interest)—of your loan?—or, that the 110,000.00 pesos wuold not have the purchasing power in your own market by one-half that the 100,000.00 pesos had on the day you loaned it to me?

Señor C. rejoined that to compel the payment of contracts to be made according to their value in foreign money on the day of contract, would mix things up so that no one could tell "where he was at," or words to that effect.

I told him that any one could ascertain in a very few minutes what the prevailing price of exchange had been on any given day for years passed; and that to avoid any possible confusion—and to eliminate all foreign influence at the same time—all contracts could have their value in Mexican hidalgos (Mexican gold), expressed on their face.

He said they had been studying on some such plan, and that in a short time he thought they would be able to overcome present business embarrassments.

But they never did anything looking to any such ends—the Government went right on forcing the public to accept their depreciated—and depreciating—currency until it fell below the price of the paper on which it was printed, when perforce the country had to go on a purely metallic basis.

It was common during those times for people to pay off debts which had been contracted during normal times—or when exchange was two Mexican pesos to one American dollar—in revolutionary money which could be bought at from 25-200 Mexican for one American; and instead of trying to do something to prevent such injustices, the Government was encouraging every scoundrel in the country who would, to take advange of the opportunity to thus discharge their obligations—and then pretended to not understand why the business public held back from making investments!!

And this was the banditry Government that Washington recognized—and this Señor Cabrera was credited by the Carrancista Government with possessing the "brains" of their "Cabinet."

Pobre Mexico!!

March 7th, 1916.

Echoes of General Carranza's Visit to Guadalajara.

After having listened to what might be termed the echoes of General Carranza's visit to Guadalajara, as heard

in the comments made by the general public, the most universally expressed were about as follows:

First, that General Carranza seems to have a very decided leaning to that class of the genius homo who are said to never change their mind, and rather pride themselves in the possession of this faculty.

Second, that he has called about himself a Cabinet composed of comparatively young and inexperienced advisers of an ability which, to call mediocre—even from a Mexican point of view—would be to indulge in flattery.

Third, that if the Secretary of Hacienda, Señor Cabrera, who is openly credited by all the other members as possessing the brains of the Cabinet, really enjoys a monopoly of this faculty, then Mexico is indeed in a very bad way of being early relieved of her present multifarious embarrassments.

Fourth, that the fact that General Carranza is apparently only seriously occupied in diverting himself by making prolonged trips over the country, while the so-called "brains" of his Cabinet goes off on a four weeks' trip to attend the wedding festivities of General Obregon, at a time when all the economic affairs of the Republic are in such a deplorable condition, is not calculated to engender confidence on the part of the general public; more especially when nearly all of Carranza's most recent periodical edicts have been seen to have the effect of making matters worse, instead of bettering them.

Fifth, that while among all classes and nationalities of the civilian public there is a great diversity of opinion as to where to place the blame for all the calamities that have befell Mexico during the past few years, many charge it all to Washington, upon the principle, I would presume, of the Mexican penchant for always wanting to shift the blame of their own shortcomings onto the shoulders of others.

I have gathered and compiled the foregoing in the sense of a faithful reporter, without regard to my personal convictions; yet I do not hesitate to say that it is my personal belief that Washington is responsible for the present state of Carranzaism in Mexico.

During the time of General Carranza's stay at Guadalajara—altogether about six weeks—the local Consular Corps called on him in a body; and as usual, all insisted that I should act as spokesman.

We were received very courteously by General Carranza, who, after the usual amenities, appeared to strike an attitude as if to say, well, Gentlemen, I am ready to hear your expressions in praise of what I am and what I represent, etc., etc.

But I could not think of much to say. I knew what was expected—such as a profuse indulgence in a lot of grandiloquent panegyrics on the accomplishments of his Carranzaship; emphasizing the profound wisdom displayed in his every act, the universally recognized nobility of his purposes—his unequalled feats of patriotism which had been the cause of all eyes being focused upon him as the savior and the hope of the downtrodden people—their hero and their light to call them from their present hopeless state of chaos to guide them back to paths of peace and prosperity—and a lot more of such stuff—but it was yebond me to do it.

After expressing our wish for the future peace and prosperity of the Mexican people, we took advantage of the opportunity to say that our visit was purely one of courtesy; and that as we felt sure the affairs of State were pressing, we would not further impose ourselves on his valuable time, or words to that effect, and took our departure.

Mr. Silliman afterwards told me that "the Old Man," as he was pleased to refer to General Carranza, expressed him-

self as having expected that more would have been said on the occasion of our visit.

Some of the members of the Consular Corps also thought my remarks were too brief.

But what more was there to say?

March 10th, 1916.

News of the Pershing Punitive Expedition Reaches Guadalajara.

It was along about this time that we were receiving code messages about the Pershing expedition into Mexico, which, coupled with frequent interruptions of means of communication, caused the situation to take on more gloomy aspects again—for those who found themselves down in Mexico.

It was also about these times that Mr. James Linn Rodgers was sent to supersede Mr. Silliman, with Carranza, which will explain why I afterwards had some correspondence with Mr. R.

Nevertheless, I kept on preparing reports of the progress of affairs to send out whenever I could, as on former similar occasions.

Decree of General Carranza, Prohibiting Merchants From Closing Their Houses

April 3rd, 1916.

I am hereinbelow giving you my translation of a part of a recent edict issued by General Carranza to the Governors of States on above subject:

"It has become known to the office of the Chief Executive that in various parts of the Republic—and under the pretext of the low value of our money—some merchants pretend to close temporarily their establishments, or suspend operations.

"In respect to this, and for the purpose of avoiding a par-

alyzation of commerce, you will decree measures conducive to the end that,

"All mercantile establishments which close their doors to the public temporarily—or suspend operations under any pretext—shall remain permanently closed; that their licenses will be withdrawn positively and irrevocably; such establishments will be taken possession of by the Government's agents at once, their stocks will be inventoried, and offered for public sale.

"The inventories of the merchandise of such establishments shall be made, in all cases, in the presence of the merchant or owner, or of such person as such merchant may designate.

"In applying the operations of this edict to foreign merchants, the inventory should be taken in the presence of the Consul of the country of which such merchant may be a citizen, or of such person as such Consul may designate.

"The merchandise so inventoried shall be sold to the public, in the same establishment, and under the directions of the Presidente Municipal, delivering the net proceeds of same to the owner of the merchandise.

"Also, please have published in your jurisdiction, that the Constitutionalist paper money now in circulation will continue in circulation until the 31st of July, as legal tender for all transactions, and will be received in aboslute manner in all payments to Federal and Local Authorities, even when (after) the new paper money may be in circulation."

I have to say in regard to the above decree, that the proprietor of the American Drug Store here, Mr. H. R. Cornforth, closed his establishment over six months ago, and has recently returned to the States. I think at the time of closing, he voluntarily renounced his license.

There may be other closures of houses under the protection of this Consulate, and I therefore asked the Depart-

ment of State as to how it wished I should proceed in the event an attempt should be made to carry out the provisions of this edict against any such, but so far have not heard from Washington on the subject.

The German Drug Store, (probably the largest drug establishment in the city,) just opposite the Consulate, on San Francisco St., closed its doors about a week ago, on account of the following: A customer offered in payment of a purchase a bill which the proprietor refused to accept. The aggrieved customer reported the matter to the Presidente Municipal, who fined the druggist five hundred pesos for having committed the offense. When the druggist offered in payment of said fine exactly the kind of paper money which he had refused to accept from the said customer, the said Presidente Municipal did then and there decline to accept such money—which so disgusted the druggist that he at once closed his place of business!

The proprietor of the German Drug Store is a Mexican and fearing to fare yet worse from the operations of the edict, he is just now reopening his store.

After writing the above, American citizen, W. B. Arrington, proprietor of a large Notions Store, came to the Consulate and said, "A party wanted me to accept 600 pesos in payment for some mirrors. The money which he offered was such as is being declared counterfeit by the Government's agents. I declined to accept such money. He went away but returned soon after with some agents of the Presidente Municipal, who informed me that if I continued to refuse the money offered me, I would be arrested and fined. I begged them to let me consult the American Consul before anything further was done."

I advised Mr. Arrington to return to his store and tell those people that I had instructed him not only to continue to refuse to accept such money, but to submit to arrest, and

refuse to pay fines for anything growing out of such refusal until I could take the matter up with the Washington Government.

I also advised him to incidentally remark that if he must be imprisoned his store would have to be closed in the meantime, and that such closing would not be of his, but the Government's act, and that if the Government wanted to try the case out with this understanding, his person was at their disposal.

The agents then went away, ostensibly to go back and consult the Presidente Municipal.

The cases cited above will serve as examples of hundreds of other similar impositions.

Such treatement is being dealt out to the public by Government employees to enable themselves to get rid of spurious bills, for among the civilian public—in their dealings one with another—no such nefarious practices are being adopted.

I knew that trouble was ahead on account of this edict, and the manner in which the military authorities were behaving toward the business public.

The officers and soldiers were systematically working off all the bills which they had that had been declared bogus by the overnment's agents, and were being aided in doing so by the Presidente Municipal.

I made up my mind that the best thing to do was to have our part of the fight settled before the general row began.

So I made a call on Mr. Arrington that evening, the 3rd, and laid the matter before him.

I explained to him that in my opinion it would be but a short time then until he in common with every other merchant would not only be arrested, but robbed—that that was clearly the intention of present officialdom, and that if he would serve as the "goat," and was sure he could carry his part through without "getting cold feet," I would make the

fight single handed—that I was sure he would not have to be in prison but a few days at most—when the whole matter, so far as those who were under the protection of the American Consulate were concerned, would be settled.

Mr. Arrington consented, and in accounts which may follow, I will tell of what happened.

April 10th, 1916.

Arrest and Imprisonment of American Citizen W B Arrington

In my letter dated the 3rd of this month, I foreshadowed possible troubles of American citizens, growing out of the to-be attempted enforcement of General Carranza's decree, a translated copy of which I have sent to you.

On Tuesday, April 4th, William B. Arrington, an American citizen, was arrested by order of the Presidente Municipal, for having refused to accept two counterfeit bills of twenty pesos each, and on refusing to pay the fine of 500 pesos which the Presidente Municipal assessed against him for the offense, he, Arrington, was sent to the Penitentiary, escorted by five Gendarmes.

On the morning of April 5th, I received the following, in a letter from Mr. Arrington, written from the State Penitentiary:

"If you think you cannot get me out today, please close store at once, putting Consular seal on same."

I had a copy of this note made in Spanish, and taking it with me, went directly to the Presidente Municipal, Señor Lous Castellanos.

Señor Castellanos wanted to go into the merits of the case with me. I told him that I had not come for that, but to ascertain what construction the Presidente Municipal would put upon my complying with Mr. Arrington's request of me to close his place of business. Señor Castellanos unhesitatingly, and very emphatically said that if the store was closed

in the face of General Carranza's edict, that it would be reopened at once, and the goods would be sold as the edict directed should be done in such cases. I reminded him that the closing of this place of business would be more an act of the local authorities—at least rendered necessary by them, as the business could not be conducted without the personal supervision of its head, and sole owner, who was then in prison by orders of the Presidente Municipal. Nevertheless, he insisted that the store would have to be inventoried if closed. I then told him I would at once lay the case before the Washington Government, and ask for instructions, and I accordingly did so.

Arrington affirms that the two parties offering him the twenty dollar bills, were secret agents of the Presidente Municipal.

Learning of Arrington's arrest and imprisonment, I wired the Department at 6 P. M., April 4th, as follows: "An American citizen in prison for refusing first to accept counterfeit money payment merchandise, and then to pay fine for such. Advising maintain attitude pending instructions Washington. Practices very arbitrary."

Feeling sure the Department would refer the matter to Mr. Rodgers, at Quereterro, where the Carranza Government now is, I forwarded to him uncoded copies of my message to Washington by mail, immediately after I had telegraphed the Department, explaining that I did so, that he might already have at hand correctly uncoded copies in the event of need.

About 6 P. M., on the 6th, I received a telegram from Mr. Rodgers, of same date asking further details.

With this telegram in hand, I went to see Governor Dieguez. Governor Dieguez pretended not to have heard of the case, and promised me to have the Presidente Municipal appar before him the next morning, that he might take the matter up with him.

I had delayed bringing the case before Governor Dieguez until I could go to him armed with some message from my superiors, for I was quite sure that he not only knew all about the affair from its beginning, but that everything pertaining thereto had been done under his instructions, and to have gone to him with it before he could be made aware that Washington had been advised, would not have been of any more avail than my visit to the Presidente Municipal had proved.

It was my purpose not to go to him or any one else, on the merits of the case, until I could do so with at least a showing that the case had been brought to the notice of the Federal Governments.

After promising me that he would take the matter up with the Presidente Municipal on the following morning, Governor D. asked me to come to see him again at 5 P. M. the next day, 7th. I insisted on an earlier hour, which was agreed to.

On the morning of the 7th, I telegraphed my answer to Mr. Rodgers as follows: "Name of prisoner, William B. Arrington. I am to see the Governor again this afternoon. Arrington maintains that he will not pay a fine for refusing to accept counterfeit money. Arrington has sent me three positive requests to close his store while he is in prison. I have not closed his store yet. Am trying to avoid further complications pending instructions from Washington, or yourself. Authorities here know this."

I called on Governor Dieguez again on the afternoon of the 7th, by appointment made the day before when Governor D. recounted to me what the Presidente Municipal had said—substantially the same that Mr. Arrington had told me—fairly set forth in my letter to him, Mr. A., as hereinbelow given, and he promised to have Mr. A. brought before him the next morning, 8th.

I then wrote to Mr. Arrington as follows: "Governor Dieguez told me he would have you brought before him in

the morning. I think everything will come out all right. I do not know whether he will put you at liberty then or not.

"But when you go before General Dieguez, keep yourself well in hand, do not allow yourself to get confused or "rattled"—whatever may come up.

"I told Governor Dieguez that you maintained that you did not refuse to take Constitutionalista money—that you felt that you were refusing only such money as the Government's own experts were declaring to be counterfeit—or such as the Constitutionalistas themselves were refusing to accept as Constitutionalista money; that is, while you were at your store.

"As to what took place when you were before the Presidente Municipal, that you only refused to say anything, as you disputed his right to try to "sweat" you, or to make sport of you while you were a prisoner.

"General Dieguez pretended to me that you had asked to be sent to prison. I understood that you had been arrested, and carried before the Presidente Municipal, and was therefore already a prisoner, and that you perhaps simply meant—if you really said anything at all—that before you would do what you had been arrested for not doing, you would prefer to go to prison. Of course, anybody could understand that.

"But keep yourself in hand, and prove to Governor Dieguez that you want to do what is right, and that if you have made mistakes, which is only human, it was not done in the spirit of defiance of constituted authorities. You ask for simple justice, but above everything else, kep cool, and give them a chance to get out of their own mess.

"As to your having gone to prison of your own wish, if they pretend that, or anything like it, then ask that you be put at liberty, to resume life again—the same as you were leading before you were arrested.

"I will await the result of your interview with Governor

Dieguez with much concern. I will wait until I hear from that before further communicating with Mr. Rodgers."

As I had made it a point to keep posted on occurrances in the Arrington case, and having learned that Governor Dieguez had not had Mr. Arrington to see him up to 6:30 P. M., Saturday, 8th, I went to the Palace to learn the reason why. I found the Governor just ready to leave his office, and conversing with some of his subordinates. When he saw me in the ante-room he called to me to come right in. He pretended to have been so occupied during the day that he had not had time to have Mr. Arrington before him. I reminded him that my Government considered the depriving of its citizens of their liberty in too serious a light to be so lightly treated. He at once turned to one of his adjutants and ordered him to have Mr. Arrington at the Palace at 9 the next (Sunday) morning, without fail. I then told him I would wait until then before telegraphing further to Mr.. Rodgers.

But fearing some advantage might be attempted on account of a verbal understanding only, I sent the following letter to Governor Dieguez early Sunday morning, 9th:

"I have waited until now to learn what resolution your Excellency may have taken concerning the case of American citizen William B. Arrington, held prisoner in the State Penitentiary by orders of the Presidente Municipal of this city.

"In our interview of the day before yesterday, you told me you would give orders to the end of having said Arrington brought before your Excellency yesterday.

"It is already time that I should inform Mr. James Linn Rodgers, Special Representative of the United States Government to Señor Carranza, of the Arrington case, according to instructions from Mr. Rodgers to me."

Mr. Arrington was put at liberty by Governor Dieguez at 10 A. M., Sunday morning, April 9th, after an imprisonment

of five days—dating from Tuesday, April 4th, 1916, without fine or other penalty.

The case might have been gotten through differently, or managed better, but I thought I knew with whom I was dealing, and conducted it in such manner as I felt would be most successful, and at the same time, give these people something to think about that might prove of future advantage to those under the protection of this Consulate; not only in this, but other contingencies, that were sure to come up, if these officials were left to feel that such senseless and unjust despotism would be tamely submitted to.

Under date of April 10th, I wrote to Mr. Rodgers as follows: "I am herewith mailing you a copy of my final report to the State Department bearing on the William B. Arrington case, and of which you already have some knowledge.

"This case attracted a great deal of attention here, both in military and civil circles—especially among the business public.

"There was not any one else here who could, or would, have made the fight and perhaps I should not have done so—and my conduct may meet with disapproval from the Department, yet left alone to contemplate the situation I felt, and until otherwise instructed will continue to feel that something should have been done to stem the "continuous performance" tide of arbitrary acts, which seem to be an obsession with these defacto officials."

April 20th, 1916.

There were, counting all nationalities, over five hundred business men arrested and jailed a few days ago by orders of Governor Dieguez, for alleged disregard of the provisions of the Carranza edict, as translated for you in my letter dated April 3rd.

The most curious thing about these arrests, and which the public generally did not seem to be able to understand,

was that among the whole lot—and it was a wholesale lot—there was not one American arrested !

When questioned as to the "whyforeness" of this, I could only answer that I wondered myself why it was.

I had already fought the matter out over the Arrington case, and while I thoroughly sympathized with these five hundred or more merchants, I could not interfere in their behalf, either directly or indirectly—not so long as all who were under the protection of the American Consulate were let alone.

On the day of these wholesale arrests the Palace, and all the police stations of the city were filled to overflowing with prisoners, and to conduct these prisoners to the Penitentiary later a number of street cars had to be requisitioned.

It was a curious sight—to see the heads of nearly every business house in the city under arrest—while the Government's agents wer fleecing them of something over two and one-half million pesos!

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

WHILE CARRANZAISM CONTINUES UNABATED, WE ARE AGAIN ORDERED TO QUIT MEXICO

More Recent Financial Edicts which Aggravate Distrusts Already Entertained

May 9th, 1916.

About a week ago, a Carranza edict virtually demonitized at a stroke, most of the paper money then in circulation, and that part of the present money—legal tender up to the first of July will also be prohibited from circulation. That part which is allowed to circulate until July first, may, in the meantime be exchanged for what they will issue under the name of "Infalsificable" at the rate of two of the present money to one peso of the "Infalsificable."

One of the effects of the edict was to throw out of circulation at once all th Obregon and Dieguez money which, on account of one of the many former financial edicts requiring all other kinds of revolutionary money except the Obregon-Dieguez issues to be "resellado," (restamped,) had become the favorite paper money here.

This favoritism for the Obrgon and Dieguez money was heightened from the fact that such a large percentage of the money which had to be "resellado" was being declared "falso," (counterfeit,) by the Government agents.

Therefore, when the Obregon and Dieguez money was suddenly thrown out of circulation by said edict—many, and especially the market people and wage earners, were caught with hardly any other kind of money in their possession. Moreover, nearly all the subsidiary bills used here for small change were of these issues.

Hence thousands of people awoke on Wednesday morning, the 3rd of May, and found themslves unable to purchase in the markets of the city as much as a day's rations.

And there was not offered any relief ahead than the promis by the Government that after the 30th of June, they might deposit with the Government's agents, such money as was yet permitted to circulate and receive—sometime in the future—one "infalsificable' 'peso for every two of the old.

Thus the Govrnment after repeated promises of considering the redemption of all the Constitutionalist money as a sacred obligation, turns about and in its next breath repudiates at least a part of this same money—repudiates the value of it all—for there is no more substantial basis for sustaining the new currency to be issued than the old; the promise of the same Government, which has never yet shown an ability to cope with the financial situation; only succeeding in making bad matters worse in every one of its blind flounderings.

And then a press which dares not do otherwise, comes to the Govrnment's support in most bitter invectives against the business public for not demonstrating greater confidence in the Government's promises!

But the business public cannot view things in that light—any more than can the poor market people and wage earners who have already so often seen their meager earnings "go up in smoke," as it were, with the publication of some new edict of "El Jefe en General del Ejército Constitutionalista y Encargodo de los Poderes Executitivos," that they cannot get any grip at all on their confidence in the Government, and failing in which they are so often and so savagely ostracised by the subsidized press.

That there have been abuses on the part of the business public, there can be no question, but to charge them with being the cause of the depreciation in the value of the paper money of the country is absurd. Nearly everything that the

present de facto Government has done, has resulted in benefiting the military, to the detriment of the public.

A civilian could not get his demonitized bills exchanged at all, unless he used an officer as a "go between," and paid usurious percentages to have it done. This was common knowledge. Hence, about ninety-nine per cent of the civilians lost out on the "deal."

If the present Government has ever done a single thing, that by any logical process of reasoning could redound to the benefit of the people, "the people" have failed to see it, or appreciate it as such, either in theory or practice!

Hence the great want of confidence on the part of the public in the present de facto Government."

April 24th, 1915.

A Few Side-lights

On the 17th, at Orendain, the junction of the Southern Pacific R. R. with the Mexican Central, about 40 miles out, robbers visited the house occupied by Conductor Scott Wallace and Engineer Charles Mills, employees of the S. P., and took everything found in the building. Messrs. Scotts and Mills, in the meantime, were hiding in a subterranean den they had excavated in anticipation of such visitations, and escaped unhurt. The bandits seemed very much disappointed at not finding the Americans, and on leaving said that they would return the following night and kill the "Gringos." But Wallace and Mills made their way towards Guadalajara as soon as day was breaking, and now declare they will not go back to their jobs, but that they will return to the States.

At such towns in the State as Ameca, Etztlan, Tequilla, Cyula, Zapotlan and Autlan, there are maintained bodies of soldiers, ostensibly to protect them, and use them as sub-bases for eliminating bandits from the surrounding sections, but the bandits are never chased far beyond town limits. Result, the

bandits live off the people out in country districts, while the troops of the de facto Government live off those in towns. When any of them see anything they want, they take it, and any one who might have the boldness to object would receive the summary treatment as that given a Mexican ranchman at the hands of a Carranza Lieutenant in Ameca a few days since, which was related to me by an eye-witness (an American,) of the incident, as follows:

Lieutenant:—"Lend me your horse, Mister."

Ranchman:—"I need it myself."

Pum! pum! and the ranchman fell to the pavement, dead, when the Lieutnant took the horse, saying, "I guess you don't need the horse now!

I am informed by an American witness that at a cinematograph show last night, in this city, a representation of the inauguration of President Wilson was attempted. When that part of the film showing Mr. Wilson and Mr. Taft riding in a carriage together came on the screen, hissings became so tumultuous, that the film had to be withdrawn entirely.

This straw indicates somewhat as to which way the wind is beginning to blow down here.

Nevertheless, I am doing my utmost in an endeavor to create, and maintain, calmness of deportment with every one, assuring all that I feel confident that the two Governments understand each other, and that as to what has occurred so far, however unpleasant the incidents were as well as what may transpire in the future will be amicably arranged between the representative heads of the two friendly Nations, but it is beginning to be up-hill work, and I cannot tell how long complete harmony may be maintained hereabouts with everybody, if things continue to happen as at Paral, and elsewhere.

In the meantime, I am endeavoring to properly provide

for the worst contingencies, in behalf of those for whose interests and lives I could not but feel at least a quasi-responsibility, in the event of dire extremity. This means that if the worst should come, we would try to hold everything together, and attempt to tide through the possible dangers with the hope of bringing all Americans out whole, in the end; not wishing it to be inferred, however, that we at all covet the role of chief protagonist—or would envy in the least any American playing a minor part in a drama that might make necessary a resort to heroics.

We are Ordered to Leave Mexico the Second Time, and Gladly Obey

From the dates of the two foregoing letters, up to and including the time of our departure from Mexico, (our second departure,) there was very little to report—we were all thence concerned mostly about the situation in the northern part of the Republic, growing out of the Pershing Expedition, and we were expecting to receive instructions at any time to again leave the territory of Mexico—and finally the following message came over the wire:

"Querreterro, Mexico, June 20, 1916. "Strongly advise you, together with all Americans, leave at once for West coast. Situation very critical. Acknowledge receipt of this telegram, advising if Americans are about leaving for the UnitedStates." (Signed) James Linn Rodgers, Special Representative State Department.

On the same date there was also received at the Consulate some private instructions on the subject of our leaving, direct from the State Department.

The following will tell about all there is to say about our second exodus from Mexico:

Los Angeles, California, July 21, 1916.

Refugeeing out of Mexico

On receipt of the Department's telegram dated June 19th, (received on 20th,) after first telegraphing to all Americans in outlying districts, I went to Military Governor, General Manuel M. Dieguez, and asked transportation facilities for all Americans to the port of Manzanillo, as early as possible.

All trains, except military, had been suspended on the Manzanillo branch, on account of a scarcity of locomotives in particular, and rolling stock in general. On account of this, Governor Dieguez insisted that we had better all go via Laredo, as he thought regular trains were running from Guadalajara to that place.

I later learned that a complete embargo against Americans traveling on the Mexican roads was being practiced. Also, I received a message from the American employees of the Cinco Minas mine, telling of their detention (20 in number) at Magdalena while en route to Guadalajara in response to my telegram.

I returned to Governor Dieguez and laid these matters before him, and asked the meaning of it all. He protested ignorance of any such projects against Americans, but after personally investigating, and finding that there was truth in the report, gave orders for an engine to be dispatched to bring the Cinco Minas people in, and for a special train to be made up to carry Americans to Manzanillo, as quick as their crippled facilities would admit of its being done. This was on the morning of the 21st of June and the foreigners who were being detained by the military authorities at Magdalena were brought in during that night, yet it was not until 4:30 P. M., on the 23rd, that the special train for Manzanillo was ready. Early on the morning of the 23rd I began advising Ameri-

cans to stop coming to the Consulate for further information, but for all of them to get ready at once, and go to the railroad station, and board the train as soon as it was made up. Many did not believe that Governor Dieguez would comply with the promises he had previously made me; others vascillated as to whether to leave, or chance it by remaining at Guadalajara, and a few alleged fear at travelling on a special train known to have been made up to carry foreigners exclusively. But 76 Americans, and 2 British subjects boarded the train, which departed at 7 P. M., something over 100 American citizens failing to take advantage of the opportunity, some for reasons above mentioned. Only about 20 of these were Amreican born, the great majority of those remaining consisting of the Mexican wives, and their children by American husbands, who had not calculated on leaving under any circumstances, the same as they had behaved in the exodus of 1914.

The behavior of the thousands of Mexicans who had gathered at the railroad station on the occasion of our leaving Guadalajara was very friendly, and as our train was departing many "good-byes" were heard and waving of hands seen. I was impressed that if the multitude gathered about the station had felt that they dared do so, they would have shouted "vivan los Gringos," (long live the Americans!)

The convoy did not meet with any serious difficulties en route, the crowds which had gathered at the various stations along the way behaved very amicably towards us, and the treatment we received from the port officials and people of Manzanillo was courteous.

Taken altogether, the deportment of the Mexican people towards the Americans on the latter's departure from Mexico on this occasion, contrasted wonderfully from the menacing demonstrations made against them everywhere, while they were trying to get out of Mexico in April, 1914.

Nevertheless, soon after beginning our journey from Guadalajara to Manzanillo, it developed that we would be compelled to submit to graft from the conductor and engineer of our train, else we would have found ourselves helplessly sidetracked at some out-of-the-way place, and perhaps would have been bedevilled in other ways, the devising of the means for which the brain of the average Mexican is so prolific.

On arriving at Manzanillo we all went aboard of the U. S. Cruiser Albany, where we remained until the 2nd of July, when we were transferred to the Pacific Mail Steamship San Jose, bound for San Francisco.

Wishing to give the Americans who had remained at Guadalajara yet another opportunity to get out of the country, on the 27th of June I telegraphed to Señor Gaston Supe, French Vice Consul at Guadalajara, (with whom I had entrusted the care of American interestr there,) to notify all Americans who had remained over, that they could find American Cruisers in the Bay of Manzanillo, if they could manage to reach there,and at the same time I telegraphed to Governor Dieguez, begging him to continue to extend his aid to any Americans who might yet want to leave, by facilitating them in reaching Manzanillo. I received an answer to my telegram to Señor Supe, informing me that nearly all, if not all, Americans who had been left at Guadalajara would leave by special train for Manzanillo on the morning of July 2nd, but as our boat left on the night of the 2nd, I could not learn who or how many Americans came out on that occasion.

In conclusion I will say that you may rest assured of one thing: That if I should be ordered back to Mexico before in my own judgment it would be proper for me to return, I shall not go. In fact, I have been wanting to leave that revolution-ridden country for more than a year, but until Washington had extended friendly recognition to some faction down there, I could not very well quit, (for reasons more

clearly set forth in the first chapter of these Chronicles, under the sub-caption, "How the Author Happened to be in charge of the Guadalajara Consulate," etc.,) but now that Mr. Wilson has seen fit to recognize the faction headed by General Carranza—who never has established, nor ever will be able to maintain what might be called a Government, I feel that I can cease to consider myself as being "all bound 'round with a woolen string" to the American Consulate at Guadalajara, Mexico.

(Given as a Semi-Appendix)

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

IN REGARD TO SOME COMMON SLANDERS ABOUT THE MEXICAN PEOPLE

I had not travelled far on my first visit to Mexico, in 1902, until some one undertook to put me wise, as he expressed it, regarding some things about the Mexican people.

Among other gratuitous pieces of information offered was the repetition of a saying which I had heard on former occasions.

It ran about thus: "In Mexico, the flowers have no odor, the birds no song, the men no honor, and the women no virtue."

And I have heard the same animadversion on many subsequent occasions.

I made the journey early in the month of January, when there are not so many flowers to be seen even in Mexico as during the Spring and Summer months, nor birds, either.

I could not speak the language of the country at the time referred to, and so perforce I had to wait and watch for developments.

But now, and after fifteen years of life in Mexico, during which time I learned the language of the country, and have enjoyed pretty free intercourse with the Mexican people, I do not hesitate to characterize the above saying as a slander of everything which it mentions.

I do not know of a country where the flowers emit more delicious odors, or the many beautiful birds make sweeter song than they do in Mexico. This much I could find out without any knowledge of the language of the people of the

country; and I became early convinced of the untruthfulness of at least a part of the saying.

Also, along with an acquisition of the Spanish language, and a sequential mixing with the Mexican people, I was not very tardy in discovering—at least to my own satisfaction—that the whole saying was false, in whole and in part. It was only fabricated in the minds of evil thinkers, and uttered by the mouths of thoughtless irresponsibles.

Social virtue is a product of education—education and civilization go hand in hand—they are largely synonymous terms.

Those who knew anything about the social (educational) status of the negroes of the Southern States during the times of slavery, are very well aware that virtue among them was of an entirely negligible quality—or nothing at all.

The social conditions of the Mexican peon before 1850 were as bad, or worse, than were those of the American slaves.

Was it the fault of the negro slaves in the United States that they were not virtuous, or was it the fault of their owners and drivers—of those who were responsible for their every condition of life?

Was it the Mexican peons who were to blame for their want of virtue, or was it their Spanish task-masters, who, having made a conquest of the country and enslaved its inhabitants, had kept the Aztec people, from generation to generation, in abject penury and helpless ignorance?

Once the writer heard Virginia Fabriga, the leading Mexican tragedienne, in one of her favorite plays say, "Qué vale la honra á los pobres?" It was rendered exlamatorlly—as a climax; literally translated, "of what value is honor to the poor?" but in the sense—connection—in which la Fabriga used it at the time, it meant more nearly something like this:

If a poor peon girl should live a virtuous life, she would not receive any credit for it at the shrine of public opinion.

Who is to blame for what this was meant to portray—as well as for many other social ills that human flesh is heir to—not only in Mexico, but elsewhere as well; very much "elsewhere"?

The fashionable Mexican audience heartily cheered the actress on this occasion, and went away highly pleased with the performance; and the day after, continued to treat, and to judge, their poor servants with as much harshness as ever!

And this is about what has been going on down in Mexico—our next door neighbor—for over three hundred and fifty years! Indeed, it was under pretty good headway before the landing of our own forefathers at Plymouth Rock!

And some other things pretty nearly as bad have been going on in other directions and climes; entirely too long, as to time, and too much, and of too great varieties, in point of quantity and kind.

We wonder what, after the lapse of a few thousand years, the then scientists will be saying to their audiences while lecturing on recently exhumed specimens of the present day social dinusauri?

While sitting in one of the many beautiful plazas of Guadalajara one day, a Mexican hacendado and the writer were speaking of the peon element of the country, when, among other things that the gentleman said,—I remember one,—which in substance, was as follows: "They do not deserve gentle treatment—it spoils them; they are no better than brutes—the harsher the treatment they receive the better they work; they are insusceptible of education—they were made to be only hewers of wood and drawers of water."

When I mentioned to him the greatly transformed conditions of the negroes of my country now, as compared to the times of slavery, and of their proportionate improvement

in every way as they were being educated, he remarked that that might be the case with the negro race, but that education would be of no avail in trying to change the Mexican peon into a better or higher something.

The very contrary is the case—the Mexican Aztec is very quick to learn; the so-called peon is remarkably apt—when he has a chance. With the meager school facilities which they have enjoyed within the past thirty-five of forty years, the peon population has made wonderful progress.

But they need more substantial aid and moral encouragement than they have ever yet known; and until they may have had these, and afterwards proved themselves wanting—which we do not believe would ever happen—it would be cruel to pass harsh judgment upon them.

Concerning this class of Mexicans, the Author's testimony would have to be about as follows: that during his fifteen years residence among them he has had in his employ, both in the Consulate and his private residence, a goodly number of servants, men and women; that barring two cases only, all were faithful in the performance of their duties; and as far as he knows, not one thing was ever stolen from him by any of them.

Following the Author's return to Guadalajara after having earlier refugeed, in 1914, many Mexican servants and employes of those Americans who had so hastily fled from Mexico, came to the American Consulate seeking information respecting their American "amos" (masters); and some of them were actually suffering for the necessaries of life. These poor, and ignorant, people flocked to the writer on account of his official position—they thought that a Consular officer was an all-powerful somebody!

Also, on account of his official position, the writer received letters from many Americans who had remained in the States, and who had left their houses, each, with all they

respectively contained, in the care of their Mexican servants. I was asked by many of these Americans to have their effects inventoried, packed and stored.

In not a single instance was there anything found missing from among household goods or merchandise so left, according to enumerations of effects furnished me by the American proprietors.

Yet I have repeatedly heard upper-class Mexicans assert that to steal, was a normal trait of the peon element—that the instinct was in their blood!

Among other American business concerns left in the hands of this class of Mexicans, were those of Louis J. Harrison's tannery and leather goods factory, and the hardware house of John H. Kipp; the former was not only conducted by his foreman, assisted by other employes, but proved a source of financial assistance to Mr. Harrison and family during their first year's residence in the States. After finally returning to the States myself in 1917, I met Mr. Harrison, who is now living in Los Angeles, when he spoke in terms of highest praise of the manner in which his Mexican employes behaved towards him during his enforced absence from Mexico. The hardware business of Mr. John H. Kipp represented an investment of 350,000 pesos (equal to $175,000 American money). Mr. Kipp, some time after his return to Guadalajara, told me that he was sure that the affairs of his establishment—which had been kept open for business all during his four months' absence—had been well conducted; that every article which he had noted as missing from his stock of hardware, had been accounted for in the form of sales made, and that for each of these, he had found correspondingly, either specie, or American exchange, deposited in his safe.

Mr. Charles B. Corrothers, for a time Clerk of the Consulate, and who is now living at Guadalajara, could give most

interesting accounts, not only of his personal experiences, but of those of many others—all and every one of them equally to the credit of the peon element of Mexico—to the credit of those most looked down upon, and ostracised as a band of thieves, by their former Mexican owners!

The reader should bear in mind that in all the above cases the peons in question could have appropriated to their own uses everything which had been left in their charge by their American "amos," nor would they have run any risks of after punishments for having done so, which fact they themselves were well aware of.

As to the middle and upper classes in Mexico—who constitute only a small minority of the whole population—I would say that among the men, I found as large a proportion of honor in evidence, as among any other people of my acquaintance.

The women of these classes are not only beautiful, and as virtuous as any other people, but they make the dearest sisters and daughters, devoted wives and mothers, and the most fascinating sweethearts. Altogether, they are just about what might be expected to be found among any other educated and cultured people

These middle and upper classes, however, in Mexico—(and we fear that throughout Latin-America such has been too much the case)—have never concerned themselves as they should have done, in trying to better the conditions of the poor peon element of their country. They do not appear to have ever seriously considered how awkward it must be to try to maintain a Democratic form of Government with an illiterate population of eighty-five per cent.